WEBER

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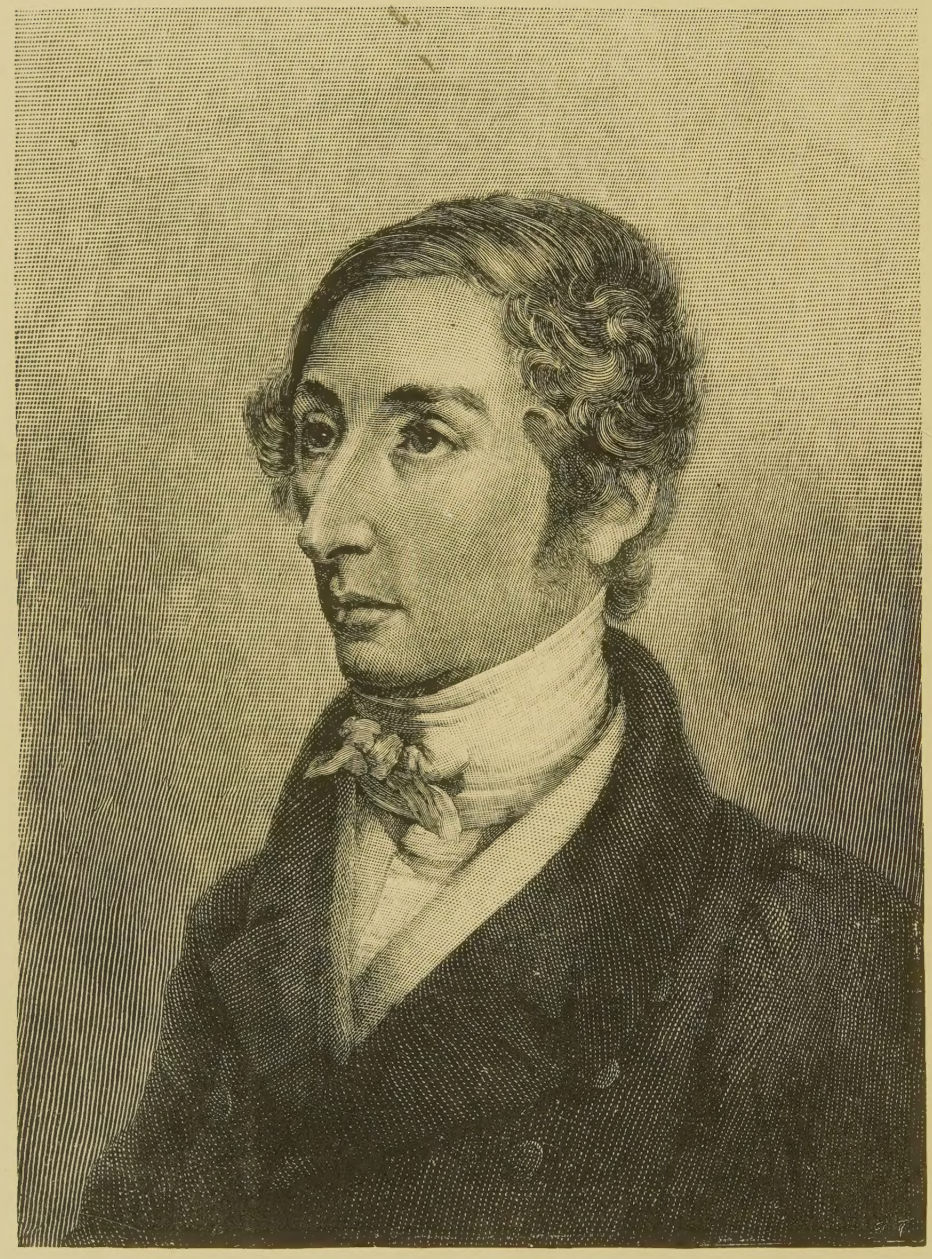

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1786-1826

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER

A PORTRAIT BY C. VOGEL

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DER FREISCHÜTZ

(German and English)

A Romantic Opera in Three Acts

Libretto by

FRIEDRICH KIND

Music by

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

Edited and Translated from the German by

NATALIA MACFARREN

and

DR. TH. BAKER

With an Essay on the Story of the Opera by

RICHARD ALDRICH

G. SCHIRMER, Inc., NEW YORK

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DER FREISCHÜTZ

ROMANTIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS

Characters of the Drama

PRINCE OTTOKAR	Baritone
CUNO, Head Ranger	Bass
MAX, CASPAR — two young Foresters serving under him	Tenor, Bass
KILIAN, a Peasant	Bass
A HERMIT	Bass
ZAMIEL, the Black Huntsman (speaking rôle)	
AGNES, Cuno's daughter	Soprano
ANNIE, her cousin	Soprano

Chorus of Huntsmen, Peasants, Bridesmaids, and Invisible Spirits

THE SCENE IS LAID IN BOHEMIA, SHORTLY AFTER THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

Königliche Schauspiele.

Montag, den 18. Juny 1821.

Im Schauspielhause.

Zum Erstenmale:

Der Freischütz.

Oper in 3 Abtheilungen (zum Theil nach dem Volksmährchen: Der Freischütz), von F. Kind: Musik von Carl Maria v. Weber.

Personen:

Ottokar, regierender Graf		Hr. Nebenstein.
Cuno, gräflicher Erbförster		Hr. Bauer.
Agathe, seine Tochter		Mad. Seidler.
Annchen, eine junge Verwandte		Mlle. Joh. Cavalle.
Caspar, erster	Jägerburschen	Hr. Blume.
Max, zweiter	Jägerburschen	Hr. Stümer.
Samiel, der schwarze Jäger		Hr. Hillebrand.
Ein Eremit		Hr. Gern.
Kilian, ein reicher Bauer		Hr. Wiedemann.
Brautjungfern		Mlle. Henr. Reinwald ꝛc.
Jäger und Gefolge des Grafen	Hr. Michaelis. Hr. Tilschow.	Hr. Buggenhagen ꝛc.
Landleute und Musikanten.		
Erscheinungen.		

Scene In Böhmen. Zeit: kurz nach Beendigung des dreißigjährigen Krieges.

Die sämmtlich neuen Decorationen sind von dem Königl. Decorations-Maler Herrn Gropius gezeichnet und gemalt.

Textbücher sind das Stück für 4 Groschen an der Kasse zu haben.

Zu dieser Vorstellung sind nur noch Parterre-Billets à 12 Gr. und Amphitheater-Billets à 6 Gr. zu haben.

Anzeige.

Im Opernhause: Der Jude, Schauspiel in 5 Abtheilungen, nach dem Englischen des Lumberland. Hierauf: Der Nachtwächter, Posse in 1 Aufzug, von Th. Körner.

Dienstag den 19. Juny. Im Opernhause: Die Jungfrau von Orleans, romantische Tragödie in 5 Abtheilungen, von Schiller.

Bekanntmachung.

In der Buchhandlung von Duncker und Humblot französische Straße Nr. 30 a. wird verkauft

E. v. Houwald das Bild. Trauerspiel in 3 Akten. 1 Rthlr 12 Gr

Dessen der Leuchtthurm, die Heimkehr: zwei Trauerspiele. 1 Rthlr.

Bäuerle komisches Theater. 3ter Band. (enthält die Gespensterfamilie, der Fiaker als Marquis; der verwünschte Prinz). 1 Rthlr. 8 Gr

Müllners Spiele für die Bühne. Band 1 und 2. (enthalten der neun und zwanzigste Februar; die Vertrauten; der angolische Kater, die Zurückkunft aus Surinam, die Zweiflerin, die großen Kinder; der Wahn; der Blitz; die Onkelei). 3 Rthlr. 8 Gr

Anfang 6 Uhr; Ende 9 Uhr.

Die Kasse wird um 5 Uhr geöffnet.

Gehrmann, Weber.

DER FREISCHÜTZ

ROMANTIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS

Text by
FRIEDRICH KIND

Music by
CARL MARIA von WEBER

First performed at the Royal Opera, Berlin, June 18, 1821,
with the following cast:

OTTOKAR	Baritone	HERREN REBENSTEIN
CUNO	Bass	MAUER
CASPAR	Bass	BLUME
MAX	Tenor	STÜMER
EIN EREMIT	Bass	GERN
KILIAN	Tenor	WIEDEMANN
AGATHE	Soprano	FRAU SIEDLER
ÄNNCHEN	Soprano	FRL. EUNIKE

Der Freischütz

The day of the first performance of "Der Freischütz," as Weber's biographer, F. W. Jähns, remarks, was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He draws a parallel between the emancipation of Germany from the domination of Napoleon, brought about by that battle, and the release of German operatic art from its bondage to Italian and French influences, effected by Weber's opera. The comparison is not inept. From the appearance of "Der Freischütz" dates the first decisive triumph of the romantic movement in German music and the enthusiastic acceptance by the German people of a form of art peculiarly its own, based on its own nature and characteristics and corresponding to its own

native ideals in music and in poetry. Weber's opera is an expression of motives that are closest to the German heart; its music is saturated with the spirit of the German folk-song. The popularity of "Der Freischütz" has been, and still is in Germany, unapproached by that of any other opera, and the very fact that it has never taken so great or so lasting a hold upon any other people goes to confirm Wagner's assertion that it is "the most German of all operas." Its subject is derived from one of those immemorial folk-tales whose origin reaches back to the twilight of the race. It interprets the simple life, the naïve and hearty feelings, the sylvan joys of huntsmen and villagers. Its setting is of the woods and the chase, and the mysterious and uncanny recesses and ravines where strange and supernatural things go on with the assistance of lurking powers of evil; in all of which Germans at all periods have taken their highest delight.

In a community where hunting is a chief occupation, perfect marksmanship is an inestimable possession. There are more ways than one of attaining it. One way is through the intervention of Samiel, the Black Huntsman, none other than the Evil One himself. The forest ranger who, with the proper incantations and in the proper place, summons Samiel, may cast, in his name, seven bullets, of which six are of infallible accuracy and will never fail to hit the mark. The seventh belongs to Samiel, and will hit what he, not the rifleman, wills. These bullets are "free bullets," Freikugeln; and the huntsman who obtains them is a "freeshooter," a Freischütz. The price he pays is his own immortal soul, delivered over to Samiel at the end of three years; or, in default of this, to take his place, the soul of another, who is then supplied in turn with the magic bullets.

In Prince Ottokar's dominions it was the custom that the hereditary chief forester should be appointed after a test of his marksmanship. The old incumbent, Cuno, has a daughter, Agathe; the Prince has given his permission that the man whom she has chosen for her husband shall inherit her father's place, if he shall meet the test demanded of his shooting. That man is Max, a young forester of promise and high character; but in the preliminary contest he has been utterly defeated—has, in fact, been able to hit nothing, and has even been surpassed by a common peasant, Kilian.

The curtain rises before a little tavern in the woods, where Kilian is celebrating his success, and with him the rustics of the neighborhood. Max is in extreme discouragement; and well he may be, for his shooting has been influenced by a malign spell. Caspar, another forester, has sold himself to Samiel for the sake of the magic bullets. Through his aid he has cast the spell that has spoiled Max's shooting. Now, Caspar's term of grace under his compact is nearing its end, and it behooves him to find another soul to deliver, to save his own. He has fixed upon Max; and the spell upon his marksmanship is the preliminary step. Caspar comes upon the stage with Cuno, the head forester, and others of the corps, just as Max, exasperated by Kilian's derision, is laying violent hands upon him. They try to comfort the luckless one; the

peasantry dances away into the inn, whereupon Max bewails his fate in the beautiful air, "Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen." Caspar now makes occasion to work evil upon Max's mind. Beginning by pouring a few drops of a magic elixir into the wine that he presses upon him, he pictures the hopelessness of his case if he comes from the shooting unsuccessful, and suggests that there is a way to make success sure. It is by the "free bullets"; that very night, at twelve o'clock, he will show him how to do it, in the Wolf's Glen. Startled at the proposition, yet beside himself with desperation, Max agrees.

The curtain rises in the second act upon an antechamber in the ancient hunting lodge where Cuno makes his home. It is evening. Here Ännchen has been hanging an old portrait that has fallen and, in its fall, scratched Agathe's forehead. It seems like an ill omen—all the more since the old hermit in the woods that morning, as he gave her some consecrated roses, warned her of approaching danger. Then comes Max to her through the woods—he is on his way to the unholy business at the Wolf's Glen, but he is careful not to let her know what it really is. He goes on, and the scene changes. Now we are in the Wolf's Glen, a wild spot full of terrors, increased by the horror of the night. Invisible spirits chant weirdly; owls sit on the branches of gaunt trees; ghostly forms flit about; strange lights shine out of the darkness. Caspar is there, making preparations to cast the seven "free bullets" with Samiel's aid, and with the horrid implements of witchcraft. Samiel appears and promises the bullets for Max, whose soul is to be the ransom for Caspar's. Max is seen making his way fearfully over the crags into the glen, finally joining Caspar. As the baleful incantations go on, the tempest rises and dreadful apparitions come forth, fiery shapes in the air, uncanny nightbirds, the rout of the Wild Huntsman. Samiel appears. The bullets are cast and counted amid the increasing fury of the tempest, and as the last one is finished, Max falls senseless to the ground and the curtain descends.

The third act shows us, first, Agathe's chamber in an old castle, on the day of her wedding with Max. Agathe is alone, dressed for her bridal, and sings a tender song, "Und ob die Wolke," expressing her trust in the Divine care; but still she is unnerved by the dream she has had, in which she thought she was a white dove; that Max had fired at her and felled her; the dove vanished, she was Agathe again, and at her feet lay a great bird of prey, weltering in its own blood. She relates it to Ännchen, who enters and who, to cheer her, sings an amusing song of an old aunt and the terrifying ghost she saw, which turned out to be only the watchdog. She scarcely succeeds, for, going then to fetch the bridal wreath, she returns with a package which, when opened, proves to contain a funeral garland. The hermit's roses, standing in a vase at hand, are quickly substituted, and they go out to meet the escort; but the festival spirit is dampened.

The scene changing shows Prince Ottokar and his retinue encamped in the open for the trial shooting. Max stands apart; he has fired six shots success-

fully and has left only the seventh bullet—Samiel's seventh. Caspar is beyond, watching in the branches of a tree. The Prince approves Cuno's choice of Max as a son-in-law, but calls for the old custom of the trial shot to be carried out to confirm his succession as forester. Pointing to a white dove in a tree near by, he bids Max shoot it. Max takes aim, but at that moment Agathe with her companions emerges from between the trees, crying to him to stay his hand. The hermit then appears, touches the branch on which the dove has alighted, and it flies to the tree in which Caspar is hiding. Max changes his aim and fires. Both Caspar and Agathe scream and fall. The hermit raises Agathe and she is led forward, unhurt. It is Caspar who has been wounded, and mortally. In his death agony he descries Samiel in the background, reproaches him for his treachery in guiding the seventh bullet to himself, and curses him with his last breath. The horrified Prince directs that Caspar's body be thrown into the Wolf's Glen, and turning to Max, calls upon him to clear up the mystery. Max confesses to his use of the accursed bullets, and the Prince is about to banish him and forbid him Agathe's hand, when the hermit comes forward to warn the Prince that such vengeance is Heaven's alone. The Prince then modifies Max's punishment to a year of probation, and upon the hermit's advice, abolishes the old custom of the trial shooting. Max and Agathe are united, and the curtain falls upon the general rejoicing.

The story appears first in a literary form in the "Gespensterbuch" ("Book of Ghost Stories"), by A. Apel and F. Laun, published in 1810. Weber had come upon it in the summer of that year in the company of his literary friend, Alexander von Dusch; had recognized in it admirable material for an operatic text, and the two had prepared a scenario, for which Dusch was to write the libretto and Weber the music. But other things intervened, and the project came to nothing. Seven years later Weber was Kapellmeister in Dresden. He had become one of the foremost representatives of the nascent German romantic school in music, and was charged with the difficult and responsible task of organizing and establishing a German opera in that capital, where hitherto Italian opera, under Morlacchi, had dominated the court and the higher aristocratic circles. He was already a composer of distinction. His operas—"Das Waldmädchen," "Peter Schmoll," "Silvana" and "Abu Hassan"—had been given with success in several cities; his songs, notably his part-songs from Körner's "Leyer und Schwert," had kindled into flame the patriotic spirit of Germany. He was seeking material for another opera.

In Dresden he met Friedrich Kind, a lawyer who had dabbled in literature and dramatic writing. Among his productions were a novel, "Die Jägersbräute," and a play, "Die Nachtlager von Granada," which was the basis of a highly successful opera by Kreutzer. The two discussed operatic subjects, and their choice fell upon the "Freischütz" story, as told in Apel's book. Both were enthusiastic about it. Kind, who had already treated a similar subject in the novel above mentioned, went to work with restless energy, beginning in

February, 1817; in ten days he delivered the libretto to Weber. The composer, diverted by the duties and responsibilities of his office, and by other compositions, did not finish the music till three years later. It was not without some friction that the work of the two was conjoined. One of the agreements in the beginning had been that Weber should set the text as he had received it from Kind, making, if any, only such minor alterations as the musical exigencies might require. But no sooner had Weber begun to work upon it than he was moved to discard the two important scenes with which Kind had begun the opera—a scene of the Hermit's prayer before his solitary woodland hut, and then of his meeting with Agathe and Ännchen, who speak with him of Max and the trial shot. Weber's impulse to discard them came from his affianced bride, Caroline Brandt, an opera singer of more than an opera singer's intelligence, whose keen sense for the stage and its effects told her that they were superfluous. "Away with them," she wrote to the composer; "get at once into the life of the people at the very beginning."

Kind consented to the change reluctantly. He had a high opinion of the poet's place in the making of an opera—higher, perhaps, than anything in "Der Freischütz" would justify, and the two hermit scenes nobody nowadays would wish restored. At any rate, his views on the subject are consistent, and for some reasons of great interest. In a little book called "Das Freischütz-buch" that he published in 1843, after the opera had given him a certain portion of immortality, he expresses himself in some passages that might have been written by Wagner. Thus he observes: "Every opera must be a complete whole, not only from the musical, but also from the poetical, point of view. Without the two hermit scenes the opera is a statue whose head is lacking"—a metaphor, by the way, that Wagner made similar use of years later. Again, he writes: "I convinced myself that through the union of all arts, as poetry, music, action, painting and dance, a great whole could be formed." Students of Wagner may well be struck by that expression, published in 1843, and embodying the theory which Wagner made the cornerstone of his "Opera and Drama," appearing eight years afterward.

Though so much delayed upon its composition, Weber felt the inspiration that the subject brought him. Soon after he began work upon it, he wrote to Caroline Brandt that "melodies fairly bubbled out of the poem" at him. The wealth of his inspiration is everywhere evident in the opera; not less is the technical skill of the master, which in "Der Freischütz" made new contributions to the material possessions of the art. In descriptive power, in both the more obvious and the subtler sense, this music reached a new plane. The Incantation Scene in the Wolf's Glen at every point, even to-day, has vivid reality, the true note of diabolism, of nocturnal horror. As Ambros remarks, it is as if Weber really believed in his ghosts, as if in his secret heart he himself really was afraid of Samiel. So in a higher sense his music is truly characteristic of the persons, their feelings and emotions, and the situations whereto it belongs.

Agathe's airs, full of romantic sentiment though they are, touch the heart, and show the tender nature of the maiden, fearful of ill-defined danger of which she feels the presence. Ännchen's light-hearted gayety is truly portrayed; Caspar is a picturesque rascal, yet a rascal, sketched in few but unmistakable strokes. The folk-song element that pervades the work and gives characteristic expression to it as a whole is the authentic voice of the German people, in its melodic and rhythmic traits. Weber employed a freer kind of recitative in connection with the aria, that broke down the stiff formalism of the old scena, rendering it, as has been pointed out, more scenically plastic, and making for a far greater dramatic power. In the overture—one of the first and finest masterpieces of its kind—he followed Beethoven as to the employment of motives and melodies that were to reappear in the opera, making it a representation *in petto* of its chief dramatic moments. His skill in the treatment of the orchestra, which has continuous exemplification in "Der Freischütz," was one of the notable factors in the modern increase of orchestral expressiveness and color. He gave his orchestra a share in the unfolding and exposition of the dramatic fabric such as few before him had given. Students of his work will perceive the increased potency that he imparted to the wood wind choir, the keen sense of color-values with which he used the oboe and the clarinet; and they will find in his employment of the horn a new and delightful means of picturesque and romantic expression.

The fact that "Der Freischütz" is a "Singspiel," an opera with spoken dialogue, no doubt contributed to its success in Germany. It was, first of all, a return to an old and native form of German opera that had been crowded out by the importations from Italy and France. The homely subject of "Der Freischütz" would have made the artificial and rather pompous recitative of the foreign operatic forms seem out of place—as Wagner found it in Paris when the dialogue was turned into recitative by force of necessity, even at the hands of so sympathetic an adapter as Berlioz. But most, perhaps, of all, the spoken words helped to the clearest comprehension of matters in which every one in the audience felt as if he had—or might have—a part himself, enlisting at once his active and aggressive sympathy.

Weber had naturally thought of a first performance of his work for his own opera house in Dresden; but as no move in that direction was made by the authorities, he promised it to Count Brühl, intendant of the Royal Opera in Berlin. Before "Der Freischütz" was finished in 1820, Weber had written music to Wolff's play of "Preciosa," which had been performed in that capital with great success, and prepared the way for the new work. "Der Freischütz" was delayed for a year, however, owing to an elaborate production that was given of Spontini's "Olympia." By May, 1821, all was clear for the rehearsals of "Der Freischütz"—a name which was due to the urgent solicitation of Brühl; the collaborators had first called their work tentatively "Der Probeschuss," "The Trial Shot," and then had decided upon "Die Jägersbraut," "The

Hunter's Bride," but at once recognized the superiority of the new title. No sooner were the rôles distributed to the singers than Fräulein Eunike found that her part was not "gay" enough, and at her request, seconded by Count Brühl himself, Weber added to the score the thirteenth number, Ännchen's song in the third act about her ghost-seeing aunt, "Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base."

The performance on June 18th aroused conflicting opinions. The enthusiasm of the public was very great. The critics were less favorable. Conservatives were scandalized at the riot of the Wolf's Glen; and they were not disposed to accept the "popular" quality of the work. Zelter wrote to Goethe scornfully of this "colossal nothing created out of nothing." Tieck found it "the most unmusical racket ever put on the stage." E. T. A. Hoffmann expressed himself to a similar effect. Spohr could never understand why "Der Freischütz" had succeeded. But the enthusiasm of the public was an ever-increasing marvel; then and there the opera struck that root in the affections of the German people that has kept it perennially blooming ever since. It was quickly taken up in other musical centres; but it was its fate to submit to such mutilation as few other works of its class have ever undergone. In Vienna it was produced in the following October with many changes and modifications, some of them due to the censorship. It reached Weber's own Dresden in January of the next year. It penetrated to Paris in 1825, where its vicissitudes were critical. It was mutilated—"assassinated," Berlioz called it—by Castil-Blaze, to suit the supposed taste of the Parisian public; the names of the characters were changed, the finale was made over, the title altered into "Robin des Bois," and the remains were exhibited at the Odéon. In 1841 Berlioz, ardent admirer of the work and its composer, took charge of a presentation of "Der Freischütz" at the Grand Opéra in as near its pristine form as possible; but though he restored the name to "Le Freischütz," he was compelled by the immutable laws of that institution to change all the spoken dialogue into musical recitative. It reached London in 1824, and there, too, deplorable concessions to a supposititious public taste were made all too eagerly by men who should have done better; much was left out, and many "ballads" were inserted. In various degrees of mutilation it was soon playing at many London theatres, and had spread through the provinces, much as it had in Germany.

New York in those days was ambitious in the production of operatic novelties, and "Der Freischütz" was brought out there, for the first time in America, at the Park Theatre on March 2, 1825. The performance was in English, and the opera was no doubt as violently "rearranged" and "adapted" as in any of the English versions in London. Following is the cast, in which, it will be observed, the names of several of the characters are changed:

BARON OTTOCAR	MR. LEE
CONRAD	MR. WOODHULL
CASPAR	MR. CLARKE
KILLIAN	MR. HILSON
HANS	MR. RICHINGS
THE HERMIT	MR. FOOT
MATTHEW	MR. BANCKER
BERTHA	MISS KELLY
LINDA	MRS. DE LUCE
MARION	MRS. BANCKER

It was as successful for a time here as it was everywhere else, and the "incantation scene" was the sensation of the theatrical season. Other versions were brought over; in 1827, Charles E. Horn, noted as singer, actor and composer of songs, appeared in one as Caspar. Kind, in his little book about the opera, mentions performances that were given of it in New Orleans as "The Wild Huntsman of Bohemia." A German performance was given in New York as early as 1856 at the old Broadway Theatre, under Carl Bergmann; and the opera was not infrequently performed by the several German companies that appeared in New York in the sixties. Of late years, however, it has fallen out of the operatic lists; it was given at the Metropolitan Opera House under Dr. Damrosch in the season of 1884–5, and at the Academy of Music under Walter Damrosch in 1896, and it is occasionally performed in an English garb. In Germany alone it keeps its hold upon the public; wherein may be found a final justification of all that has been said about its Teutonism.

RICHARD ALDRICH.

NEW YORK, June 23, 1904.

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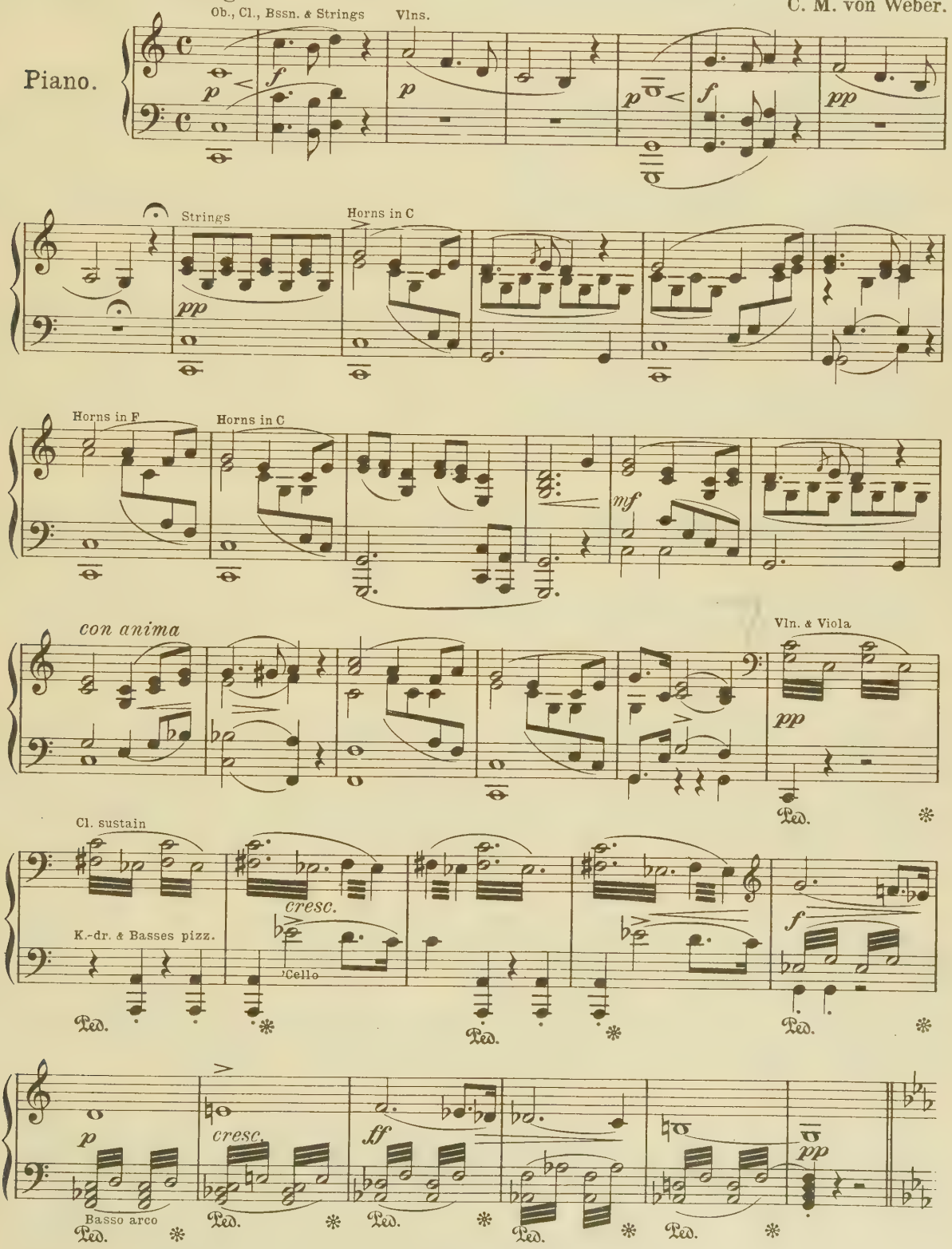
Der Freischütz.

OVERTURE.

Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets in B♭, Bassoons, Horns in F, Horns in C, Trumpets in C, 3 Trombones, Kettledrums in C & A, and Strings.

Adagio.

C. M. von Weber.



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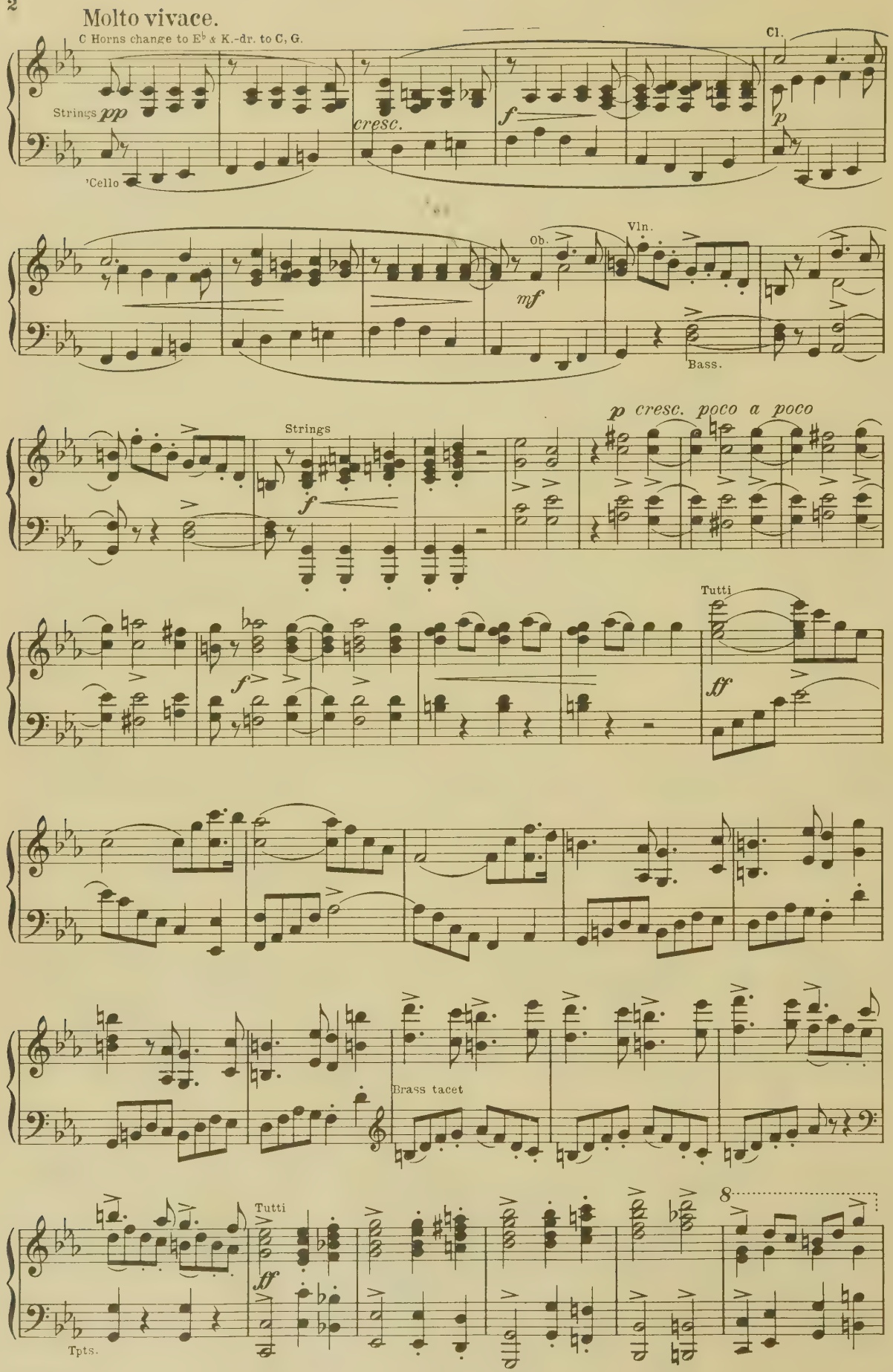
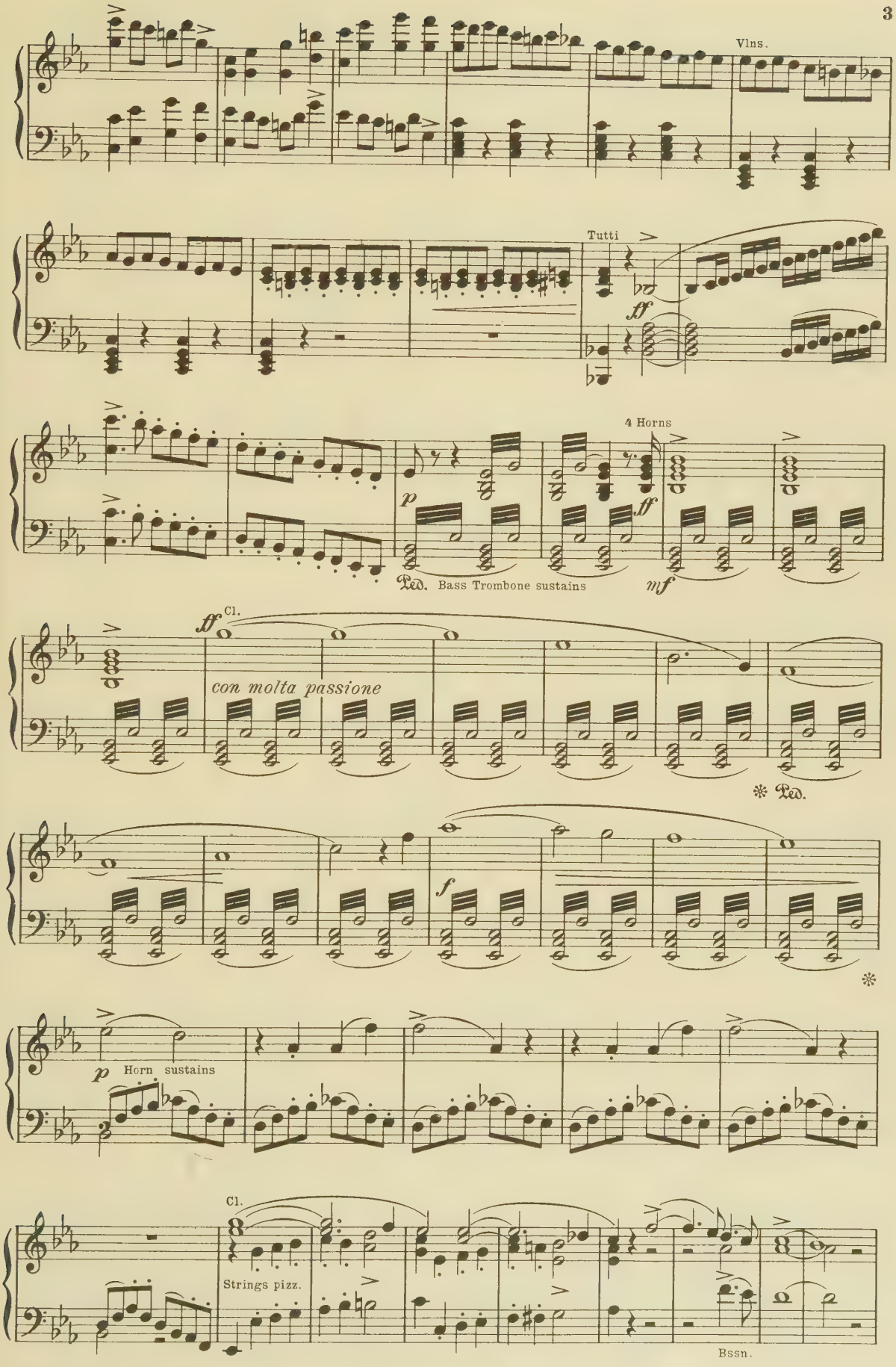
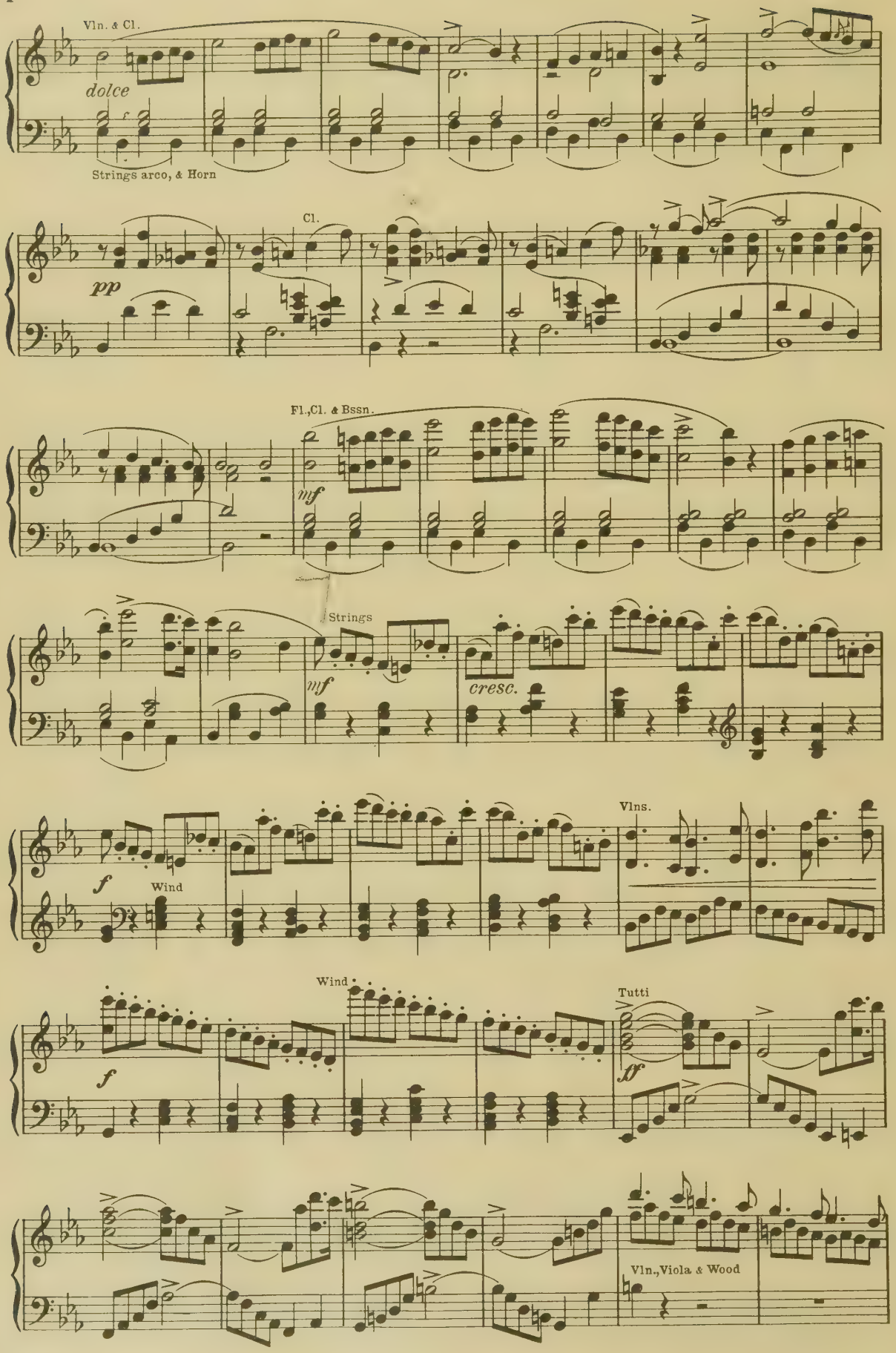
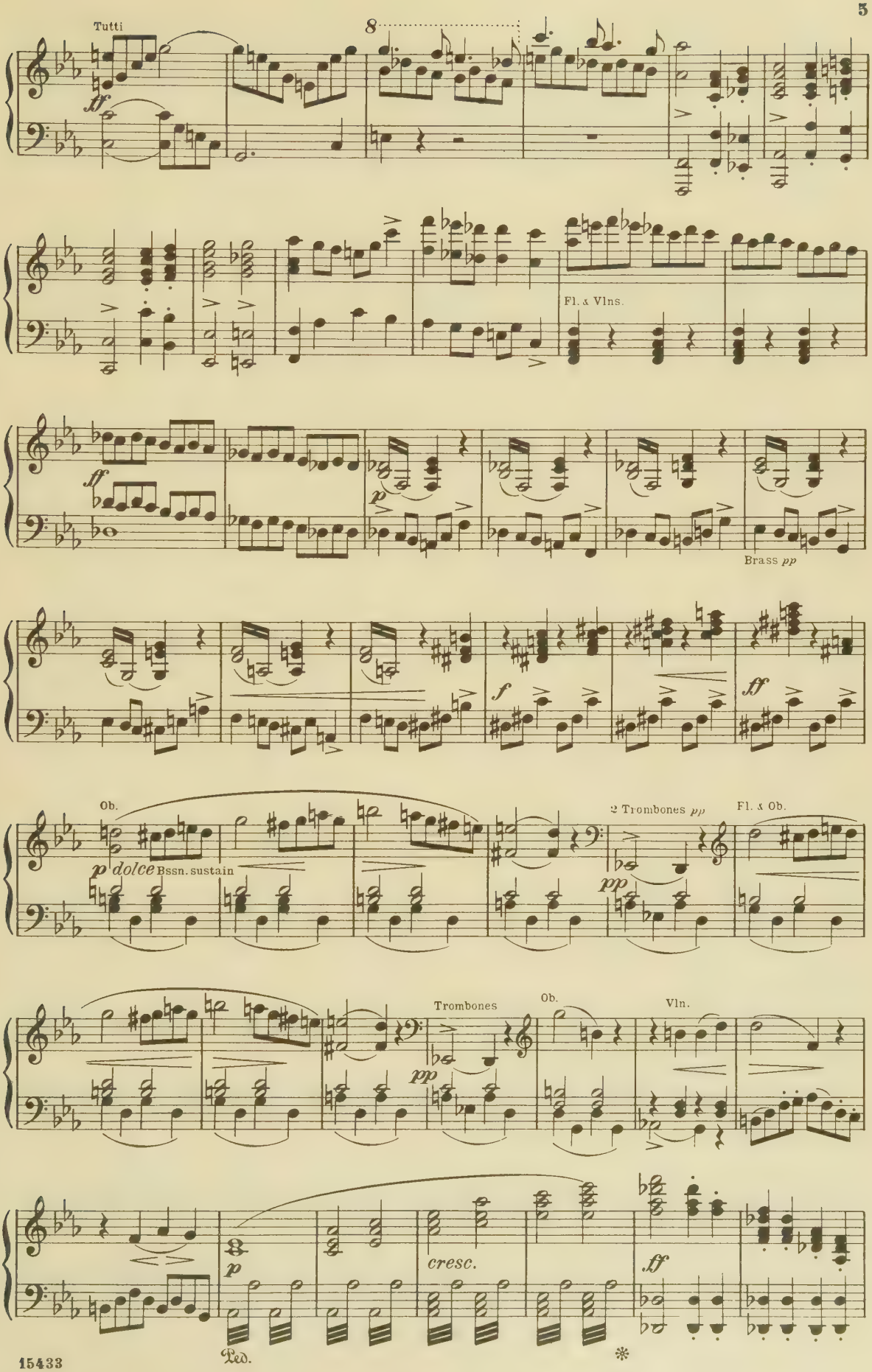
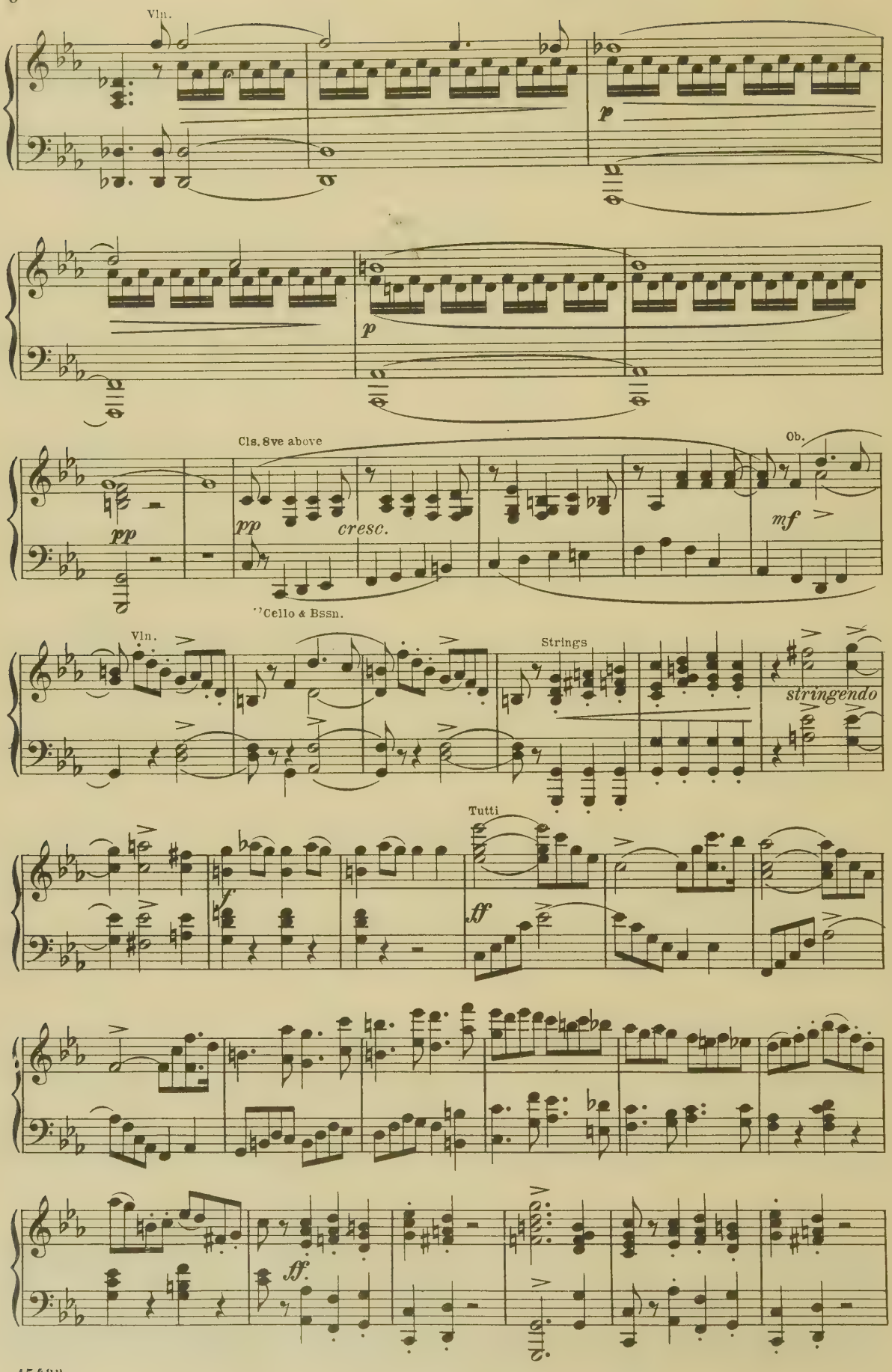
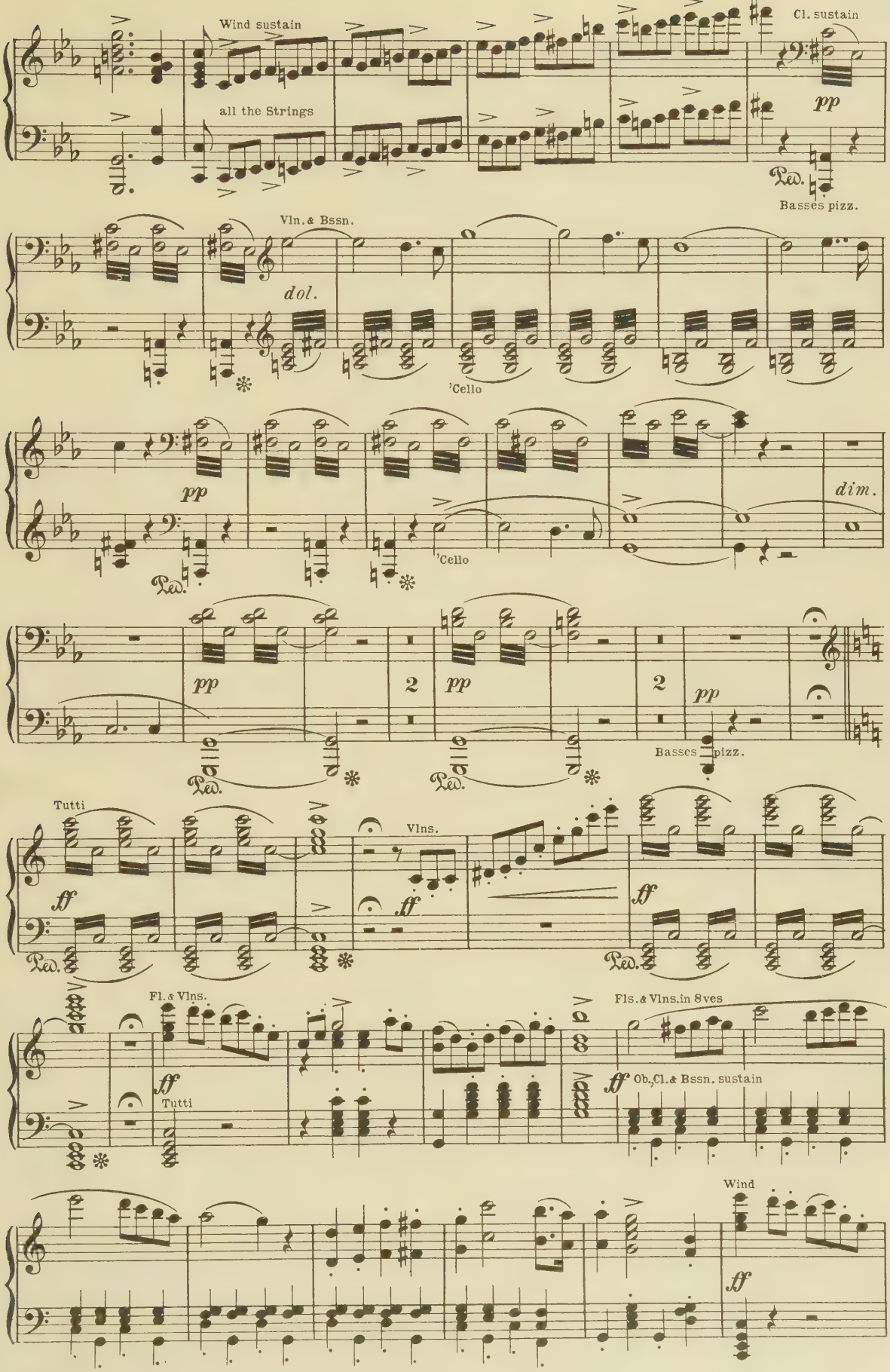

Molto vivace.
C Horns change to E♭ & K.-dr. to C, G.
Cl.
Strings
pp
cresc.
f
p
'Cello
Ob.
Vln.
mf
Bass.
p cresc. poco a poco
Strings
f
Tutti
ff
Brass tacet
Tutti
ff
8
Tpts.

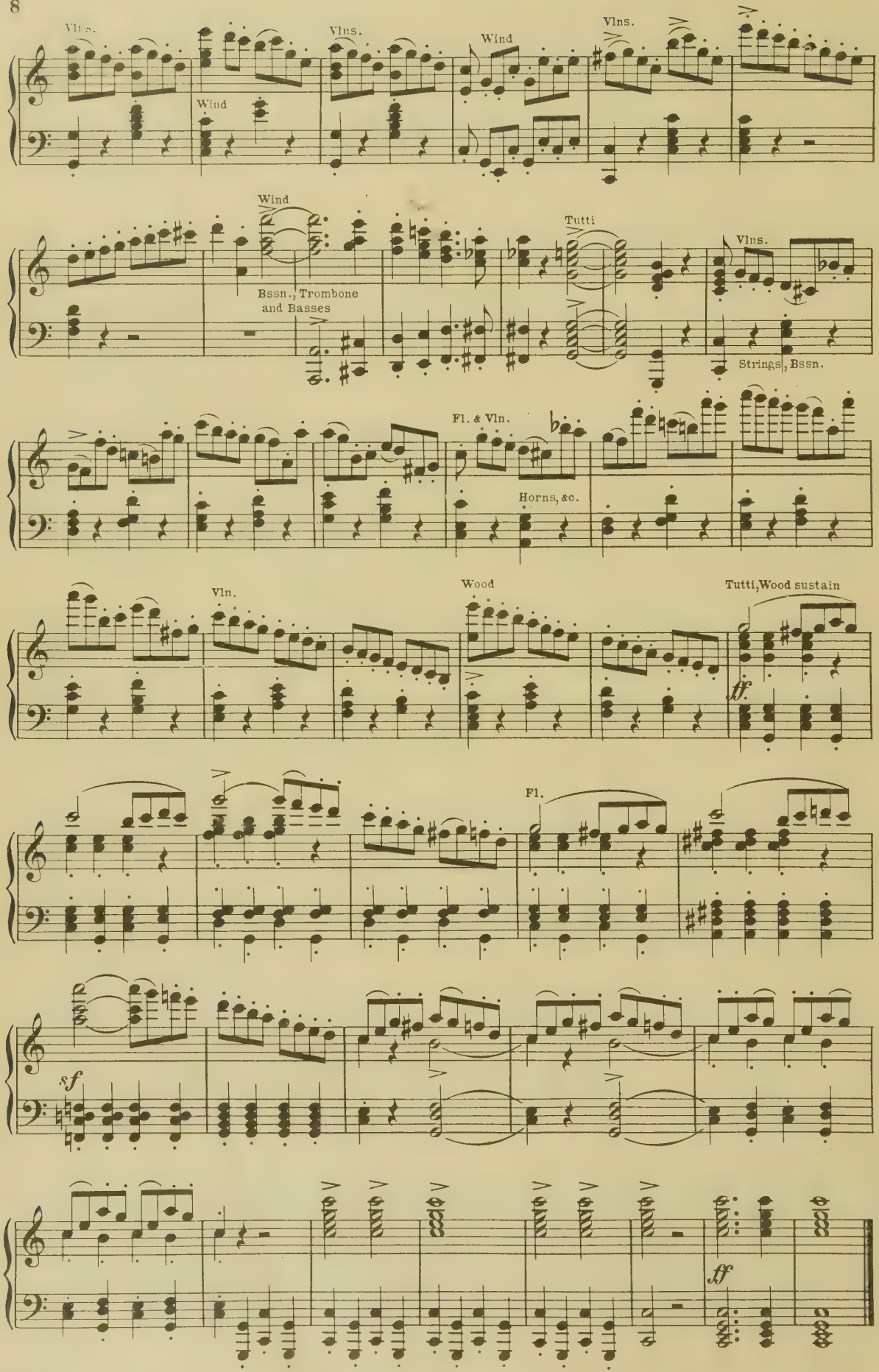

Vlns.
Tutti
ff
4 Horns
p
ff
Ped. Bass Trombone sustains
mf
ff Cl.
con molta passione
✻ Ped.
f
✻
p Horn sustains
Cl.
Strings pizz.
Bssn.


Vln. & Cl.
dolce
Strings arco, & Horn
Cl.
pp
Fl.,Cl. & Bssn.
mf
Strings
mf
cresc.
Vlns.
f
Wind
Wind
f
Tutti
ff
Vln.,Viola & Wood


Tutti
ff
8
Fl. & Vlns.
ff
p
Brass pp
f
ff
Ob.
p dolce Bssn. sustain
2 Trombones pp
pp
Fl. & Ob.
Trombones
pp
Ob.
Vln.
p
cresc.
ff
Ped.
*


Vln.
p
p
Cls. 8ve above
pp
pp
cresc.
Ob.
mf
''Cello & Bssn.
Vln.
Strings
stringendo
Tutti
f
ff
ff.

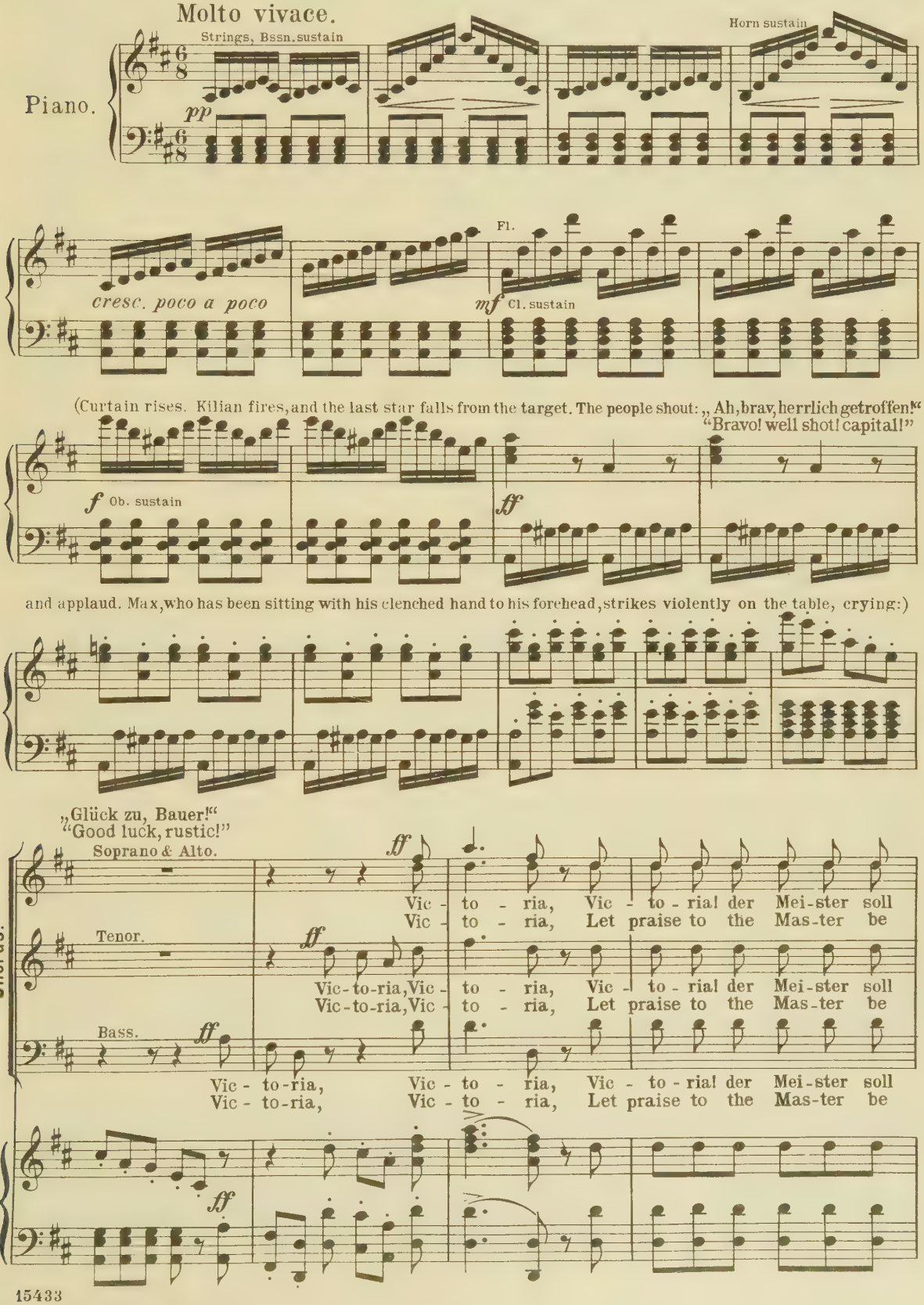

Wind sustain
all the Strings
Cl. sustain
pp
Ped.
Basses pizz.
Vln.& Bssn.
dol.
'Cello
pp
Ped.
'Cello
dim.
pp
2
pp
2
pp
Basses pizz.
Ped.
Ped.
Tutti
ff
Ped.
Vlns.
ff
ff
Ped.
Fl.& Vlns.
ff
Tutti
Fls.& Vlns.in 8ves
ff
Ob.,Cl.& Bssn. sustain
Wind
ff

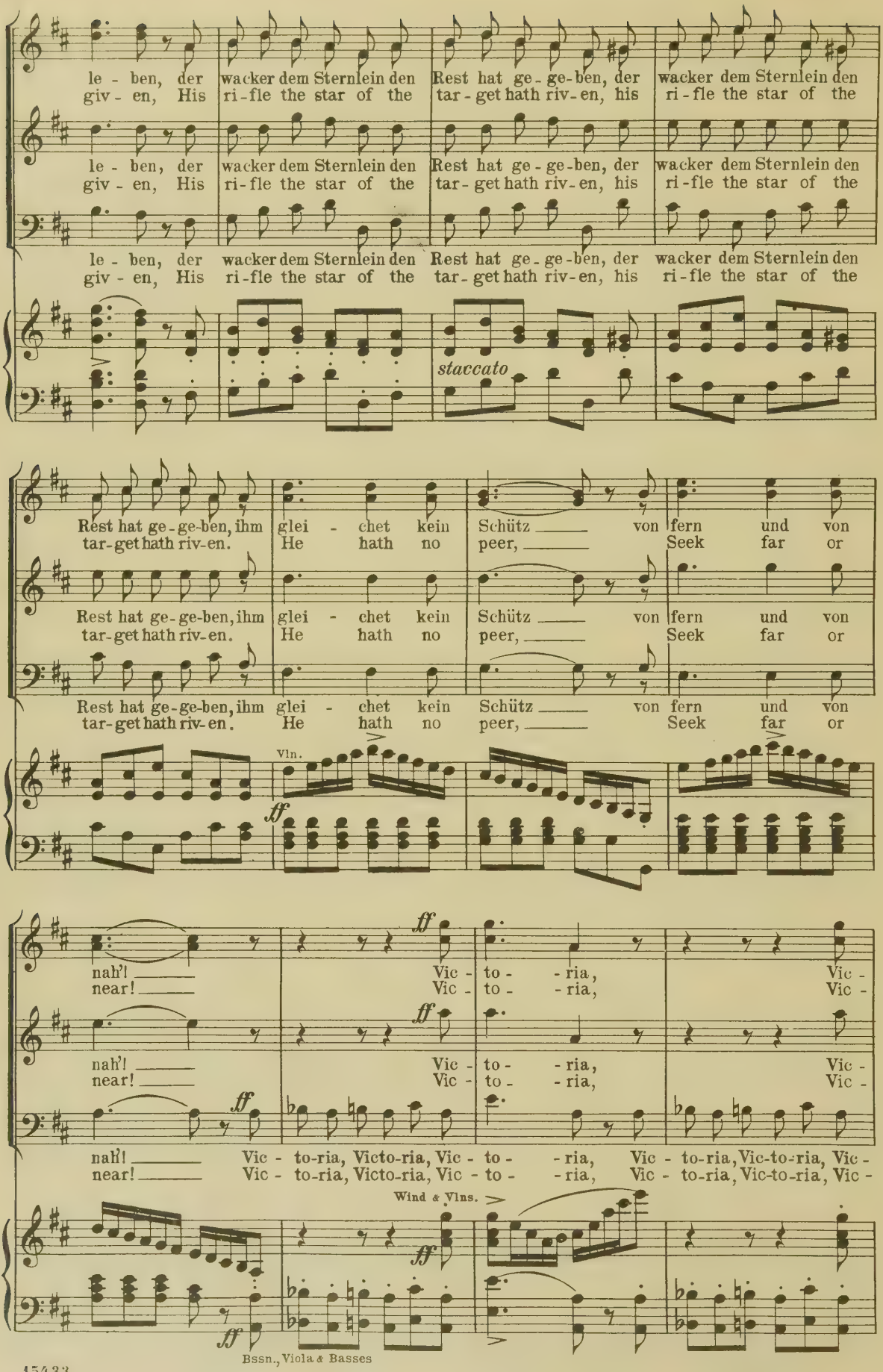
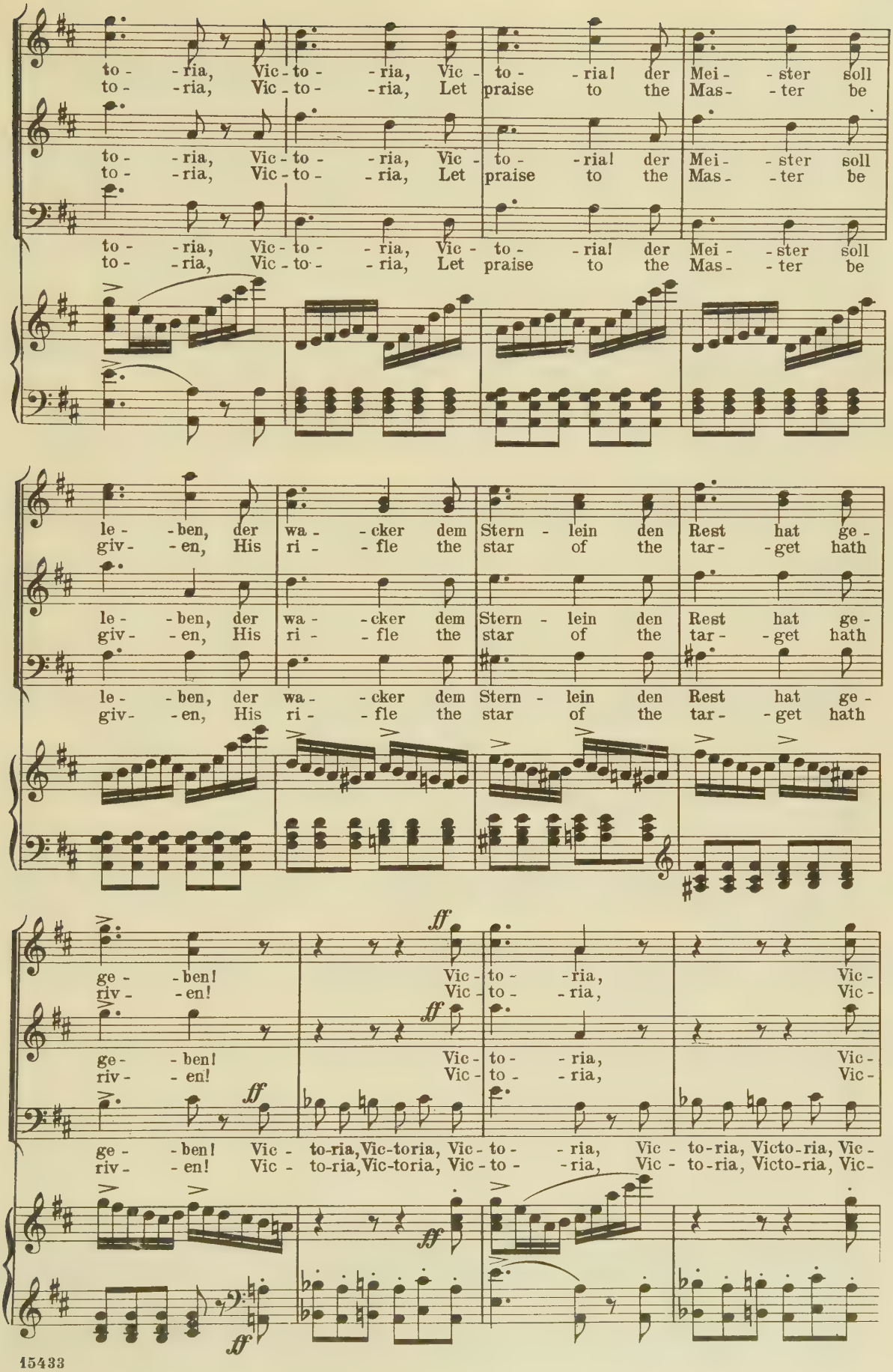
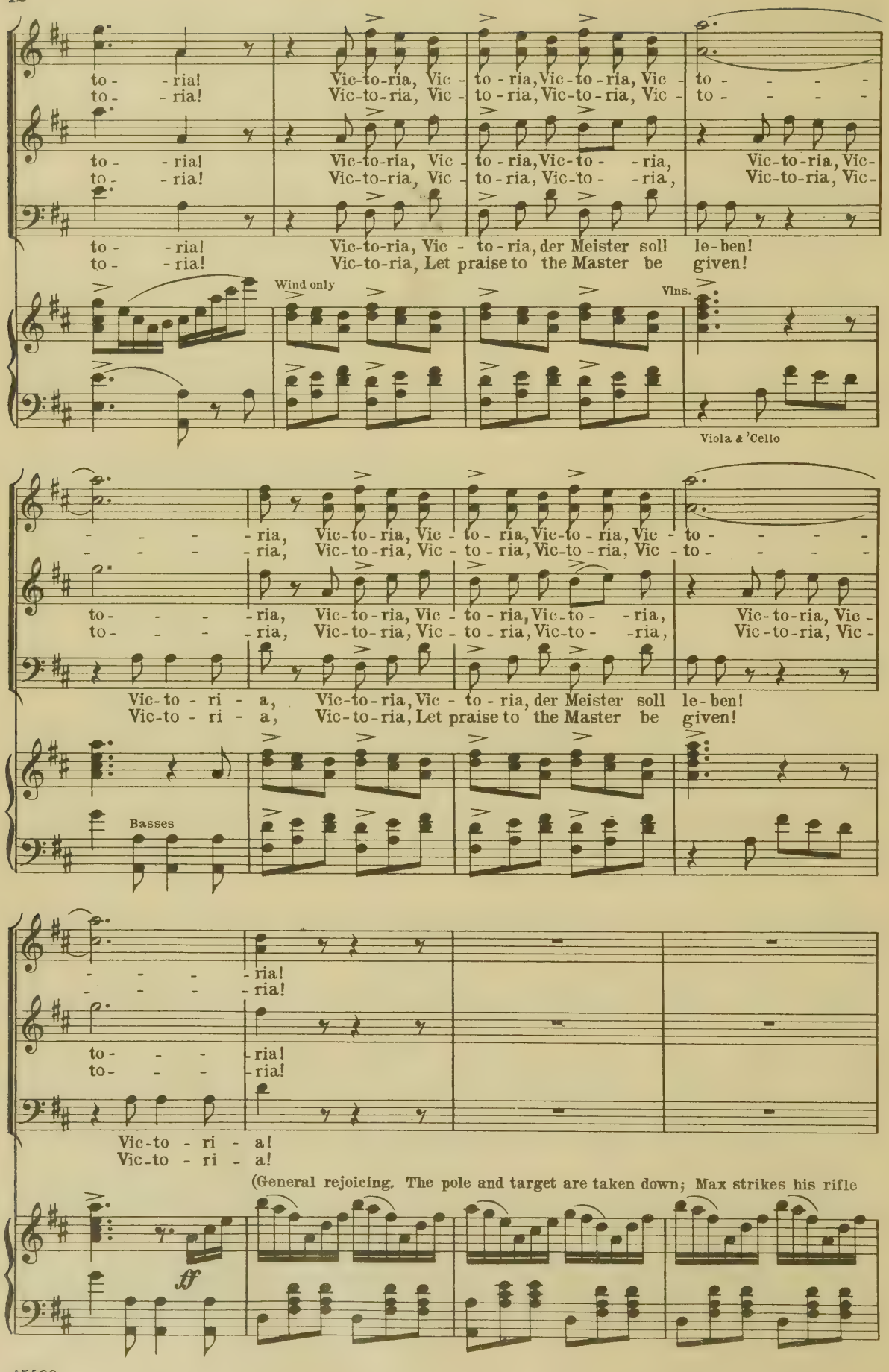

Vlns.
Wind
Vlns.
Wind
Vlns.
Wind
Bssn., Trombone and Basses
Tutti
Vlns.
Strings, Bssn.
Fl. & Vln.
Horns, &c.
Vln.
Wood
Tutti, Wood sustain
ff
Fl.
sf
ff

Act I.

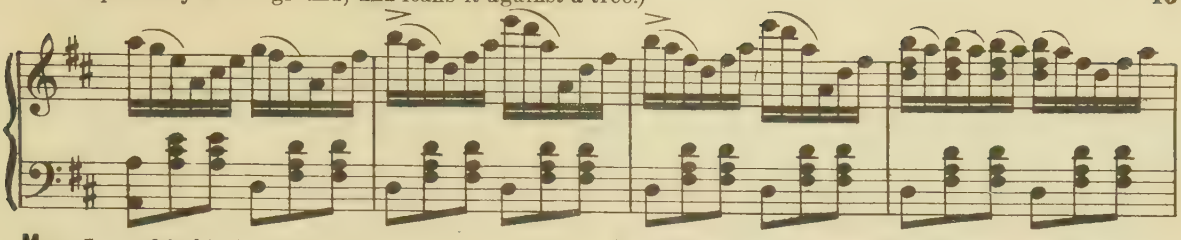
An open space before an Inn in the forest. Max is seated at a table in the foreground, a mug of beer before him. At the back, a target, surrounded by a crowd.

No 1. Introduction.— „Victoria, Victoria!“

Flute, Piccolo, Oboes, Cl. in B♭, Bassoons, Horns in D, Trumpets in D, Kettledrums and Strings.

Molto vivace.
Strings, Bssn. sustain
Horn sustain
Piano.
pp
cresc. poco a poco
Fl.
mf
Cl. sustain
(Curtain rises. Kilian fires, and the last star falls from the target. The people shout: „Ah, brav, herrlich getroffen!“
"Bravo! well shot! capital!"
f
Ob. sustain
ff
and applaud. Max, who has been sitting with his clenched hand to his forehead, strikes violently on the table, crying:)
„Glück zu, Bauer!“
"Good luck, rustic!"
Chorus.
Soprano & Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria! der Mei-ster soll
Vic - to - ria, Let praise to the Mas-ter be
Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria! der Mei-ster soll
Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Let praise to the Mas-ter be
Vic - to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria! der Mei-ster soll
Vic - to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Let praise to the Mas-ter be

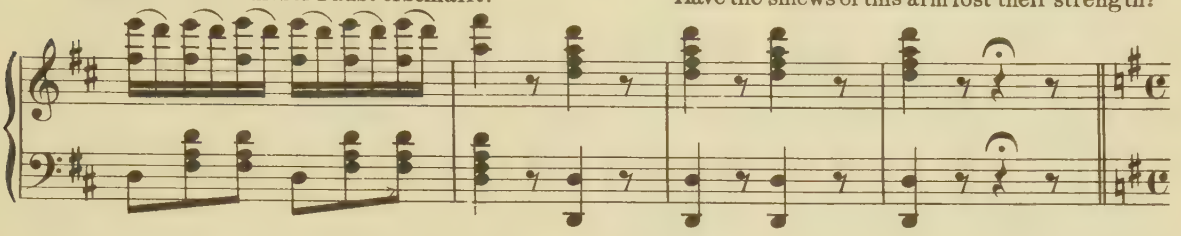

le - ben, der wacker dem Sternlein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben, der wacker dem Sternlein den
giv - en, His ri - fle the star of the tar - get hath riv - en, his ri - fle the star of the
staccato
Rest hat ge - ge - ben, ihm glei - chet kein Schütz ___ von fern und von
tar - get hath riv - en. He hath no peer, ___ Seek far or
Vln.
ff
nah'! ___ Vic - to - ria, Vic -
near! ___ Vic - to - ria, Vic -
Vic - to - ria, Victo - ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic -
Wind & Vlns.
Bssn., Viola & Basses

to - ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria! der Mei - ster soll
to - ria, Vic - to - ria, Let praise to the Mas - ter be
le - ben, der wa - cker dem Stern - lein den Rest hat ge -
giv - en, His ri - fle the star of the tar - get hath
ge - ben! Vic - to - ria, Vic -
riv - en! Vic - to - ria, Vic -
ge - ben! Vic - to-ria, Vic-toria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to-ria, Victo-ria, Vic -
riv - en! Vic - to-ria, Vic-toria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to-ria, Victo-ria, Vic -
ff

to - ria! Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - - - -
to - ria! Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - - - -
to - ria! Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic-to - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic-
to - ria! Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic-to - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic-
to - ria! Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, der Meister soll le - ben!
to - ria! Vic-to-ria, Let praise to the Master be given!
Wind only
Vlns.
Viola & 'Cello
- - - - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic-to - ria, Vic - to - - - -
- - - - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic-to - ria, Vic - to - - - -
to - - - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic-to - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic -
to - - - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic-to - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic -
Vic-to - ri - a, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, der Meister soll le - ben!
Vic-to - ri - a, Vic-to-ria, Let praise to the Master be given!
Basses
- - - - ria!
- - - - ria!
to - - - ria!
to - - - ria!
Vic-to - ri - a!
Vic-to - ri - a!
(General rejoicing. The pole and target are taken down; Max strikes his rifle
ff

impatiently on the ground, and leans it against a tree.)



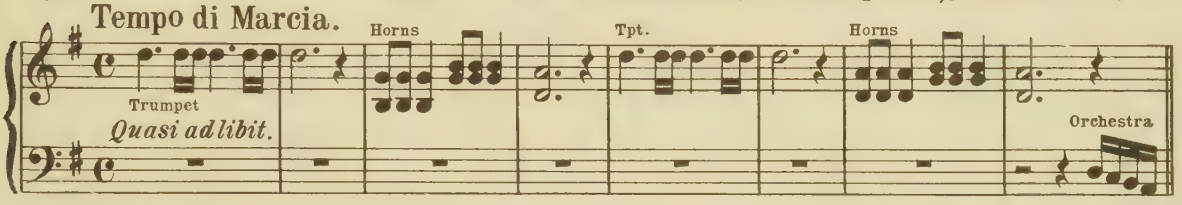
Max: Immer frisch! schreit, schreit! War ich denn blind?
Sind die Sehnen dieser Faust erschlafft?

Max: Roar, roar, ye boors! Was I blind, then?
Have the sinews of this arm lost their strength?

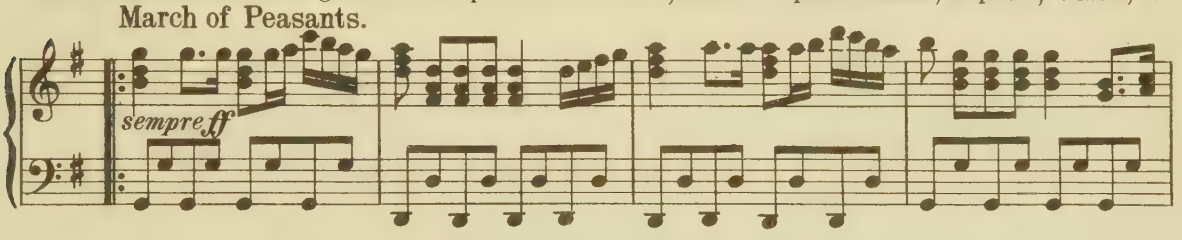


Clarinets in C, Trumpet in C, Horns in G, Violins & 'Cello (on the Stage).

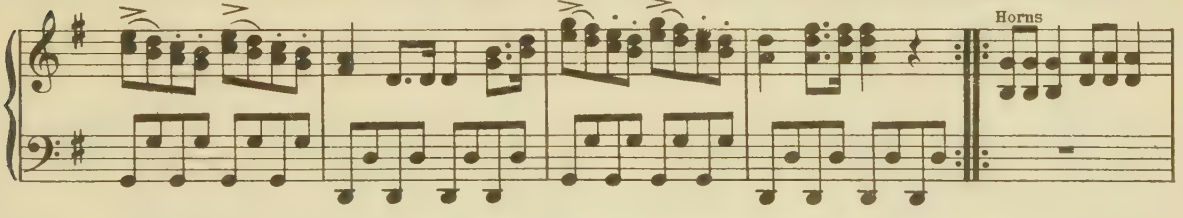
(A procession is formed, headed by a band of Bohemian mountaineers playing the following March; peasant lads carry the

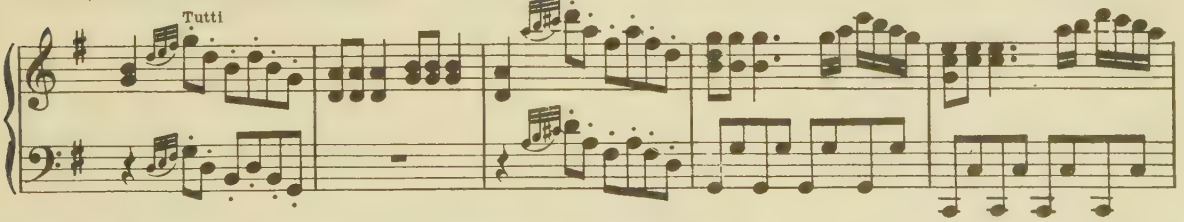


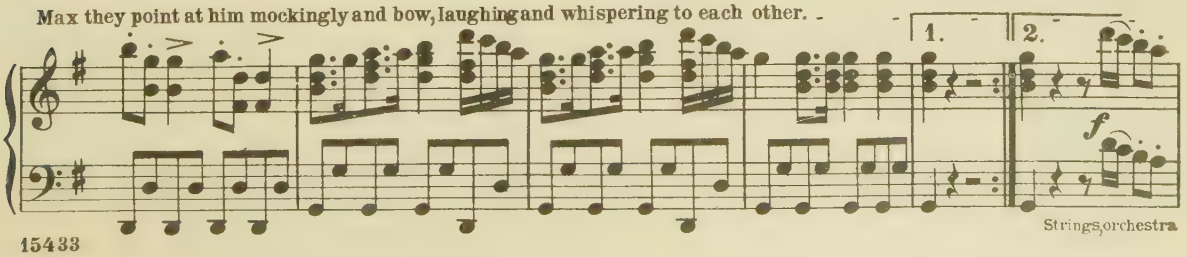
last star struck out of the target aloft on the point of an old sword; others bear pewter vessels, for prizes; Kilian, as



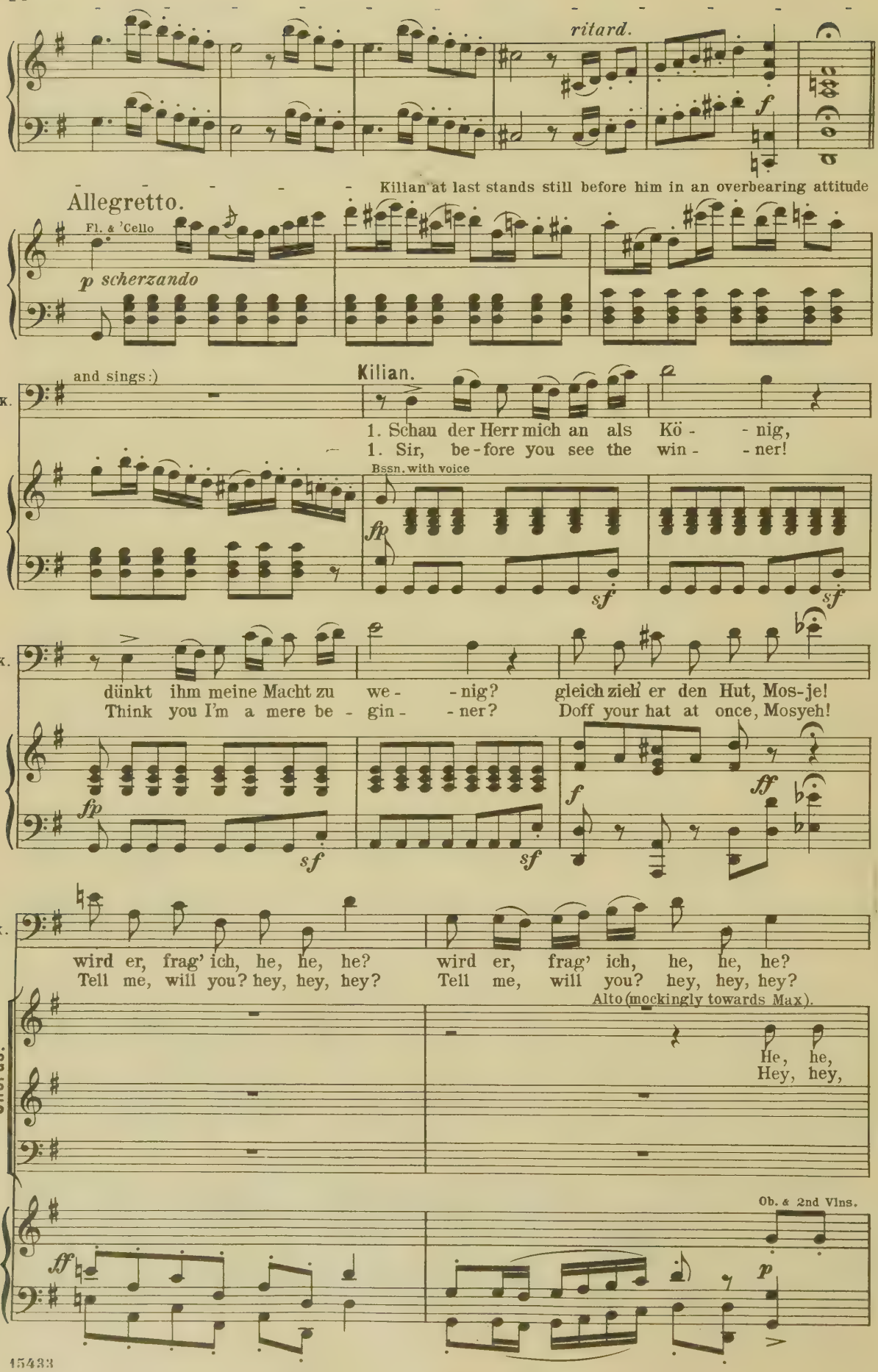
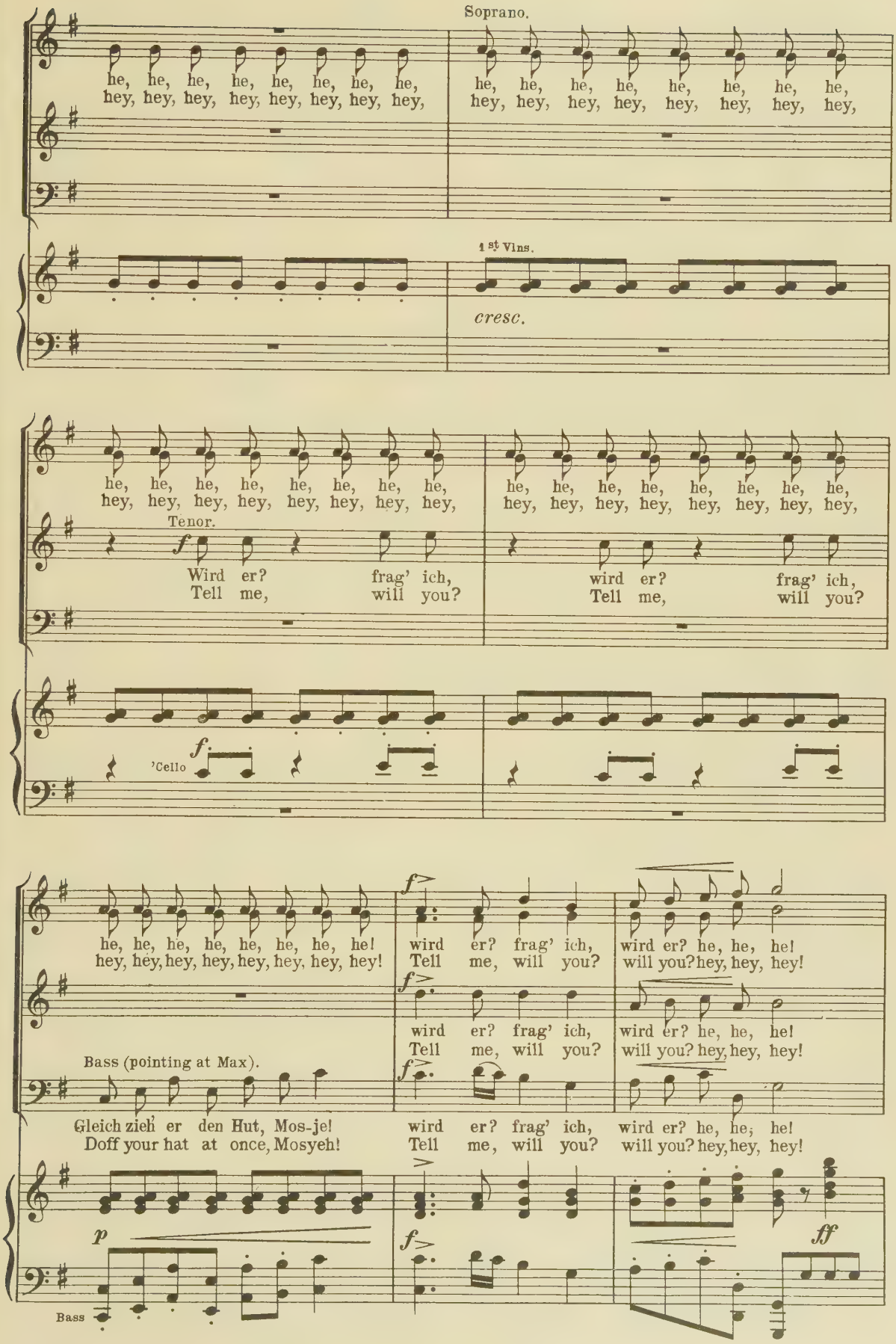
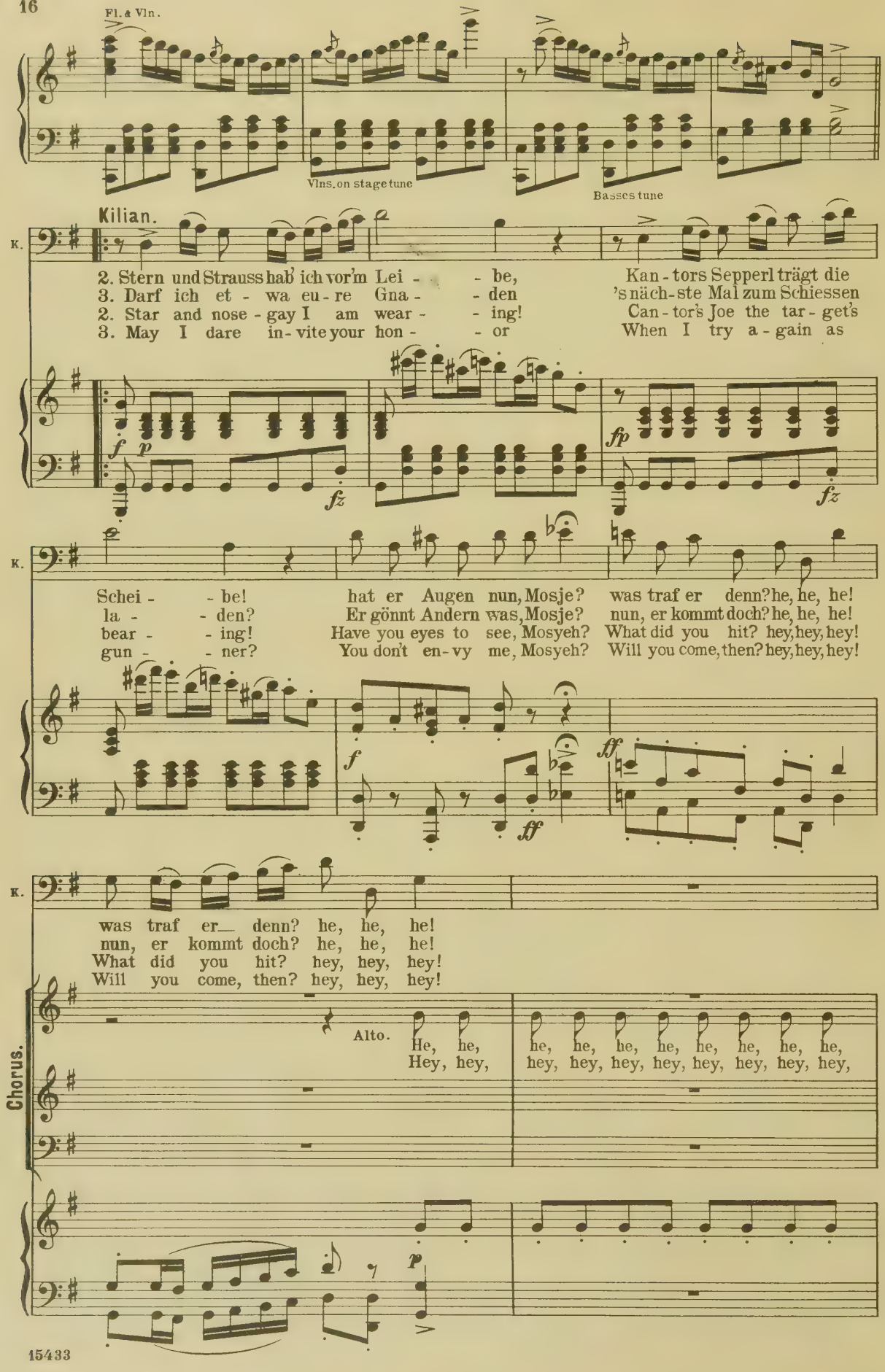
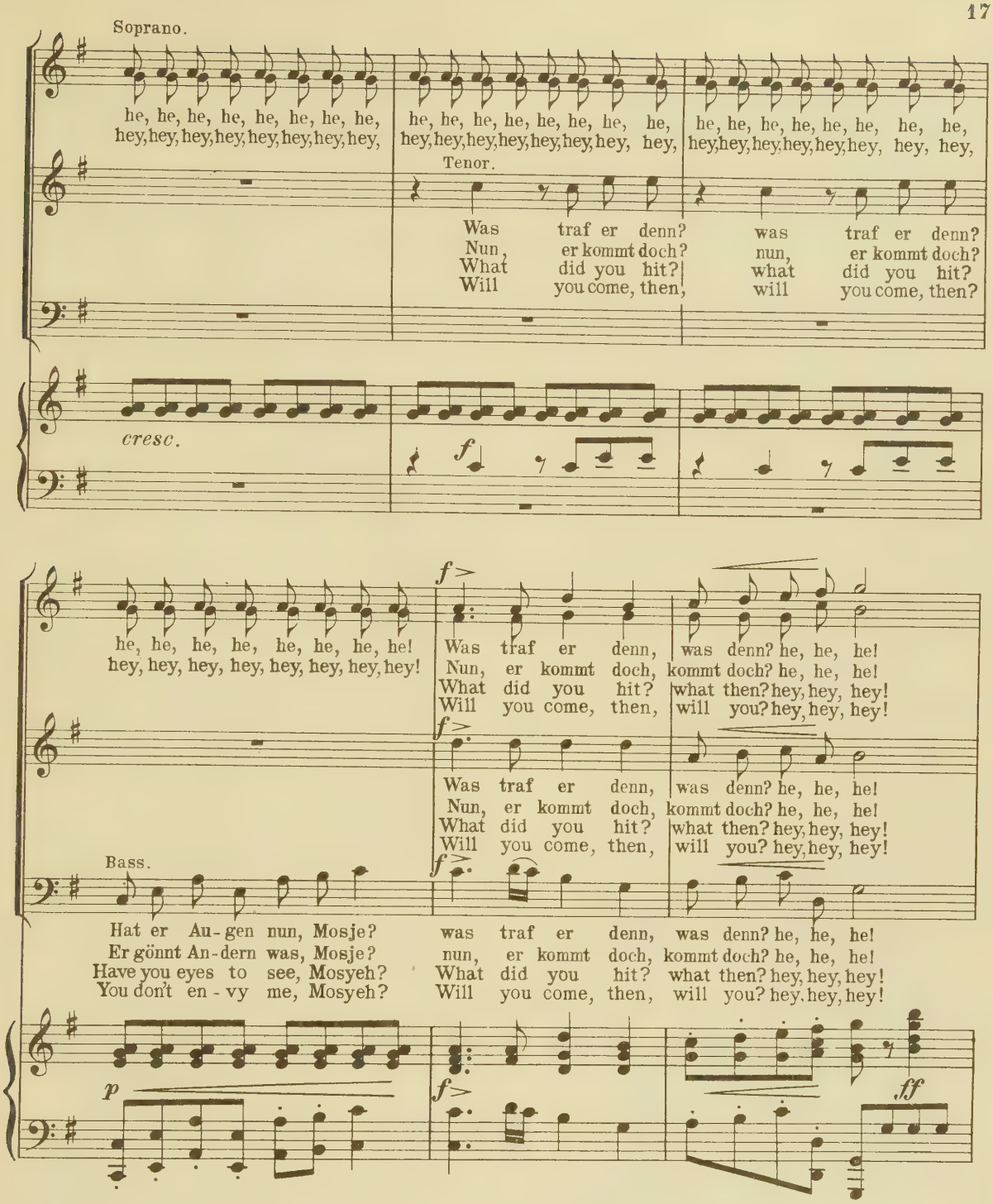
victor, with a huge nosegay and ribbon, to which are fastened stars that he has struck from the target. Marksmen with



rifles; several have stars on their caps. Women and girls. They all march round the stage in procession; in passing by

Max they point at him mockingly and bow, laughing and whispering to each other.

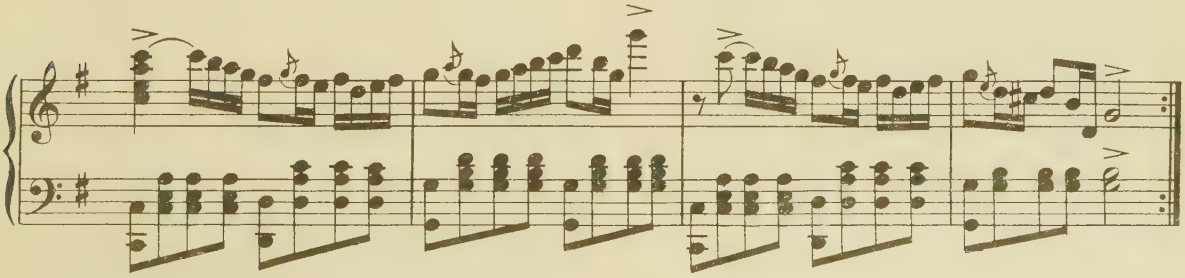


Strings, orchestra


ritard.
f
Kilian at last stands still before him in an overbearing attitude
Allegretto.
Fl. & 'Cello
p scherzando
and sings:)
K.
Kilian.
1. Schau der Herr mich an als Kö - - nig,
1. Sir, be-fore you see the win - - ner!
Bssn. with voice
fp
sf
sf
K.
dünkt ihm meine Macht zu we - - nig? gleich zieh' er den Hut, Mos-je!
Think you I'm a mere be - gin - - ner? Doff your hat at once, Mosyeh!
fp
sf
sf
f
ff
K.
wird er, frag' ich, he, he, he? wird er, frag' ich, he, he, he?
Tell me, will you? hey, hey, hey? Tell me, will you? hey, hey, hey?
Chorus.
Alto (mockingly towards Max).
He, he,
Hey, hey,
Ob. & 2nd Vlns.
ff
p

Soprano.
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey,
1st Vlns.
cresc.
Tenor.
f
Wird er? frag' ich,
Tell me, will you?
'Cello
Bass (pointing at Max).
Gleich zieh' er den Hut, Mos-je!
Doff your hat at once, Mosyeh!
p
ff
Bass

Fl. & Vln.
Vlns. on stage tune
Basses tune
Kilian.
K.
2. Stern und Strauss hab' ich vor'm Lei - - be,
3. Darf ich et - wa eu - re Gna - - den
2. Star and nose - gay I am wear - - ing!
3. May I dare in - vite your hon - - or
Kan - tors Sepperl trägt die
's näch - ste Mal zum Schiessen
Can - tor's Joe the tar - get's
When I try a - gain as
Schei - - be!
la - - den?
bear - - ing!
gun - - ner?
hat er Augen nun, Mosje?
Er gönnt Andern was, Mosje?
Have you eyes to see, Mosyeh?
You don't en - vy me, Mosyeh?
was traf er denn? he, he, he!
nun, er kommt doch? he, he, he!
What did you hit? hey, hey, hey!
Will you come, then? hey, hey, hey!
Chorus.
Alto.
He, he,
Hey, hey,
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey,

Soprano.
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey,
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey,
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey,
Tenor.
Was traf er denn? was traf er denn?
Nun, er kommt doch? nun, er kommt doch?
What did you hit? what did you hit?
Will you come, then, will you come, then?
cresc.
f
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he!
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!
f
Was traf er denn, was denn? he, he, he!
Nun, er kommt doch, kommt doch? he, he, he!
What did you hit? what then? hey, hey, hey!
Will you come, then, will you? hey, hey, hey!
f
Was traf er denn, was denn? he, he, he!
Nun, er kommt doch, kommt doch? he, he, he!
What did you hit? what then? hey, hey, hey!
Will you come, then, will you? hey, hey, hey!
Bass.
f
Hat er Au-gen nun, Mosje?
Er gönnt An-dern was, Mosje?
Have you eyes to see, Mosyeh?
You don't en-vy me, Mosyeh?
was traf er denn, was denn? he, he, he!
nun, er kommt doch, kommt doch? he, he, he!
What did you hit? what then? hey, hey, hey!
Will you come, then, will you? hey, hey, hey!
p
f
ff

(After the third verse Max springs up, draws his hanger, and seizes Kilian by the chest.)

Max. Lasst mich zufrieden, oder_

Max. Let me alone, or_(all rush upon Max).

(To the above enter hastily Cuno, Caspar and several foresters with rifles and spears.)

Cuno. Was gibt's hier? Pfui! Dreissig über Einen! Wer untersteht sich, meinen Burschen anzutasten?

Kilian (von Max losgelassen, aber immer noch furchtsam). Alles in Liebe und Güte, werther Herr Erbförster, gar nicht böse gemeint! Es ist Herkommen bei uns, dass, wer stets gefehlt hat, vom Königsschusse ausgeschlossen und dann ein wenig gehänselt wird — Alles in Liebe und Güte.

Cuno (heftig). Stets gefehlt? Wer? Wer hat das?

Kilian. Es ist freilich arg, wenn der Bauer einmal über den Jäger kommt, — aber fragt ihn nur selbst.

Max. Ich kann's nicht leugnen, ich habe nie getroffen.

Caspar (für sich). Dank, Samiel!

Cuno. Max! Max! ist es möglich? Du sonst der beste Schütze weit und breit! Seit vier Wochen hast du keine Klaue nach Hause gebracht, und auch jetzt —? Pfui der Schande!

Caspar. Glaube mir, Kamerad! es ist, wie ich dir gesagt habe: es hat dir Jemand einen Waidmann gesetzt, und den musst du lösen, oder du triffst keine Klaue.

Cuno. Possen!

Caspar. Das mein' ich eben, so etwas ist leicht gemacht. Lass dir rathen, Kamerad! Geh' nächsten Freitag auf einen Kreuzweg, zieh' mit dem Ladestock oder einem blutigen Degen einen Kreis um dich und rufe dreimal den grossen Jäger —

Cuno. Schweig', vorlauter Bube! ich kenne dich längst; du bist ein Tagedieb, ein Schlemmer, ein falscher Würfler — hüte dich, dass ich nicht noch Ärgeres von dir denke!

Caspar (macht eine kriechende Bewegung, als wenn er sich entschuldigen wollte).

Cuno. Kein Wort, oder du hast auf der Stelle den Abschied! Aber auch du Max, sieh' dich vor! Ich bin dir wie ein Vater gewogen, es freut mich, dass der Herr Fürst Sohnesrecht auf den Eidam übertragen will, aber fehlst du morgen beim Probeschuss, müsst' ich dir doch das Mädchen versagen.

Max. Morgen? morgen schon?

Ein Jäger. Was ist das eigentlich mit dem Probeschuss? Schon oft haben wir davon gehört.

Kilian. Ja, auch wir, aber noch hat uns Niemand die rechte Bewandtniss zu sagen gewusst.

Die Jäger. O, erzählt uns, Herr Cuno!

Cuno. What 's all this? for shame! thirty against one! Who dares lay hands on a lad in my service?

Kilian (released by Max, but still frightened). It was all in the way of kindness, good Master Ranger! I meant no harm! A fellow who never hits the mark is always flouted a bit with us, nor is he allowed to fire the master-shot; but it is all in the way of kindness.

Cuno (sharply). And pray who is it that never hits the mark?

Kilian. Well, things have come to a pass, when the farmer beats the hunter at shooting; but — ask him yourself —

Max. I can't deny it, I never hit the mark.

Caspar (aside). Thanks, Zamiel!

Cuno. Max, Max! can this be so? you, the best shot in the country? Neither claw nor feather have you brought home these four weeks, and to-day? — Oh, for shame!

Caspar. Believe me, comrade, it is as I told you; some one has cast a spell over you, and unless you can break it, neither claw nor feather will be yours again.

Cuno. Nonsense!

Caspar. Indeed, a mere trifle! I'll tell you how the thing is to be done. Go on Friday to a cross-roads; draw a circle round you with your ramrod or a bloody sword, and call three times on the Black Hunter —

Cuno. Silence, you forward fellow! I know you well for an idler, a toper, and a gambler; take care that I think nothing worse of you!

Caspar (makes a servile gesture of apology).

Cuno. Not a word, or this instant I dismiss you! And you too, Max, have a care. I feel like a father towards you, and I am glad that the Prince is willing to confer a son's rights on my son-in-law; but if you miss the trial-shot to-morrow, my daughter can not be yours.

Max. To-morrow? so soon?

A Hunter. What is this trial-shot? We have often heard of it.

Kilian. Yes, and we, too; but no one could ever tell us what it really means.

The Hunter. Oh, tell us about it, Master Cuno!

Cuno. Meinetwegen! Zum Hoflager kommen wir noch zeitig genug. — Mein Urälter-Vater, der noch im Forsthause abgebildet steht, hiess Cuno wie ich, und war fürstlicher Leibschütz. Einst bei einer Jagd trieben die Hunde einen Hirsch heran, auf welchen ein Mensch angeschmiedet war — so grausam bestrafte man in alten Zeiten die Waldfrevler. Dieser Anblick erregte das Mitleid des damaligen Fürsten. Er versprach demjenigen, welcher den Hirsch erlege, ohne den Missethäter zu verwunden, eine Erbförsterei und zu Wohnung das nahegelegene Waldschlösschen. Der wackere Leibschütz, mehr aus eigenem Erbarmen, als wegen der grossen Verheissung, besann sich nicht lange; er legte an, der Hirsch stürzte und der Wilddieb war, obwohl im Gesicht vom Dorngebüsch derb zerkratzt, doch im Uebrigen unversehrt.

Die Weiber. Gott sei Dank! Der arme Wildschütz!

Die Männer. Brav! brav! Das war ein Meisterschuss!

Caspar. Oder ein Glücksfall, wenn nicht vielleicht gar —

Max. Ich möchte der Cuno gewesen sein.

Cuno. Auch mein Urvater freute sich über die Rettung des Unglücklichen, und der Fürst erfüllte in allem seine Zusage.

Kilian. So? Also davon schreibt sich der Probeschuss her, Nachbarn und Freunde! Nun weiss man's doch auch.

Cuno. Hört noch das Ende. — Es ging damals wie jetzt (mit einem Blick auf Caspar), dass der böse Feind immer Unkraut unter den Weizen säet. Cuno's Neider wussten es an den Fürsten zu bringen, der Schuss sei mit Zauberei geschehen, Cuno habe nicht gezielt, sondern eine Freikugel geladen.

Caspar. Dacht' ich's doch! (Für sich.) Hilf zu, Samiel!

Kilian (zu einigen Bauern). Eine Freikugel! Das sind Schlingen des bösen Feindes, meine Grossmutter hat mir das erklärt. Sechse treffen, aber die siebente gehört dem Bösen, der kann sie hinführen, wohin's ihm beliebt.

Caspar. Alfanzerei! Nichts als Naturkräfte.

Cuno. Aus diesem Grunde machte der Fürst bei der Stiftung den Zusatz: „Dass Jeder von Cuno's Nachfolgern, [wolle er Erbförster werden,] zuvor einen Probeschuss ablege." Doch nun genug. (Zu den Jägern, die mit ihm gekommen.) Wir wollen uns wieder auf den Weg machen. Du aber, Max, magst noch einmal zu Hause nachsehen, ob sämmtliche Treibleute angelangt sind. — [Du solltest mich dauern, guter Bursch.] Nimm dich zusammen, der Waidmann, der dir gesetzt ist, mag die Liebe sein. Noch vor Sonnenaufgang erwarte ich dich beim Hoflager.

Cuno. Why not? We shall reach the Prince's quarters early enough. — My great-great-grandfather, whose picture still hangs in the forester's house, was named Cuno, like myself, and was one of the Prince's rangers. While hunting one day, the dogs chased a stag towards them, on whose back a man was bound — so cruelly were poachers punished in those days. This sight aroused the pity of the then Prince. He promised to him who should bring down the stag without wounding the criminal an hereditary position as Master-Ranger, and, for a dwelling, his own hunting-lodge near by. The manly ranger, moved more by pity than by the tempting promise, swiftly made up his mind; he shot, the stag fell, and the poacher, though badly scratched in the face by the thornbushes, otherwise escaped unharmed.

The Women. Heaven be praised! The poor poacher!

The Men. Good! good! That was a master-shot!

Caspar. Or a lucky shot; — if, indeed, it was not —

Max. I wish that I had been Cuno.

Cuno. My great-great-grandfather, too, rejoiced at saving the unhappy man; and the Prince fulfilled his promise to the letter.

Kilian Indeed? So, neighbors and friends, that was the origin of the trial-shot! Now we know it, too.

Cuno. Listen to the end. — Then, as now-a-days (with a glance at Caspar), the Evil One always sowed tares among the wheat. Envious tongues brought to the Prince's hearing, that sorcery guided the shot; that Cuno had not aimed, but had fired a charmed bullet.

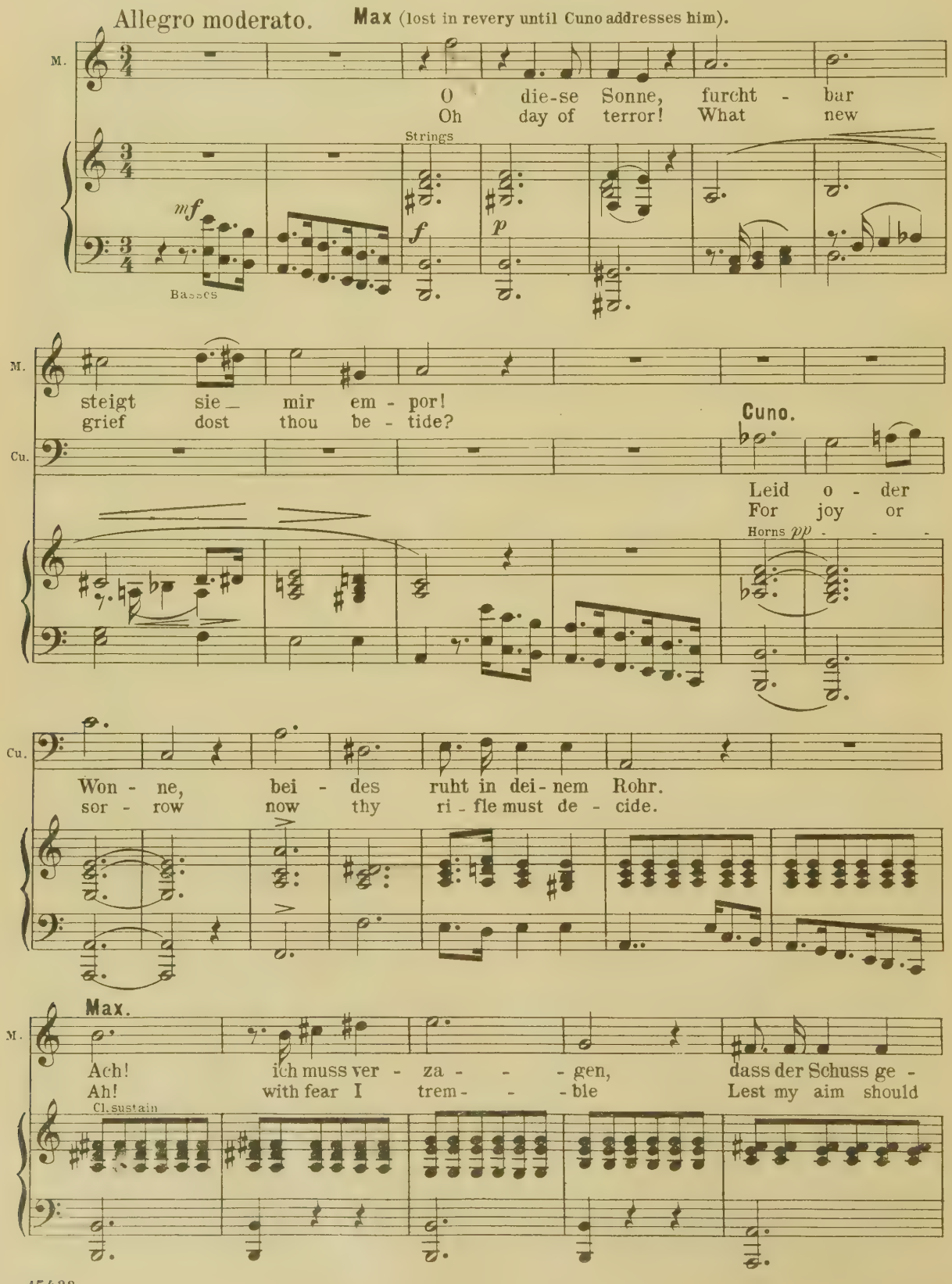
Caspar. Just as I thought! (Aside) Help me, Zamiel!

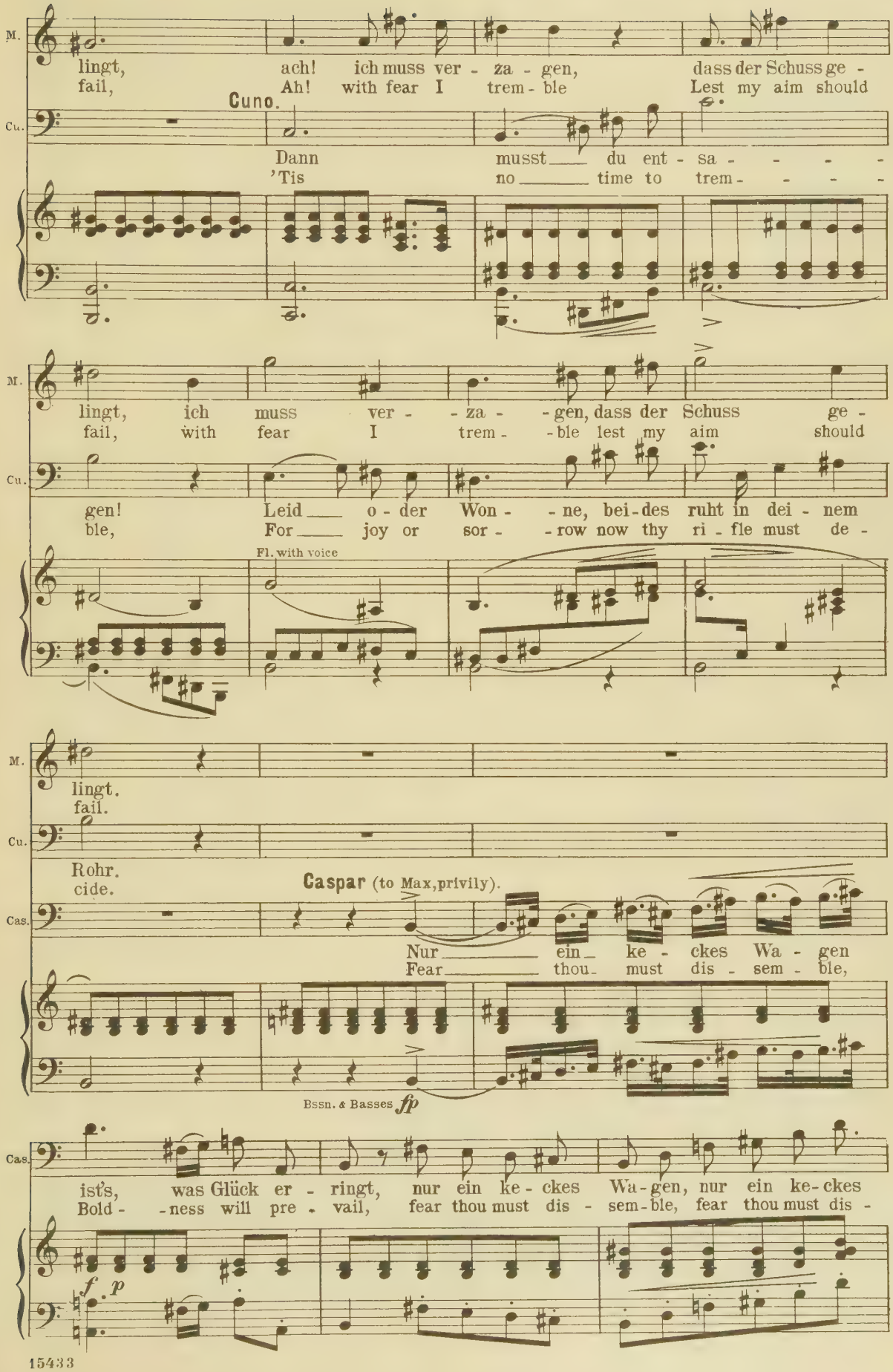
Kilian (to some of the peasants). A charmed bullet! Those are toils of the Evil One; my grandmother has told me all about it. Six hit; but the seventh belongs to the Devil, and he can guide it wherever he will.

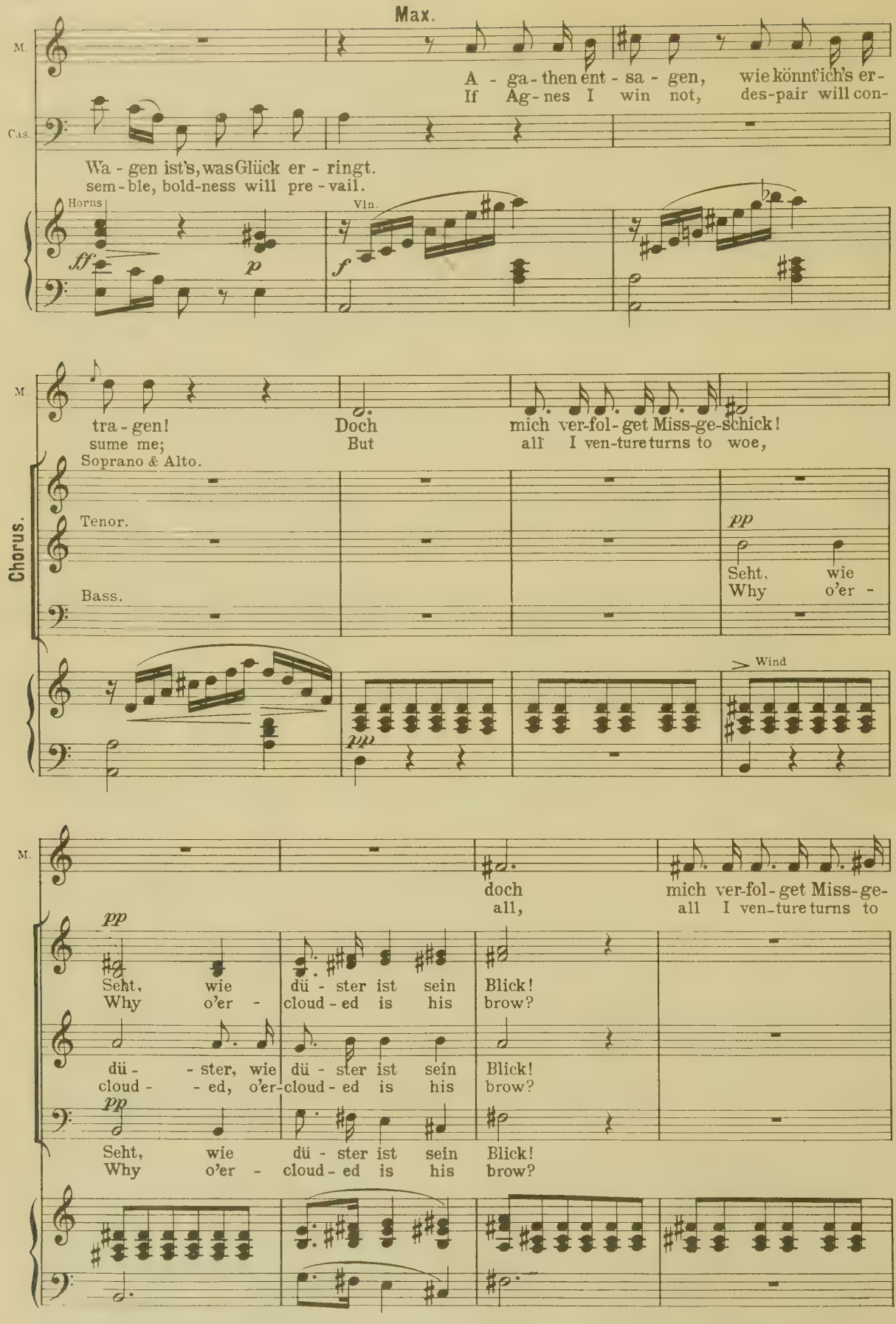
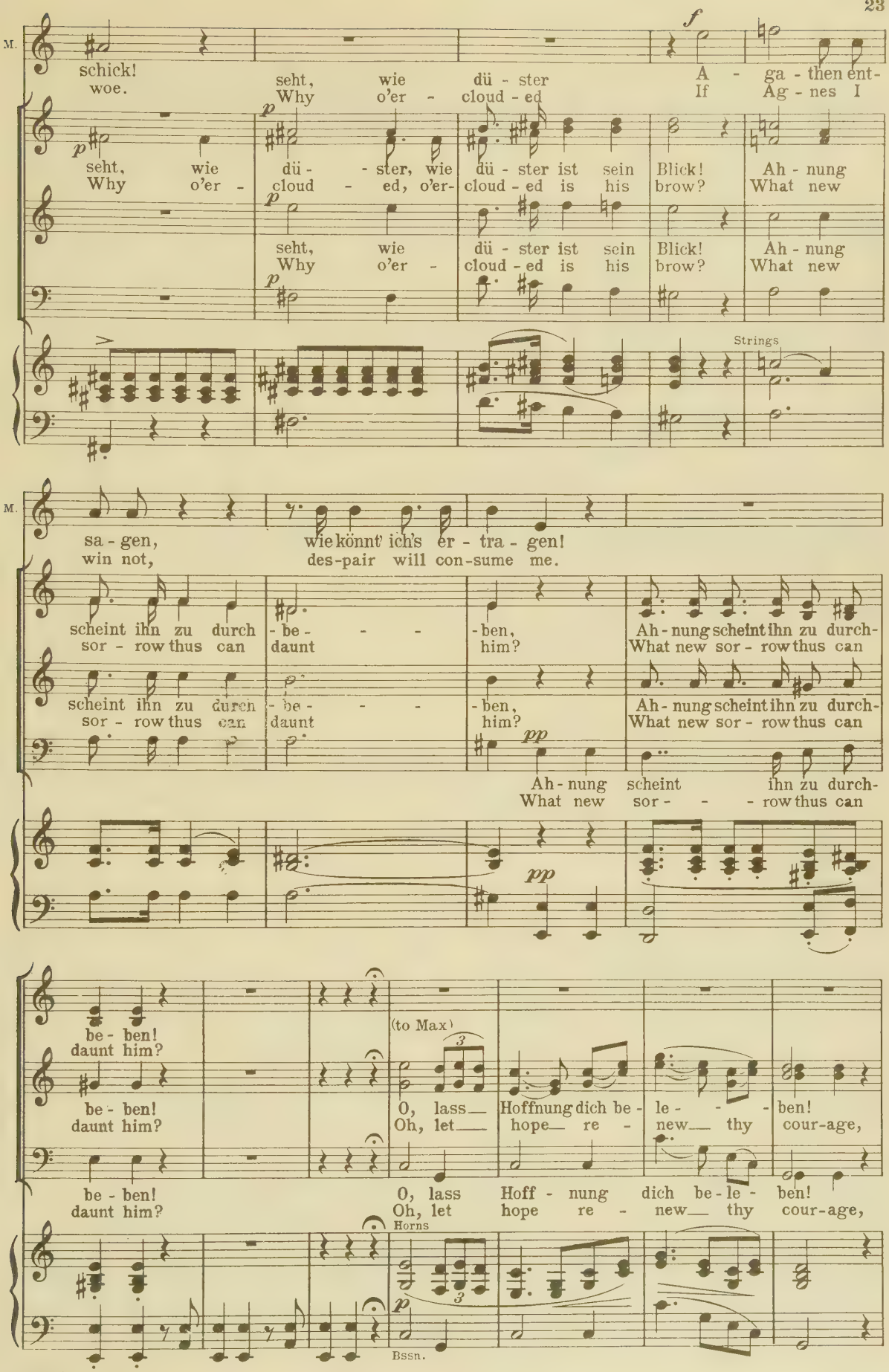
Caspar. Idle tales! It's nothing but the forces of nature.

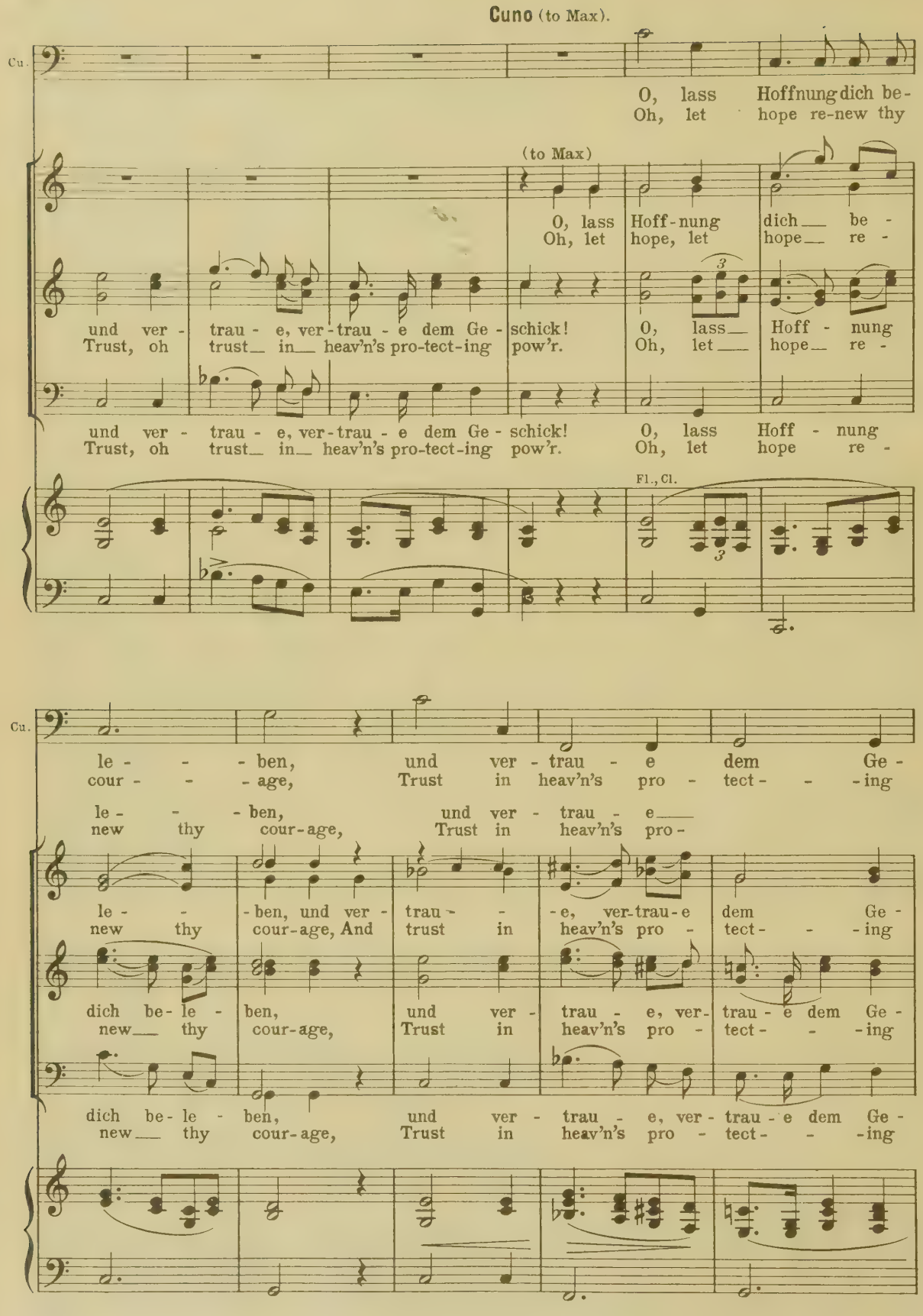
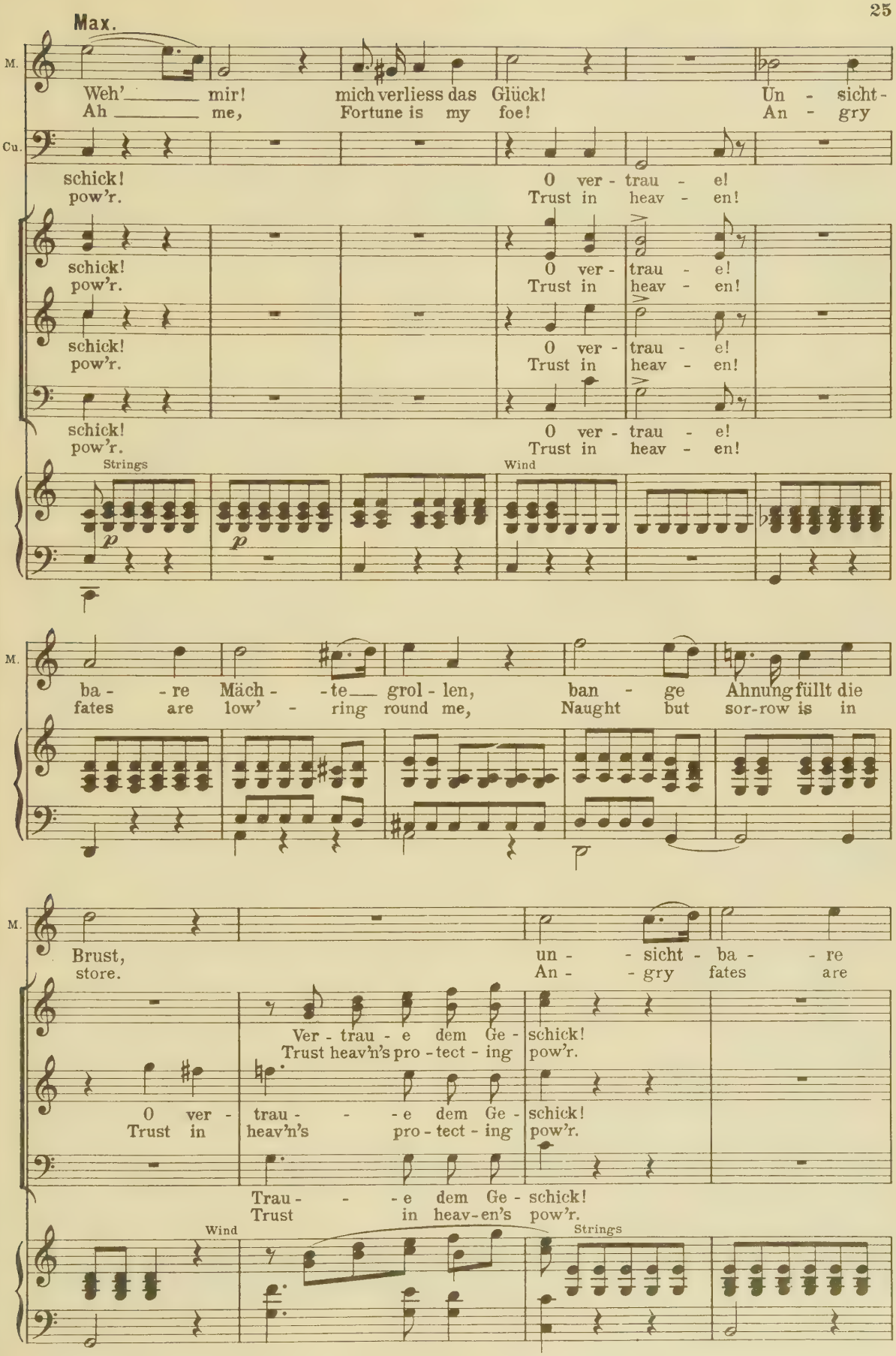
Cuno. For this reason the Prince added to the deed of gift the clause, "that each of Cuno's successors, before becoming hereditary Master-Ranger, should fire a trial-shot." — But now, enough! (To the hunters who accompanied him.) Let us go on. As for you, Max, look around at home to see whether all the beaters have come. [I should grieve for you, my good fellow.] Take heart again! Perhaps the spell that binds you was woven by Love. I shall expect you before sunrise at the Prince's quarters.

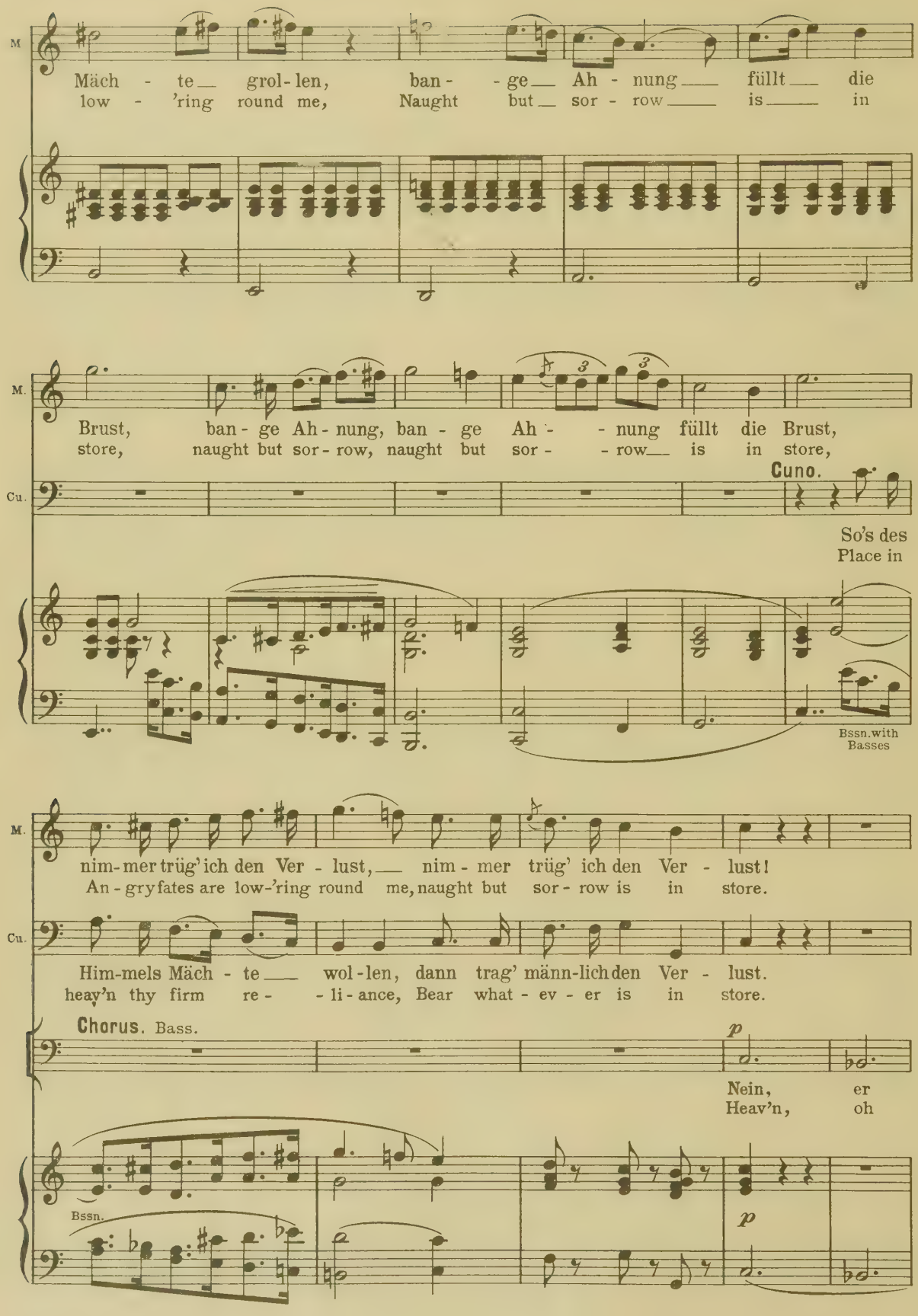
Nº 2. Trio and Chorus.— „O diese Sonne!“

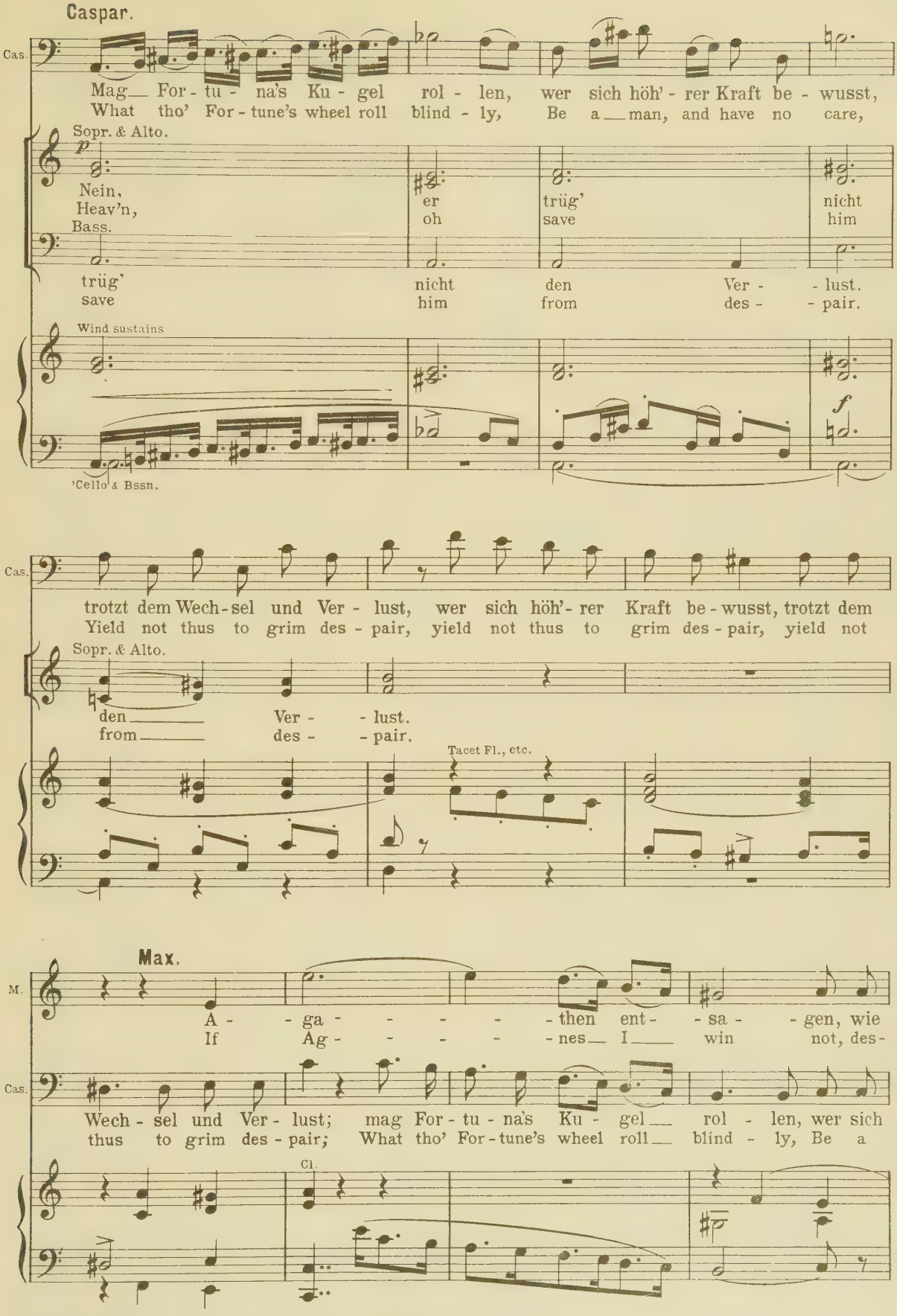
Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets in Bflat, Horns in C and D, Bassoons & Strings.

Allegro moderato.
Max (lost in revery until Cuno addresses him).
M.
O die-se Sonne, furcht - bar
Oh day of terror! What new
Strings
mf
f
p
Basses
M.
steigt sie_ mir em - por!
grief dost thou be - tide?
Cuno.
Cu.
Leid o - der
For joy or
Horns pp
Cu.
Won - ne, bei - des ruht in dei - nem Rohr.
sor - row now thy ri - fle must de - cide.
Max.
M.
Ach! ich muss ver - za - - - gen, dass der Schuss ge -
Ah! with fear I trem - - - ble Lest my aim should
Cl. sustain

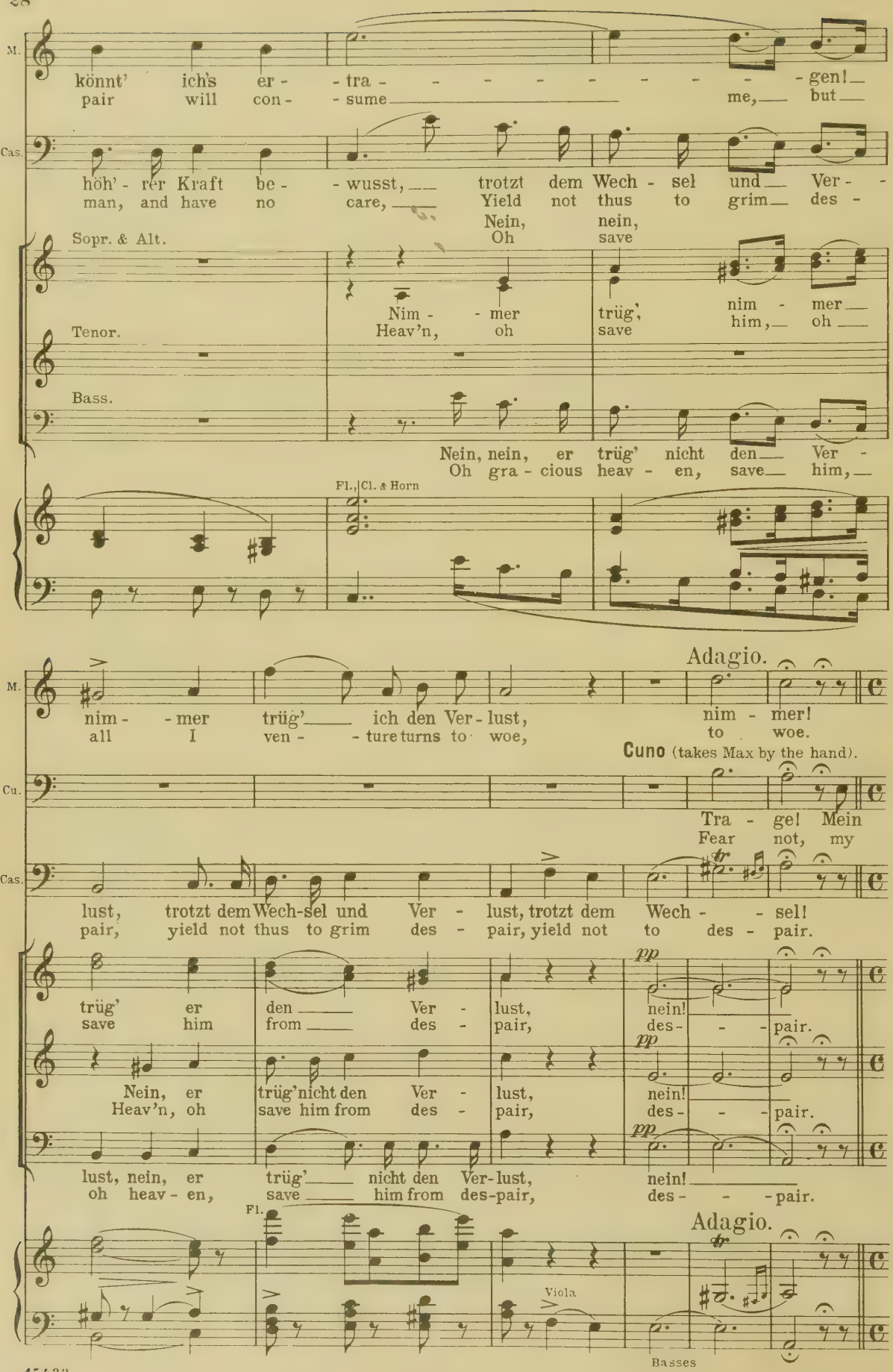

M.
lingt,
fail,
ach! ich muss ver - za - gen,
Ah! with fear I trem - ble
dass der Schuss ge -
Lest my aim should
Cuno.
Cu.
Dann
'Tis
musst du ent - sa - - - -
no time to trem - - - -
M.
lingt, ich muss ver - - za - - gen, dass der Schuss ge -
fail, with fear I trem - - ble lest my aim should
Cu.
gen! Leid o - der Won - - ne, bei - des ruht in dei - nem
ble, For joy or sor - - row now thy ri - fle must de -
Fl. with voice
M.
lingt.
fail.
Cu.
Rohr.
cide.
Caspar (to Max, privily).
Cas.
Nur ein ke - ckes Wa - gen
Fear thou must dis - sem - ble,
Bssn. & Basses fp
Cas.
ist's, was Glück er - ringt, nur ein ke - ckes Wa - gen, nur ein ke - ckes
Bold - - ness will pre - vail, fear thou must dis - sem - ble, fear thou must dis -
f p

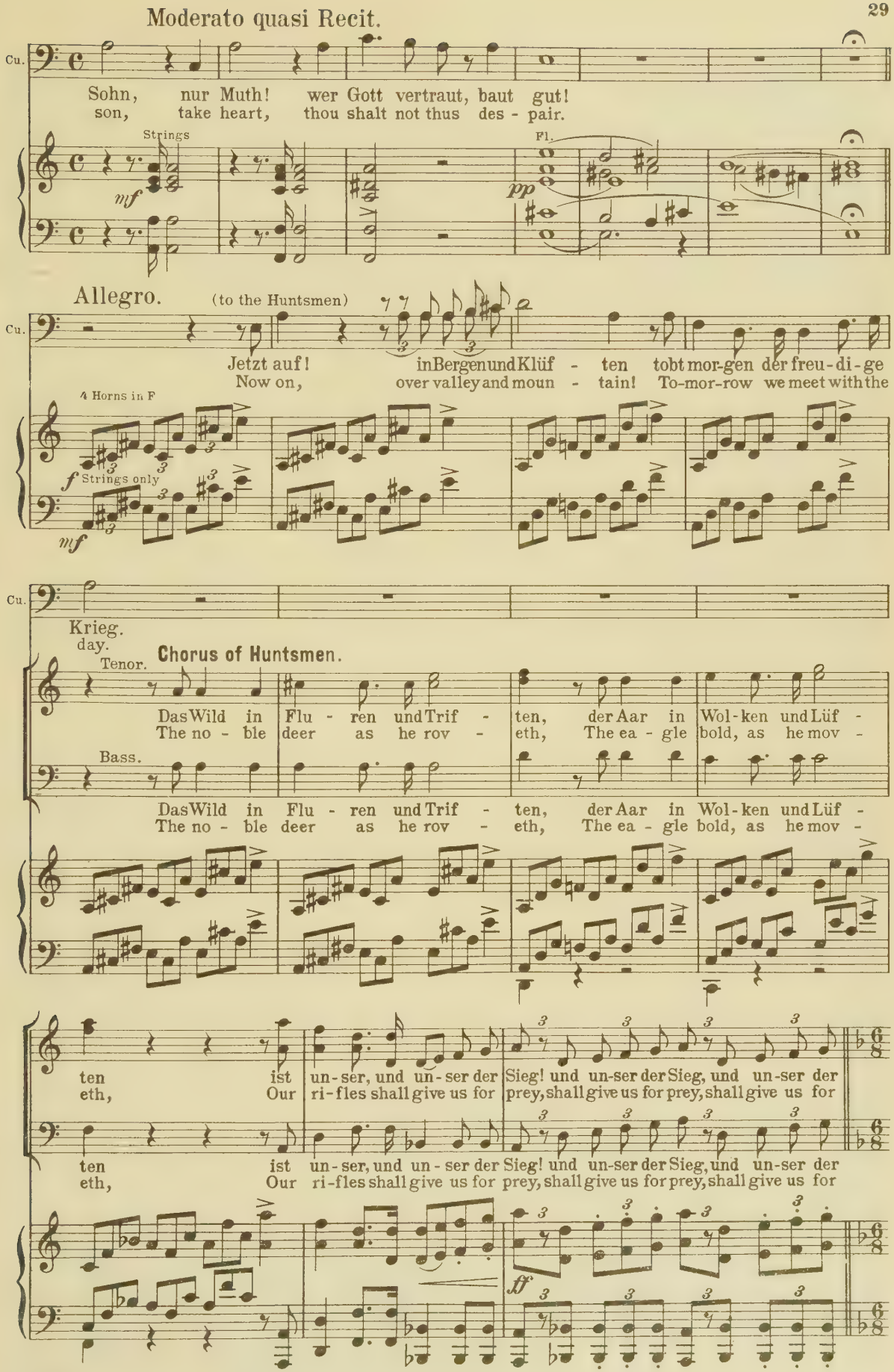

Max.
M.
Cas.
A - ga - then ent - sa - gen, wie könnt'ich's er -
If Ag - nes I win not, des-pair will con -
Wa - gen ist's, was Glück er - ringt.
sem - ble, bold-ness will pre - vail.
Horns
ff
p
Vln.
f
2
M.
tra - gen! Doch mich ver-fol - get Miss-ge-schick!
sume me; But all I ven-ture turns to woe,
Soprano & Alto.
Chorus.
Tenor.
Bass.
pp
Seht, wie
Why o'er -
Wind
pp
M.
doch mich ver-fol - get Miss-ge-
all I ven-ture turns to
pp
Seht, wie dü - ster ist sein Blick!
Why o'er - cloud - ed is his brow?
dü - - ster, wie dü - ster ist sein Blick!
cloud - - ed, o'er-cloud - ed is his brow?
pp
Seht, wie dü - ster ist sein Blick!
Why o'er - cloud - ed is his brow?

M.
schick!
woe.
seht, wie dü - ster
Why o'er - cloud - ed
f
A - ga - then ent-
If Ag - nes I
p
seht, wie dü - - ster, wie dü - ster ist sein Blick! Ah - nung
Why o'er - cloud - ed, o'er- cloud - ed is his brow? What new
seht, wie dü - ster ist sein Blick! Ah - nung
Why o'er - cloud - ed is his brow? What new
Strings
M.
sa - gen, wie könnt' ich's er - tra - gen!
win not, des-pair will con-sume me.
scheint ihn zu durch - be - - - - ben, Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch-
sor - row thus can daunt him? What new sor - row thus can
scheint ihn zu durch - be - - - - ben, Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch-
sor - row thus can daunt him? What new sor - row thus can
pp
Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch-
What new sor - - - row thus can
pp
be - ben!
daunt him?
(to Max)
be - ben!
daunt him?
O, lass Hoffnung dich be - le - - - ben!
Oh, let hope re - new thy cour-age,
be - ben!
daunt him?
O, lass Hoff - nung dich be - le - ben!
Oh, let hope re - new thy cour-age,
Horns
p
Bssn.


Cuno (to Max).
Cu.
O, lass Hoffnung dich be-
Oh, let hope re-new thy
(to Max)
O, lass Hoff-nung dich be -
Oh, let hope, let hope re -
und ver - trau - e, ver-trau - e dem Ge - schick!
Trust, oh trust in heav'n's pro-tect-ing pow'r.
O, lass Hoff - nung
Oh, let hope re -
Fl., Cl.
Cu.
le - - - ben, und ver - trau - e dem Ge -
cour - - - age, Trust in heav'n's pro - tect - - - ing
le - - - ben, und ver - trau - e
new thy cour-age, Trust in heav'n's pro -
le - - ben, und ver - trau - - - e, ver-trau-e dem Ge -
new thy cour-age, And trust in heav'n's pro - tect - - - ing
dich be-le - ben, und ver - trau - e, ver- trau - e dem Ge -
new thy cour-age, Trust in heav'n's pro - tect - - - ing
dich be-le - ben, und ver - trau - e, ver - trau - e dem Ge -
new thy cour-age, Trust in heav'n's pro - tect - - - ing

Max.
M.
Weh' mir! mich verliess das Glück! Un - sicht -
Ah me, Fortune is my foe! An - gry
Cu.
schick! 0 ver - trau - e!
pow'r. Trust in heav - en!
schick! 0 ver - trau - e!
pow'r. Trust in heav - en!
schick! 0 ver - trau - e!
pow'r. Trust in heav - en!
schick! 0 ver - trau - e!
pow'r. Trust in heav - en!
Strings
Wind
M.
ba - re Mäch - te grol - len, ban - ge Ahnung füllt die
fates are low' - ring round me, Naught but sor-row is in
M.
Brust, un - sicht - ba - re
store. An - gry fates are
Ver - trau - e dem Ge - schick!
Trust heav'n's pro - tect - ing pow'r.
0 ver - trau - e dem Ge - schick!
Trust in heav'n's pro - tect - ing pow'r.
Trau - e dem Ge - schick!
Trust in heav-en's pow'r.
Wind
Strings


M.
Mäch - te grol-len, ban - ge Ah - nung füllt die
low - 'ring round me, Naught but sor - row is in
M.
Brust, ban - ge Ah-nung, ban - ge Ah - nung füllt die Brust,
store, naught but sor - row, naught but sor - row is in store,
Cu.
Cuno.
So's des
Place in
Bssn. with Basses
M.
nim-mer trüg' ich den Ver - lust, nim - mer trüg' ich den Ver - lust!
An - gry fates are low-'ring round me, naught but sor - row is in store.
Cu.
Him-mels Mäch - te wol-len, dann trag' männ-lich den Ver - lust.
heav'n thy firm re - li-ance, Bear what - ev - er is in store.
Chorus. Bass.
p
Nein, er
Heav'n, oh
Bssn.
p

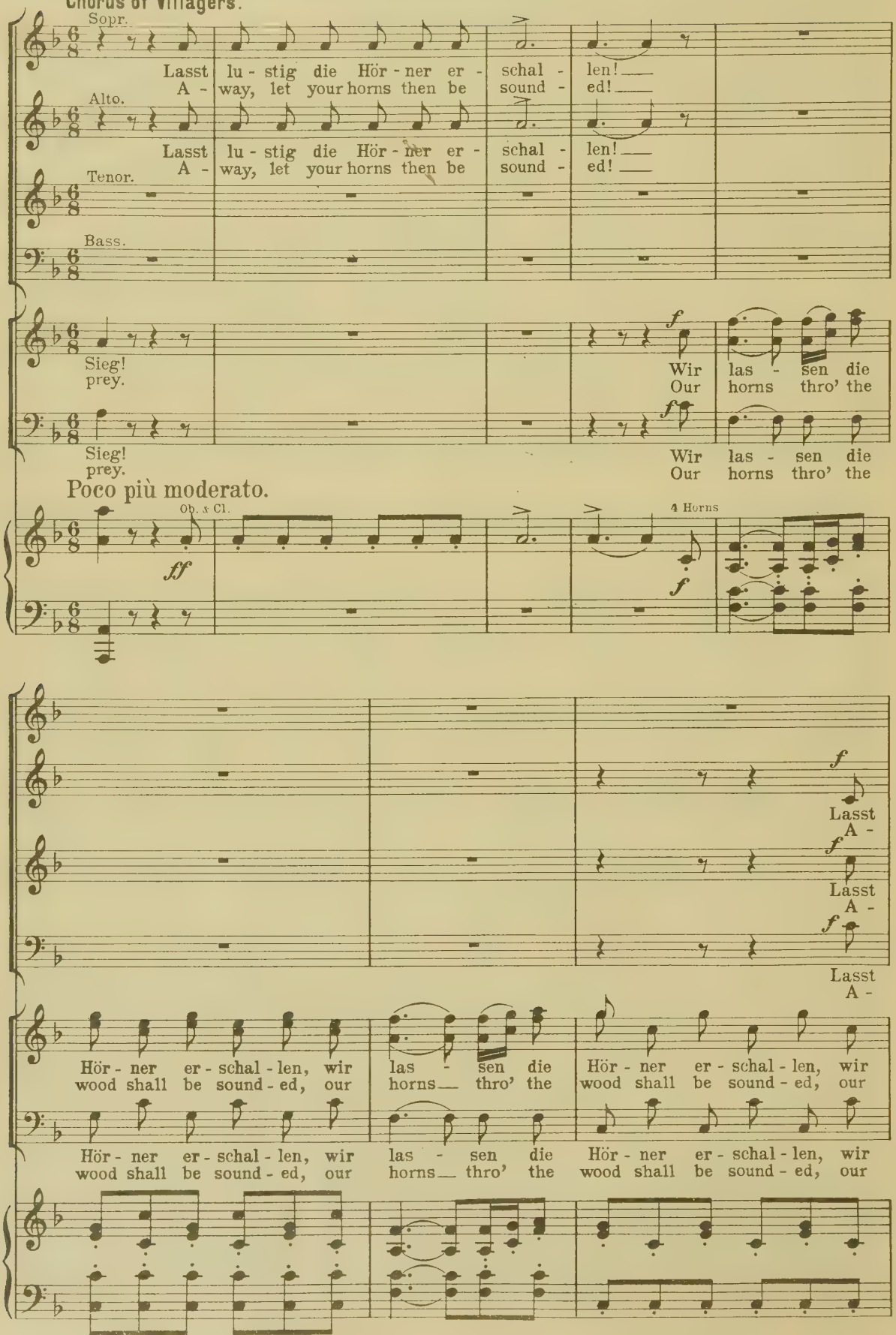
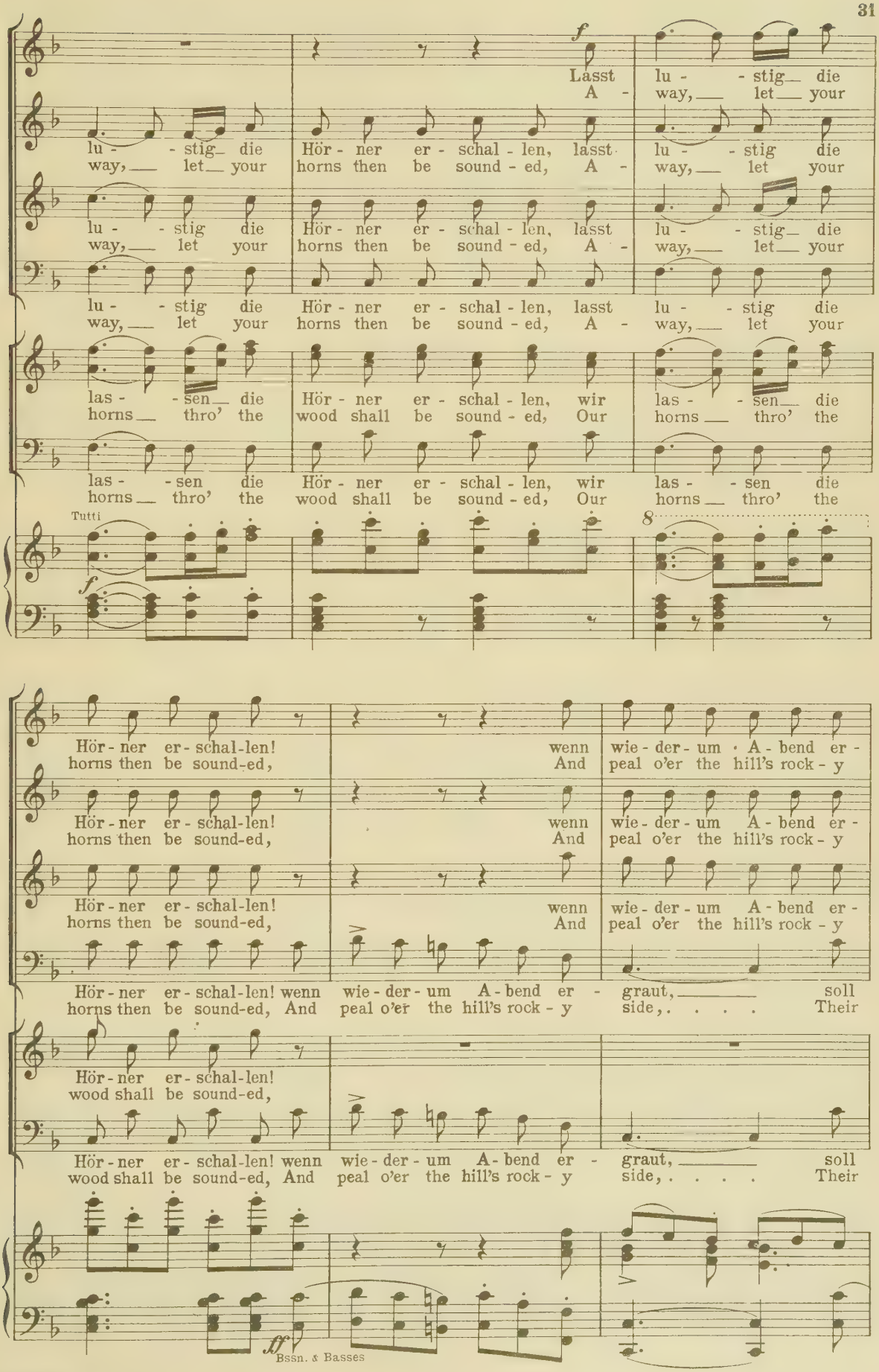

Caspar.
Cas.
Mag_ For - tu - na's Ku - gel rol - len, wer sich höh' - rer Kraft be - wusst,
What tho' For - tune's wheel roll blind - ly, Be a_ man, and have no care,
Sopr. & Alto.
p
Nein,
Heav'n,
Bass.
trüg'
save
er
oh
nicht
him
den
from
Ver - - lust.
des - - pair.
Wind sustains
'Cello & Bssn.
f
Cas.
trotzt dem Wech - sel und Ver - lust, wer sich höh' - rer Kraft be - wusst, trotzt dem
Yield not thus to grim des - pair, yield not thus to grim des - pair, yield not
Sopr. & Alto.
den_ Ver - - lust.
from_ des - - pair.
Tacet Fl., etc.
Max.
M.
A - - ga - - - - - then ent - - sa - - gen, wie
If Ag - - - - - nes_ I_ win not, des -
Cas.
Wech - sel und Ver - lust; mag For - tu - na's Ku - gel_ rol - len, wer sich
thus to grim des - pair; What tho' For - tune's wheel roll_ blind - ly, Be a
Cl.

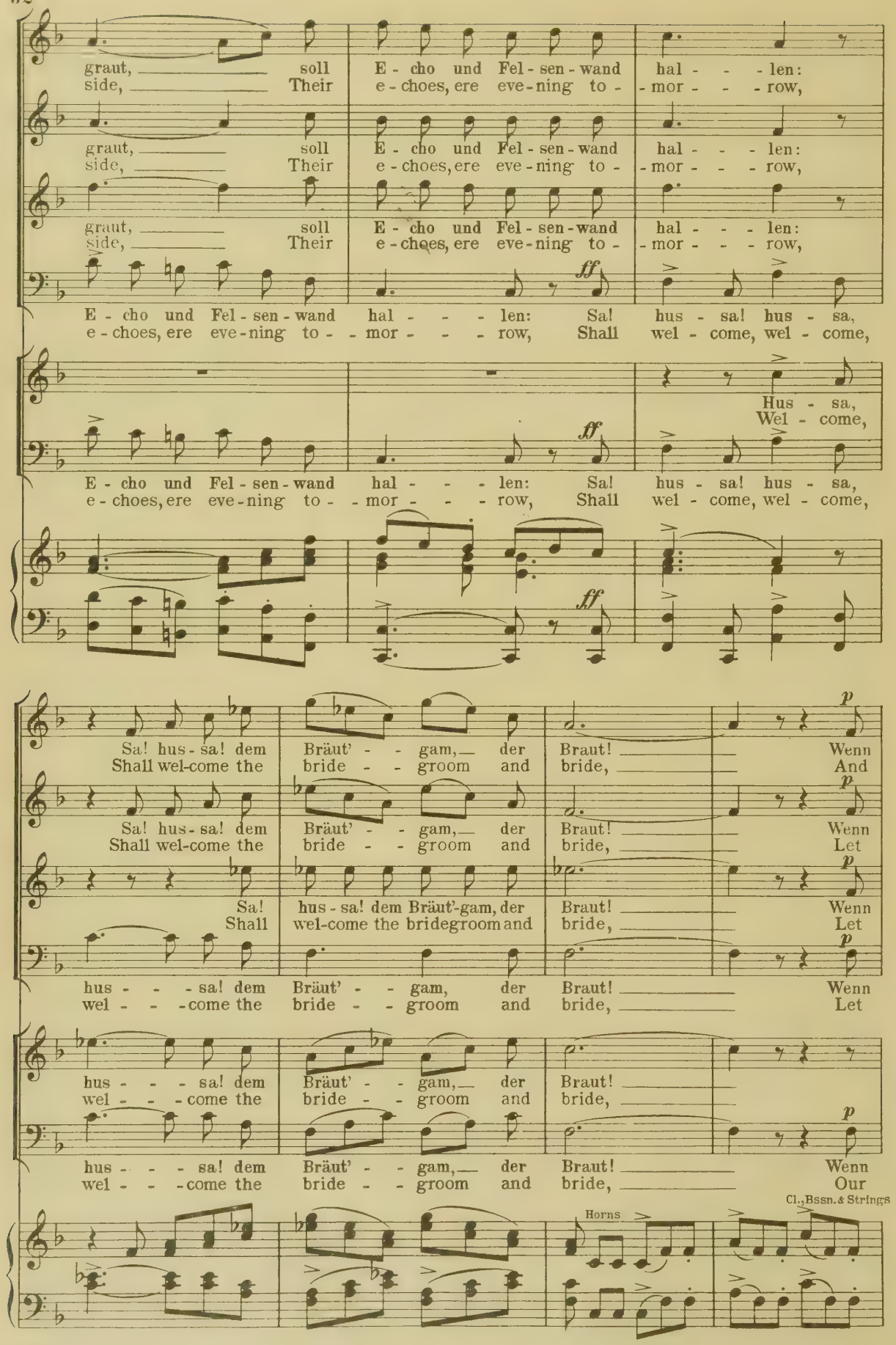
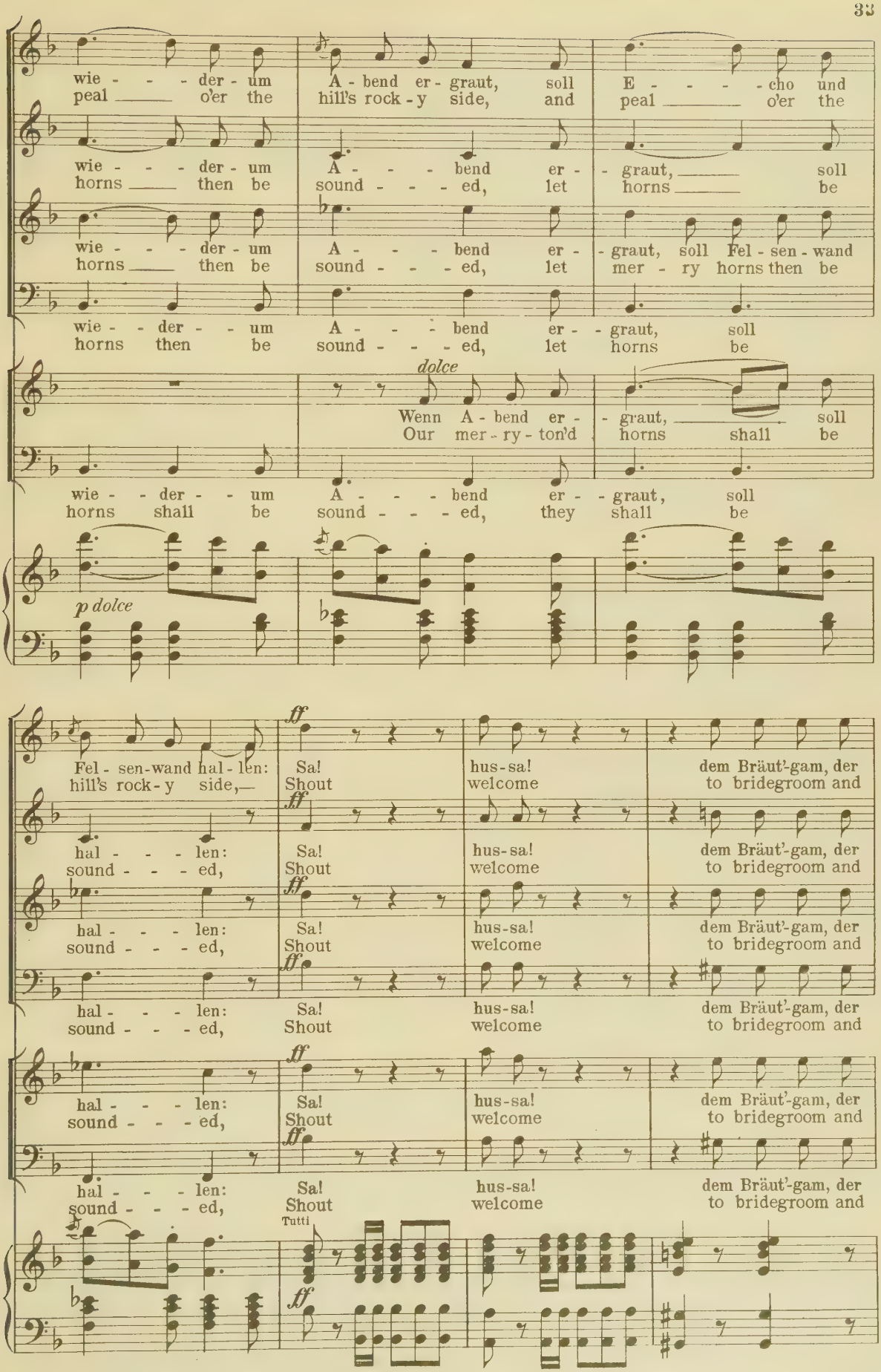
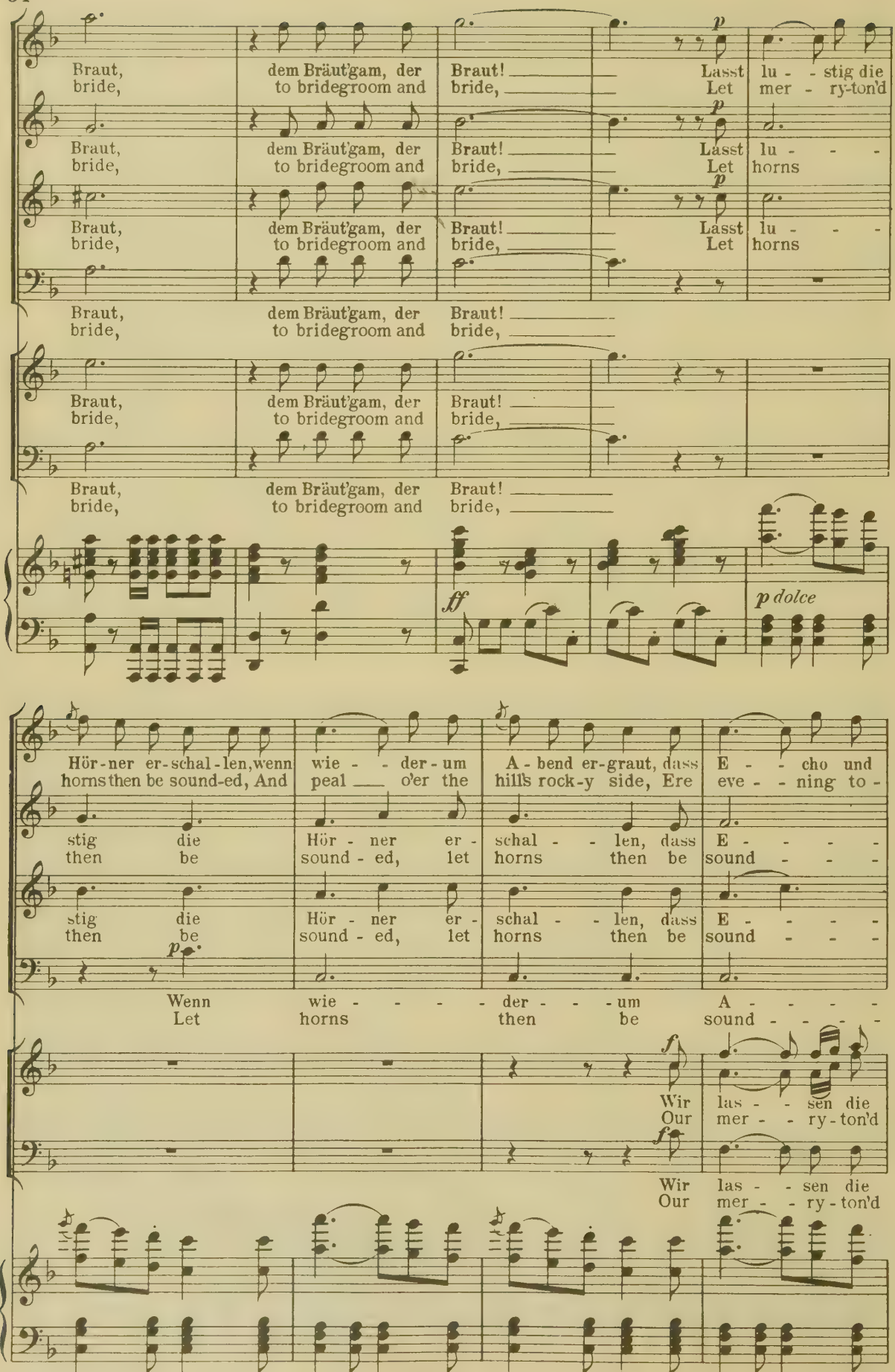

M.
könnt' ich's er - tra - gen!
pair will con - sume me, but
Cas.
höh' - rer Kraft be - wusst, trotzt dem Wech - sel und Ver -
man, and have no care, Yield not thus to grim des -
Nein, nein,
Oh save
Sopr. & Alt.
Nim - mer trüg', nim - mer
Heav'n, oh save him, oh
Tenor.
Bass.
Nein, nein, er trüg' nicht den Ver -
Oh gra - cious heav - en, save him,
Fl., Cl. & Horn
Adagio.
M.
nim - mer trüg' ich den Ver - lust, nim - mer!
all I ven - ture turns to woe, to woe.
Cuno (takes Max by the hand).
Cu.
Tra - ge! Mein
Fear not, my
Cas.
lust, trotzt dem Wech - sel und Ver - lust, trotzt dem Wech - sel!
pair, yield not thus to grim des - pair, yield not to des - pair.
trüg' er den Ver - lust, nein!
save him from des - pair, des - pair.
Nein, er trüg' nicht den Ver - lust, nein!
Heav'n, oh save him from des - pair, des - pair.
lust, nein, er trüg' nicht den Ver - lust, nein!
oh heav - en, save him from des - pair, des - pair.
Fl.
Adagio.
Viola
Basses


Moderato quasi Recit.
Cu.
Sohn, nur Muth! wer Gott vertraut, baut gut!
son, take heart, thou shalt not thus des - pair.
Strings
mf
Fl.
pp
Allegro.
(to the Huntsmen)
Cu.
Jetzt auf! in Bergen und Klüf - ten tobt mor-gen der freu-di-ge
Now on, over valley and moun - tain! To-mor-row we meet with the
4 Horns in F
f
Strings only
mf
Cu.
Krieg.
day.
Chorus of Huntsmen.
Tenor.
Das Wild in Flu - ren und Trif - ten, der Aar in Wol-ken und Lüf -
The no - ble deer as he rov - eth, The ea - gle bold, as he mov -
Bass.
Das Wild in Flu - ren und Trif - ten, der Aar in Wol-ken und Lüf -
The no - ble deer as he rov - eth, The ea - gle bold, as he mov -
ten ist un-ser, und un-ser der Sieg! und un-ser der Sieg, und un-ser der
eth, Our ri-fles shall give us for prey, shall give us for prey, shall give us for
ten ist un-ser, und un-ser der Sieg! und un-ser der Sieg, und un-ser der
eth, Our ri-fles shall give us for prey, shall give us for prey, shall give us for
ff

Poco più moderato.

Chorus of Villagers.


Sopr.
Lasst lu - stig die Hör - ner er - schal - len!
A - way, let your horns then be sound - ed!
Alto.
Lasst lu - stig die Hör - ner er - schal - len!
A - way, let your horns then be sound - ed!
Tenor.
Bass.
Sieg! prey.
Sieg! prey.
f
Wir las - sen die
Our horns thro' the
Wir las - sen die
Our horns thro' the
Poco più moderato.
Ob. & Cl.
ff
4 Horns
f
Lasst A -
Lasst A -
Lasst A -
Hör - ner er - schal - len, wir
wood shall be sound - ed, our
las - sen die
horns thro' the
Hör - ner er - schal - len, wir
wood shall be sound - ed, our
Hör - ner er - schal - len, wir
wood shall be sound - ed, our
las - sen die
horns thro' the
Hör - ner er - schal - len, wir
wood shall be sound - ed, our

f
Lasst lu - - stig die
A - way, let your
lu - - stig die Hör - ner er - schal - len, lasst lu - - stig die
way, let your horns then be sound - ed, A - way, let your
lu - - stig die Hör - ner er - schal - len, lasst lu - - stig die
way, let your horns then be sound - ed, A - way, let your
lu - - stig die Hör - ner er - schal - len, lasst lu - - stig die
way, let your horns then be sound - ed, A - way, let your
las - - sen die Hör - ner er - schal - len, wir las - - sen die
horns thro' the wood shall be sound - ed, Our horns thro' the
las - - sen die Hör - ner er - schal - len, wir las - - sen die
horns thro' the wood shall be sound - ed, Our horns thro' the
Tutti
f
8
Hör - ner er - schal - len! wenn wie - der - um A - bend er -
horns then be sound - ed, And peal o'er the hill's rock - y
Hör - ner er - schal - len! wenn wie - der - um A - bend er -
horns then be sound - ed, And peal o'er the hill's rock - y
Hör - ner er - schal - len! wenn wie - der - um A - bend er -
horns then be sound - ed, And peal o'er the hill's rock - y
Hör - ner er - schal - len! wenn wie - der - um A - bend er - graut, soll
horns then be sound - ed, And peal o'er the hill's rock - y side, . . . Their
Hör - ner er - schal - len!
wood shall be sound - ed,
Hör - ner er - schal - len! wenn wie - der - um A - bend er - graut, soll
wood shall be sound - ed, And peal o'er the hill's rock - y side, . . . Their
ff
Bssn. & Basses


graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen - wand hal - - - len:
side, Their e - choes, ere eve - ning to - - mor - - - row,
graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen - wand hal - - - len:
side, Their e - choes, ere eve - ning to - - mor - - - row,
graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen - wand hal - - - len:
side, Their e - choes, ere eve - ning to - - mor - - - row,
ff
E - cho und Fel - sen - wand hal - - - len: Sa! hus - sa! hus - sa,
e - choes, ere eve - ning to - - mor - - - row, Shall wel - come, wel - come,
Hus - sa,
Wel - come,
ff
E - cho und Fel - sen - wand hal - - - len: Sa! hus - sa! hus - sa,
e - choes, ere eve - ning to - - mor - - - row, Shall wel - come, wel - come,
ff
p
Sa! hus - sa! dem Bräut' - - gam, der Braut! Wenn
Shall wel-come the bride - - groom and bride, And
p
Sa! hus - sa! dem Bräut' - - gam, der Braut! Wenn
Shall wel-come the bride - - groom and bride, Let
p
Sa! hus - sa! dem Bräut'-gam, der Braut! Wenn
Shall wel-come the bridegroom and bride, Let
p
hus - - - sa! dem Bräut' - - gam, der Braut! Wenn
wel - - - come the bride - - groom and bride, Let
hus - - - sa! dem Bräut' - - gam, der Braut!
wel - - - come the bride - - groom and bride,
p
hus - - - sa! dem Bräut' - - gam, der Braut! Wenn
wel - - - come the bride - - groom and bride, Our
Cl., Bssn. & Strings
Horns

wie - - - der - um
peal _____ o'er the
A - bend er - graut, soll
hill's rock - y side, and
E - - - - cho und
peal _____ o'er the
wie - - - der - um
horns _____ then be
A - - - bend er - graut, _____ soll
sound - - - ed, let
horns _____ be
wie - - - der - um
horns _____ then be
A - - - bend er - graut, soll Fel - sen - wand
sound - - - ed, let
mer - ry horns then be
wie - - der - - um
horns then be
A - - - bend er - graut, soll
sound - - - ed, let
horns be
dolce
Wenn A - bend er - graut, _____ soll
Our mer - ry - ton'd horns shall be
wie - - der - - um
horns shall be
A - - - bend er - graut, soll
sound - - - ed, they shall be
p dolce
ff
Fel - sen-wand hal - len:
hill's rock - y side,—
Sa! hus-sa! dem Bräut'-gam, der
Shout welcome to bridegroom and
hal - - - len:
sound - - - ed,
Sa! hus-sa! dem Bräut'-gam, der
Shout welcome to bridegroom and
hal - - - len:
sound - - - ed,
Sa! hus-sa! dem Bräut'-gam, der
Shout welcome to bridegroom and
hal - - - len:
sound - - - ed,
Sa! hus-sa! dem Bräut'-gam, der
Shout welcome to bridegroom and
hal - - - len:
sound - - - ed,
Sa! hus-sa! dem Bräut'-gam, der
Shout welcome to bridegroom and
Tutti

Braut, dem Bräut'gam, der Braut! Lasst lu - - stig die
bride, to bridegroom and bride, Let mer - ry-ton'd
Braut, dem Bräut'gam, der Braut! Lasst lu - - - -
bride, to bridegroom and bride, Let horns
Braut, dem Bräut'gam, der Braut! Lasst lu - - - -
bride, to bridegroom and bride, Let horns
Braut, dem Bräut'gam, der Braut!
bride, to bridegroom and bride,
Braut, dem Bräut'gam, der Braut!
bride, to bridegroom and bride,
Braut, dem Bräut'gam, der Braut!
bride, to bridegroom and bride,
ff
p dolce
Hör-ner er-schal-len, wenn wie - - der-um A-bend er-graut, dass E - - cho und
horns then be sound-ed, And peal o'er the hill's rock-y side, Ere eve - - ning to -
stig die Hör - ner er - schal - - len, dass E - - - -
then be sound-ed, let horns then be sound - - -
stig die Hör - ner er - schal - - len, dass E - - - -
then be sound-ed, let horns then be sound - - -
p
Wenn wie - - - - der - - um A - - - -
Let horns then be sound - - - -
f
Wir las - - sen die
Our mer - - ry-ton'd
f
Wir las - - sen die
Our mer - - ry-ton'd

Più presto.

Fel - sen-wand hal - len dem Bräut'- - gam, der lieb - li - chen Braut, wenn wie - der - um
mor - row their e - choes Shall wel - - come the bridegroom and bride, To wel - come the

cho und Fel - sen - wand hal - - - len, wenn wie - der - um
ed, let horns then be sound - - ed, To wel - come the

cho und Fel - sen - wand hal - - - len, wenn wie - der - um
ed, let horns then be sound - - ed, To wel - come the

bend er - - - graut, wenn wie - der - um
ed, be sound - - - ed, To wel - come the

Hör - ner er - schal - len, wir las - - sen die Hör - ner er - schal - len, wenn wie - der - um
horns shall be sounded, our mer - - ry - ton'd horns shall be sounded, To wel - come the

Hör - ner er - schal - len, wir las - - sen die Hör - ner er - schal - len, wenn wie - der - um
horns shall be sounded, our mer - - ry - ton'd horns shall be sounded, To wel - come the

Più presto.

Horns, Wind sustain

Tutti

A - bend er - graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen-wand hal - len: Sa!
bride-groom and bride, Your mer - ry - ton'd horns shall be sound - ed, Hur-

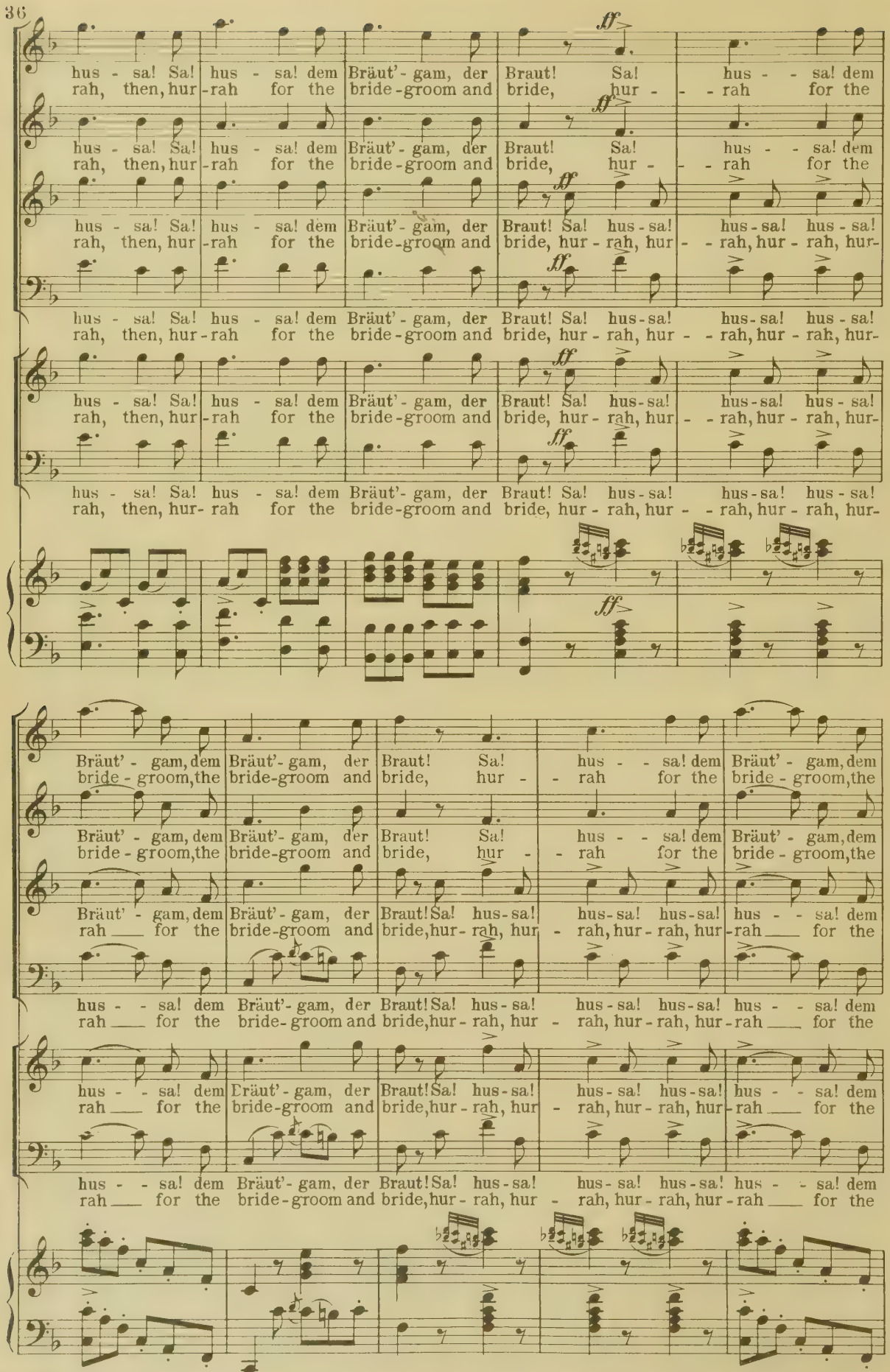
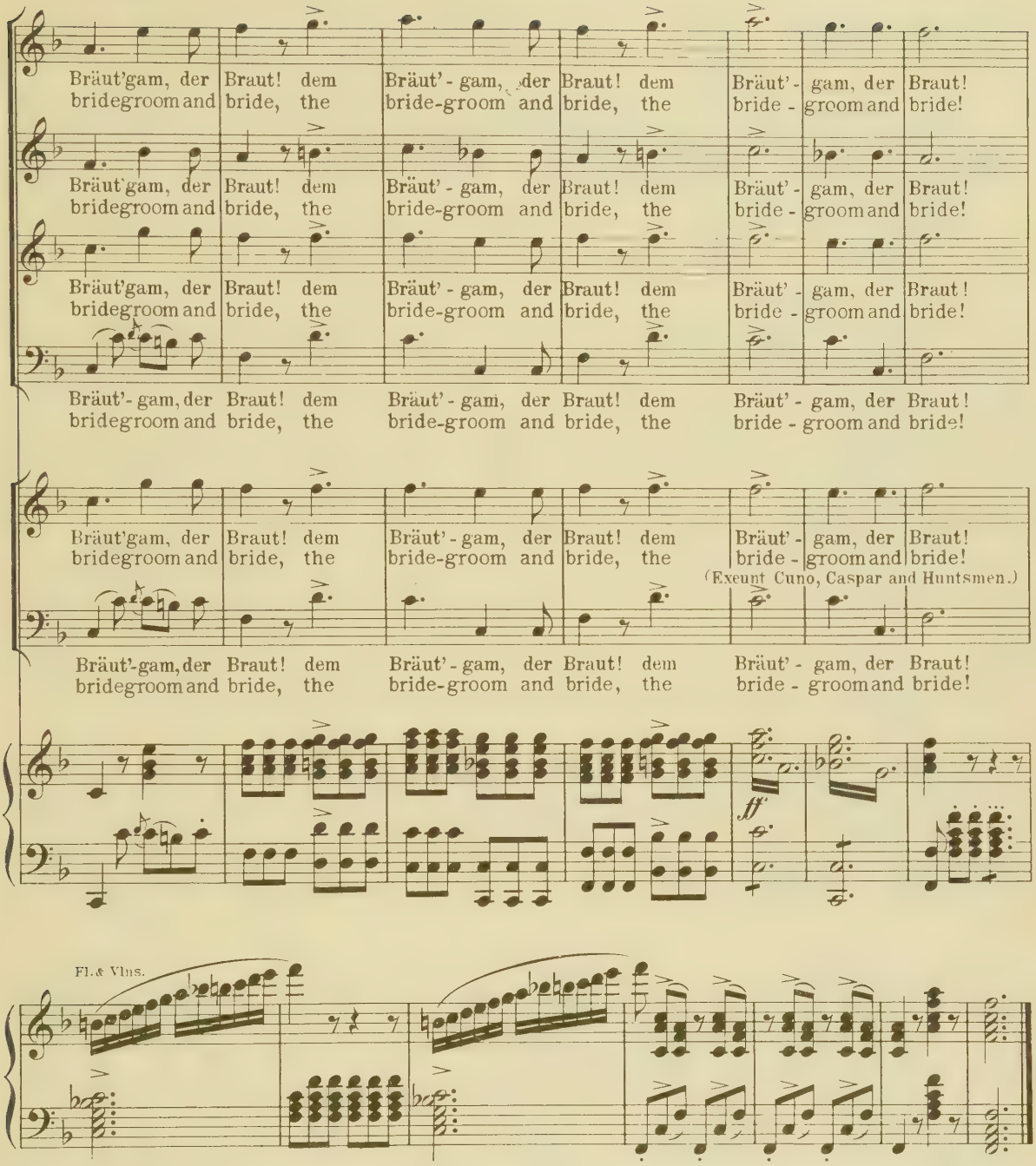
A - bend er - graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen-wand hal - len: Sa!
bride-groom and bride, Your mer - ry - ton'd horns shall be sound - ed, Hur-

A - bend er - graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen-wand hal - len: Sa!
bride-groom and bride, Your mer - ry - ton'd horns shall be sound - ed, Hur-

A - bend er - graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen-wand hal - len: Sa!
bride-groom and bride, Your mer - ry - ton'd horns shall be sound - ed, Hur-

A - bend er - graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen-wand hal - len: Sa!
bride-groom and bride, Our mer - ry - ton'd horns shall be sound - ed, Hur-

A - bend er - graut, soll E - cho und Fel - sen-wand hal - len: Sa!
bride-groom and bride, Our mer - ry - ton'd horns shall be sound - ed, Hur-


hus - sa! Sa! hus - sa! dem Bräut'- gam, der Braut! Sa! hus - - sa! dem
rah, then, hur-rah for the bride-groom and bride, hur - - rah for the
ff
hus - sa! Sa! hus - sa! dem Bräut'- gam, der Braut! Sa! hus-sa! hus-sa! hus-sa!
rah, then, hur-rah for the bride-groom and bride, hur - rah, hur - - rah, hur - rah, hur-
Bräut'- gam, dem Bräut'- gam, der Braut! Sa! hus - - sa! dem Bräut'- gam, dem
bride - groom, the bride-groom and bride, hur - - rah for the bride - groom, the
rah ___ for the bride-groom and bride, hur-rah, hur - rah, hur-rah, hur-rah ___ for the

Bräut'gam, der Braut! dem Bräut'-gam, der Braut! dem Bräut'- gam, der Braut!
bridegroom and bride, the bride-groom and bride, the bride - groom and bride!
Bräut'-gam, der Braut! dem Bräut'-gam, der Braut! dem Bräut'- gam, der Braut!
bridegroom and bride, the bride-groom and bride, the bride - groom and bride!
(Exeunt Cuno, Caspar and Huntsmen.)
ff
Fl.& Vlns.

Kilian.— Ein [recht] braver Mann, der Herr Förster! Aber nun kommt auch in den Schenkgiebel, es wird schon recht dämmerig und schaurig. (Zu Max.) Wir wollen gute Freunde bleiben, wackerer Bursch. (Reicht ihm die Hand.) Auch ich gönne ihm morgen das beste Glück; jetzt schlage er sich die Grillen aus dem Kopfe, nehm' er sich ein Mädchen und tanze mit hinein.

Max.— Ja, es wäre mir wie tanzen!

Kilian.— Nun, wie's beliebt!

Kilian.— An excellent man, our worthy Ranger! But it is getting very dark and lonely here, come in with me and drink a glass. (To Max.) Let us be good friends, my dear man (taking his hand); I too wish you the best of luck to-morrow. And now chase away the blue-devils, take one of these girls by the hand and join the dance.

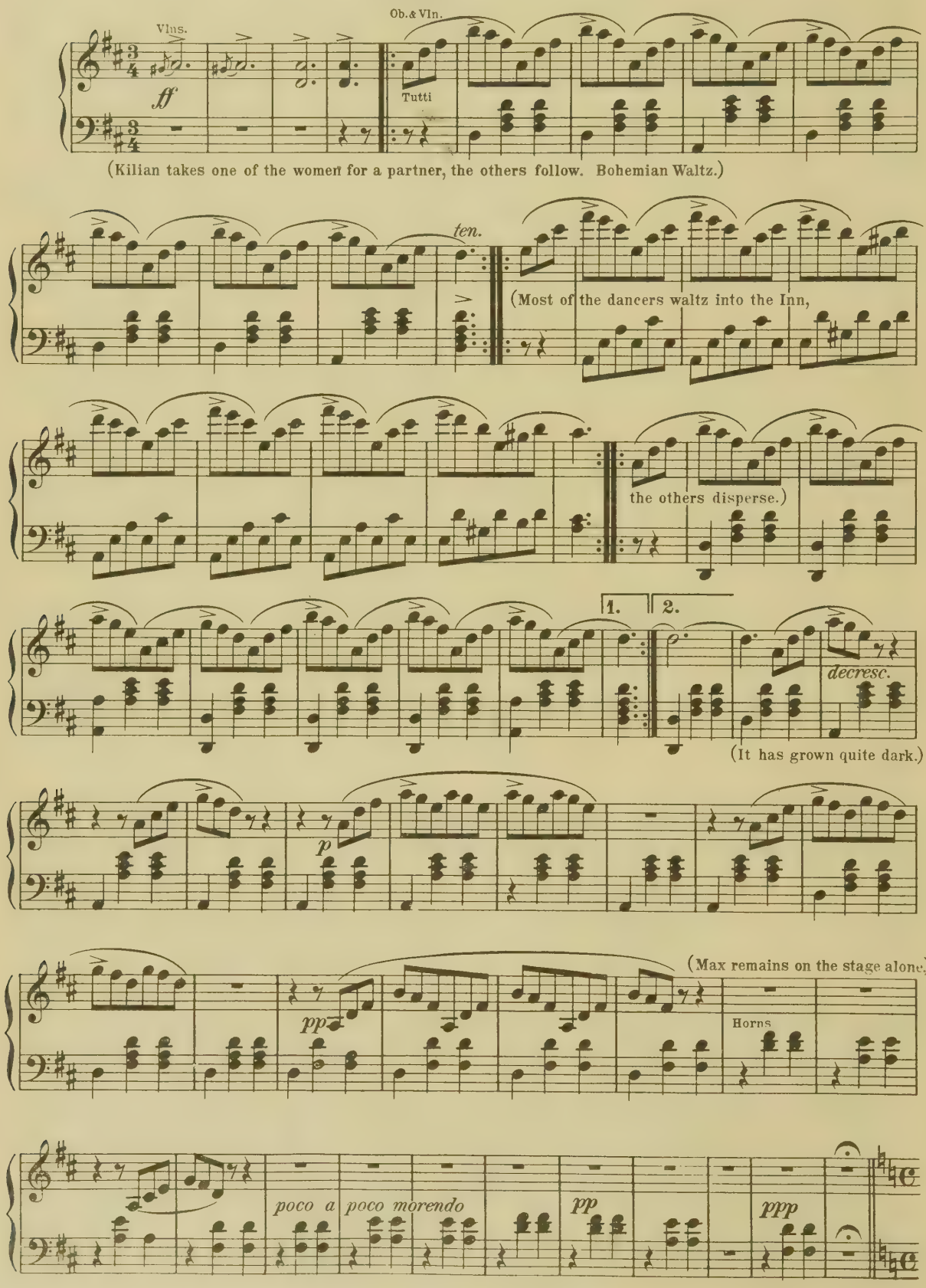
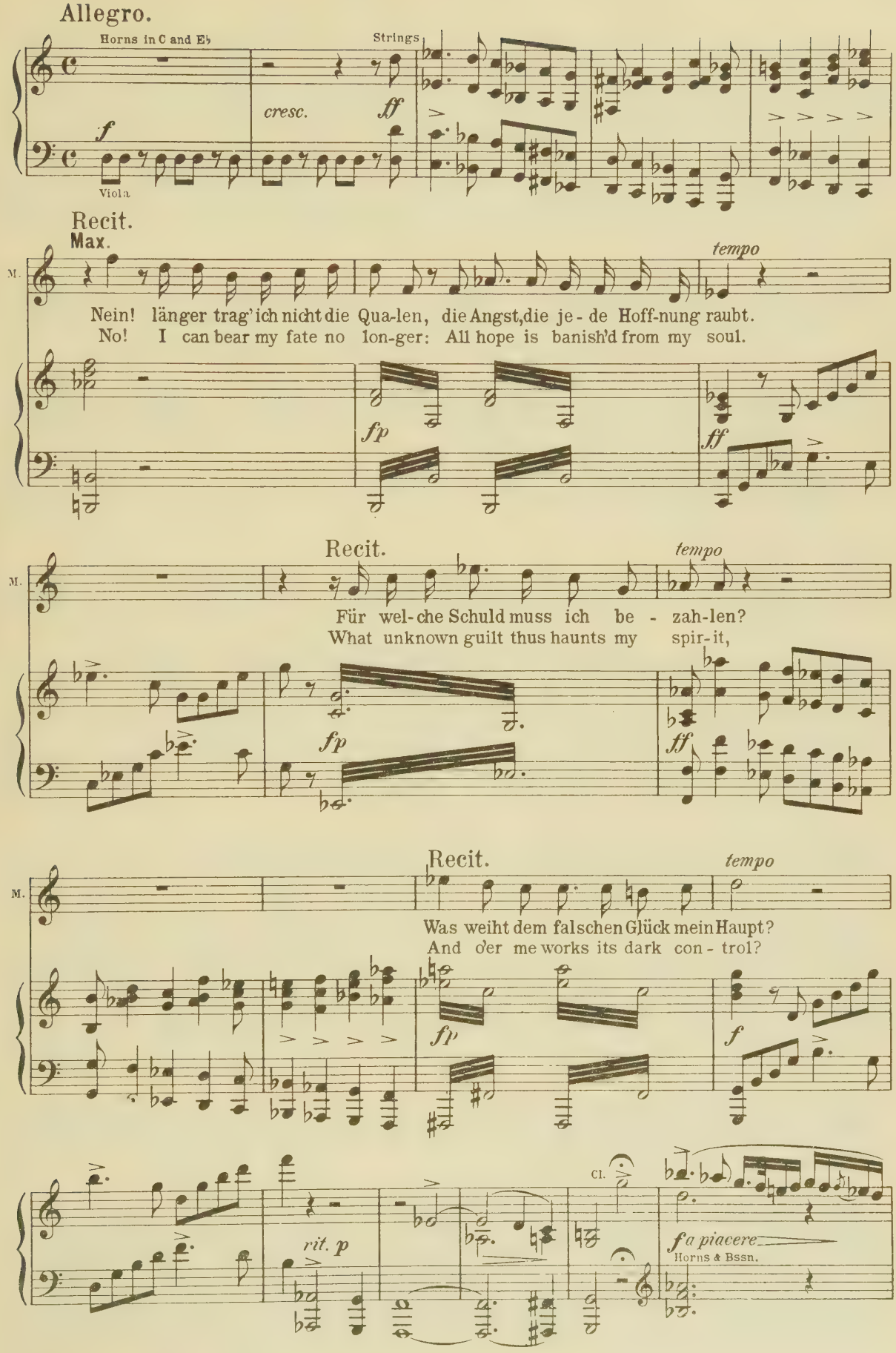
Max.— I don't feel like dancing!

Kilian.— Well, just as you like.

Nº 3. Waltz, Recit. and Aria.–„Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen."

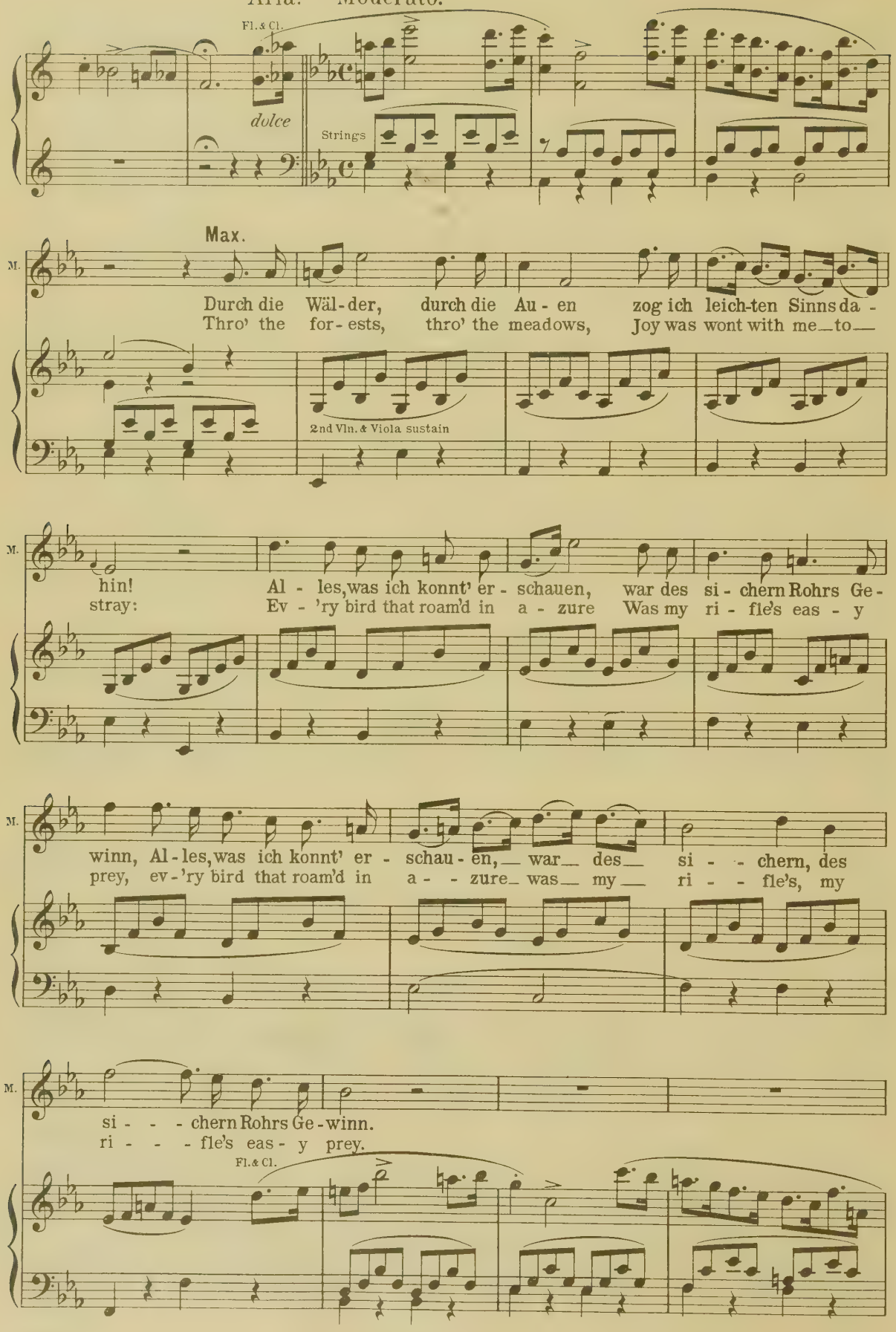
Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets in B♭, Horns in D, Trumpets in D, Bassoons, Kettledrums, & Strings.

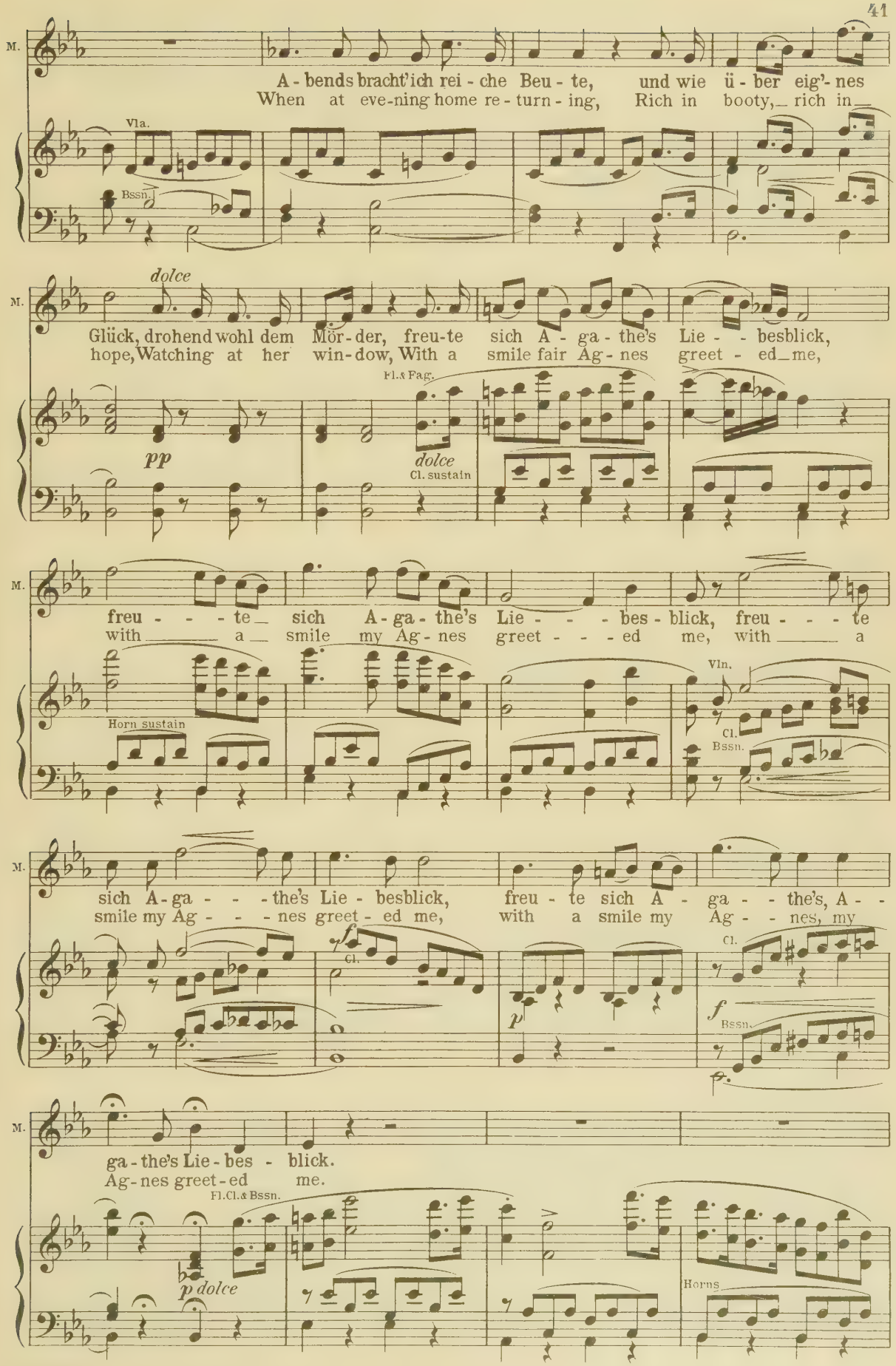
Waltz.

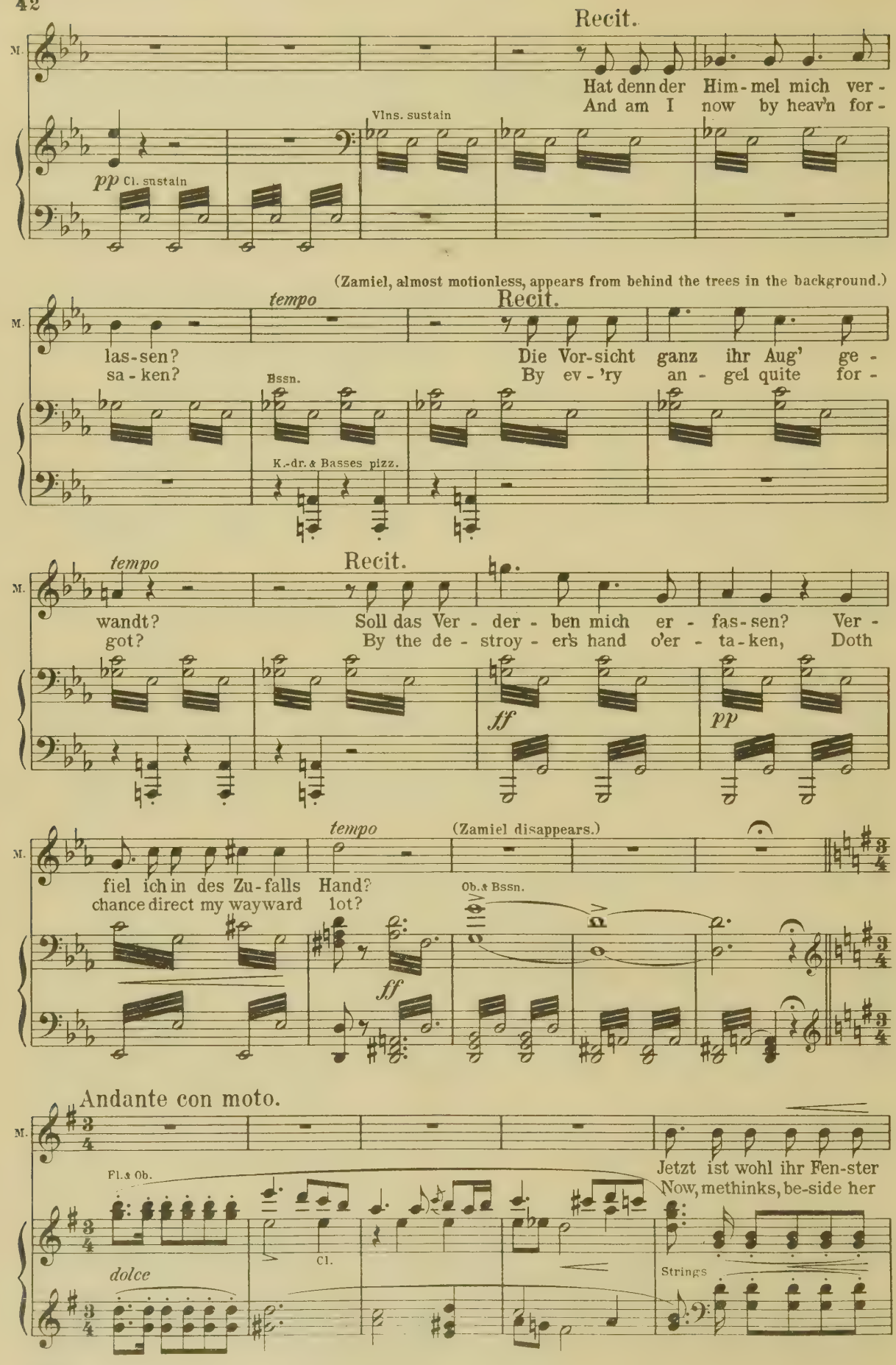


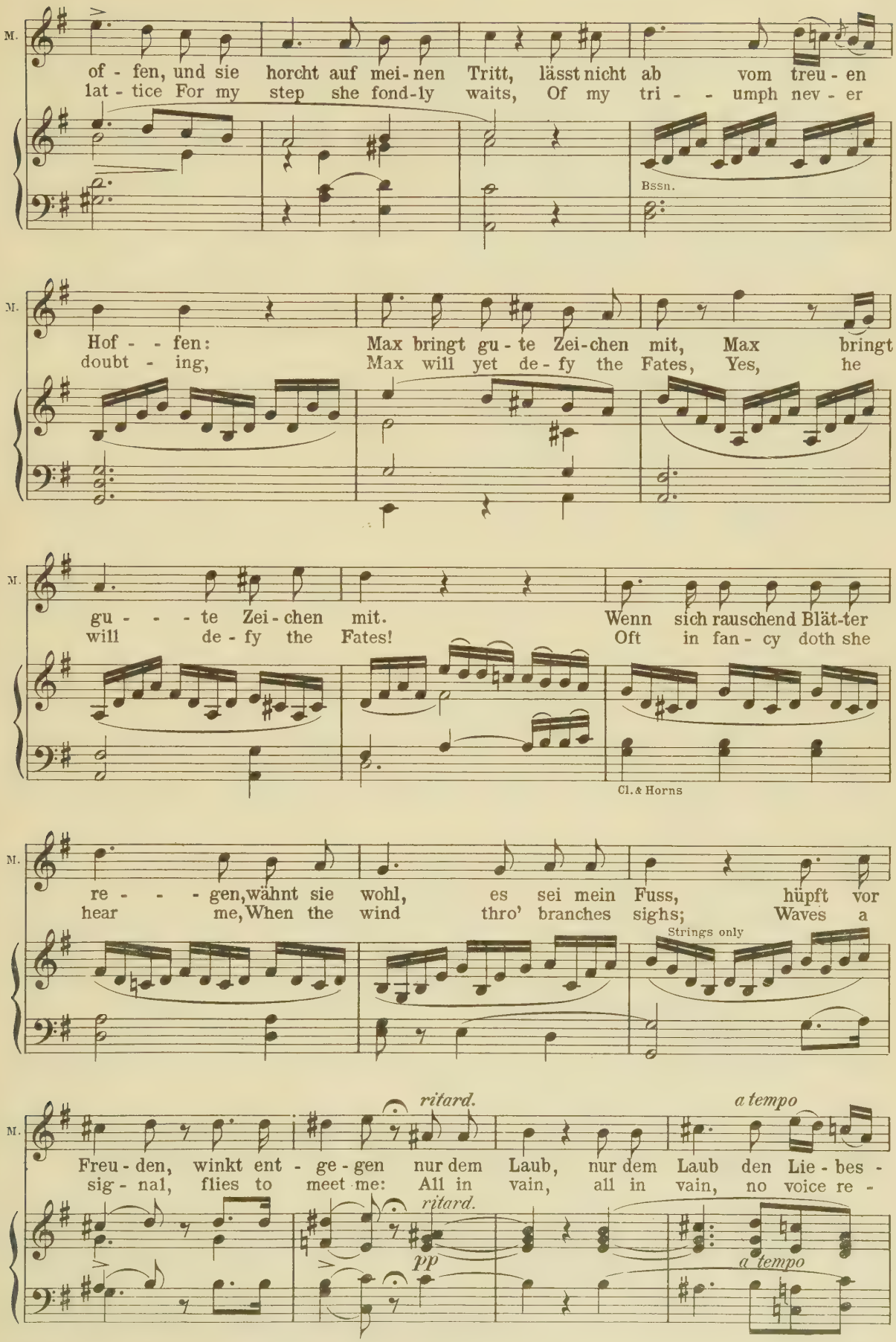
Allegro.
Horns in C and Eb
Strings
cresc.
ff
f
Viola
Recit.
Max.
tempo
Nein! länger trag' ich nicht die Qua-len, die Angst, die je - de Hoff-nung raubt.
No! I can bear my fate no lon-ger: All hope is banish'd from my soul.
fp
ff
Recit.
tempo
Für wel-che Schuld muss ich be - zah-len?
What unknown guilt thus haunts my spir-it,
fp
ff
Recit.
tempo
Was weiht dem fal schen Glück mein Haupt?
And o'er me works its dark con - trol?
fp
f
rit. p
Cl.
fa piacere
Horns & Bssn.

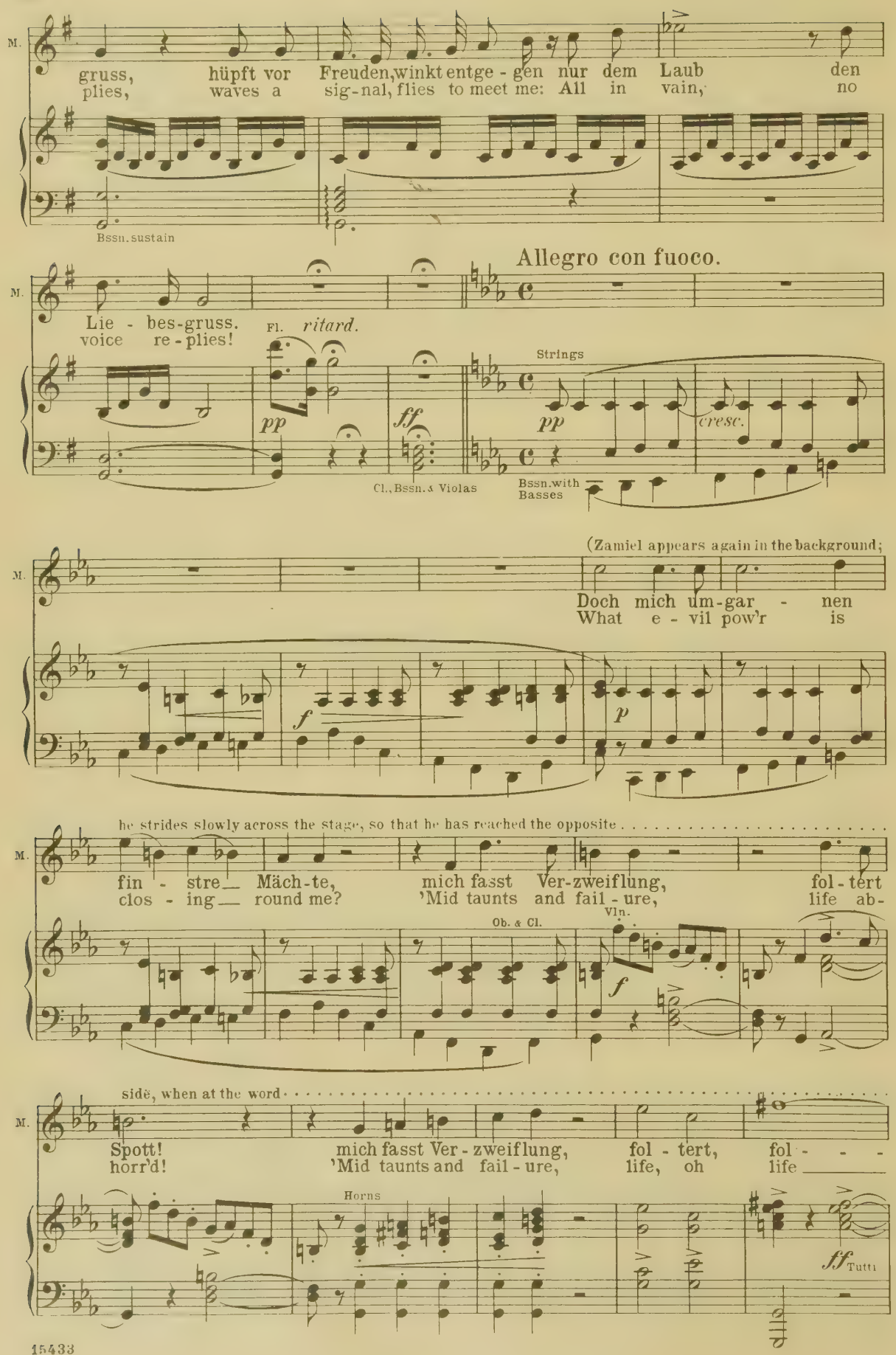
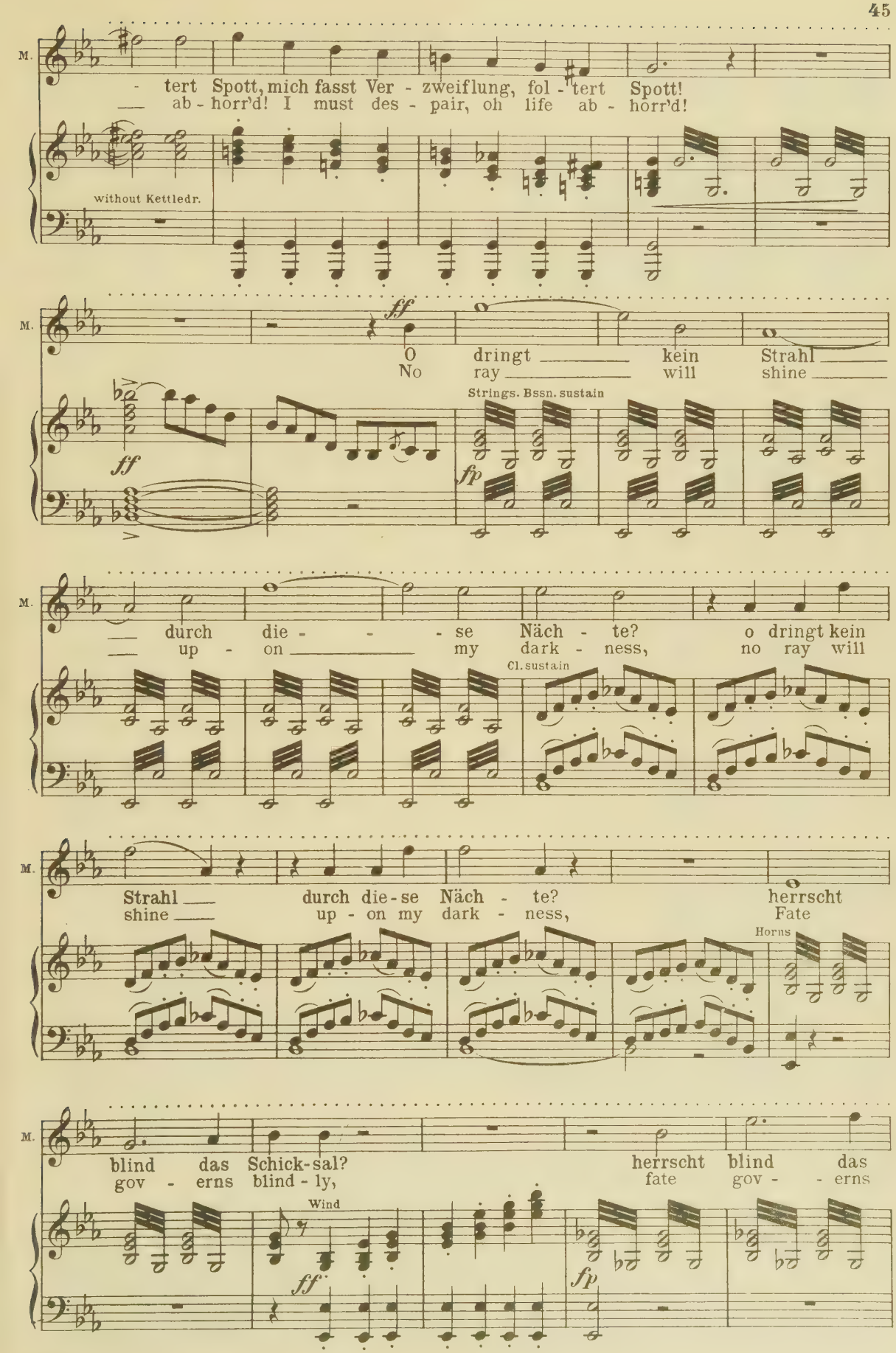
Aria. Moderato.

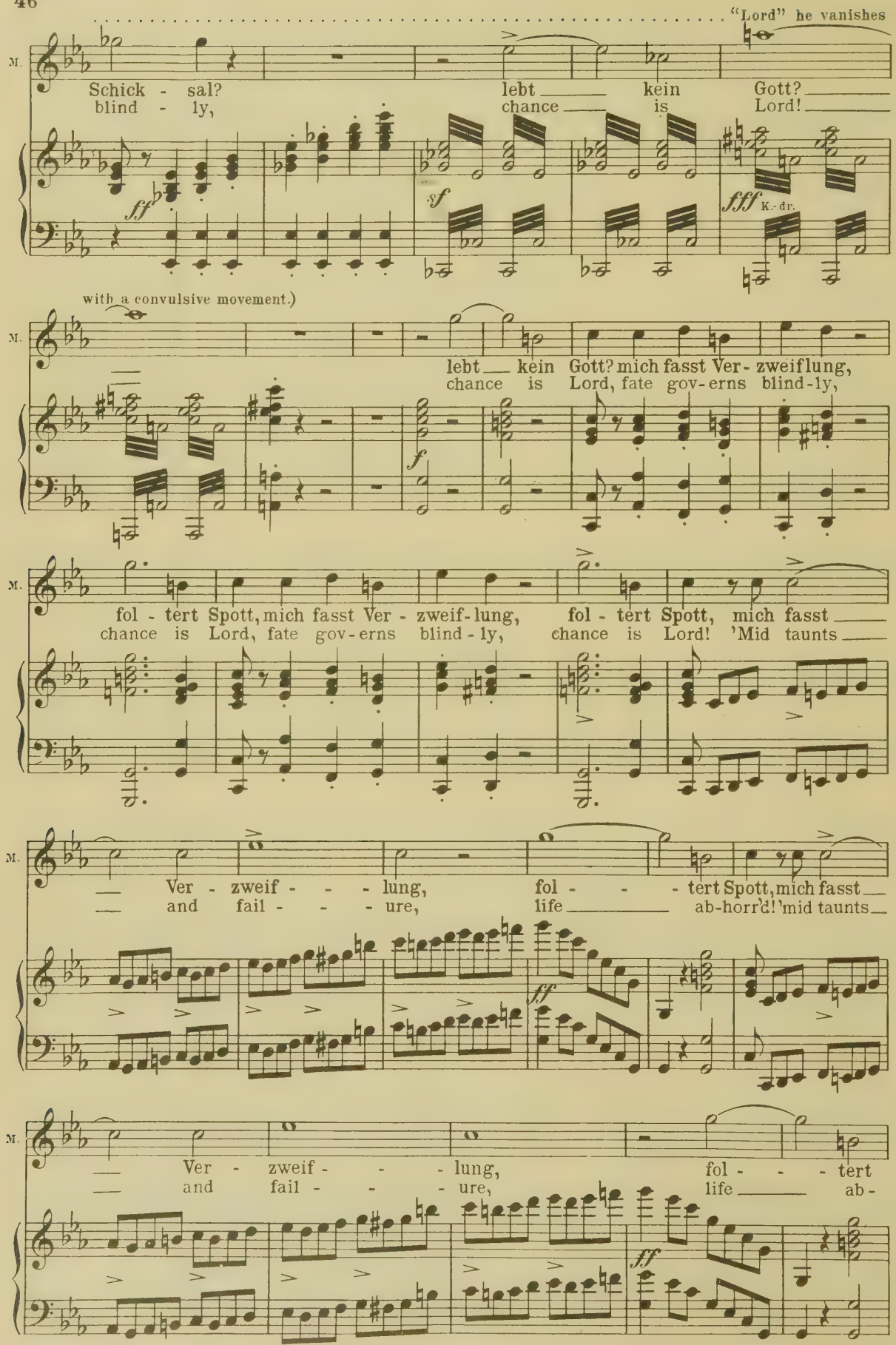
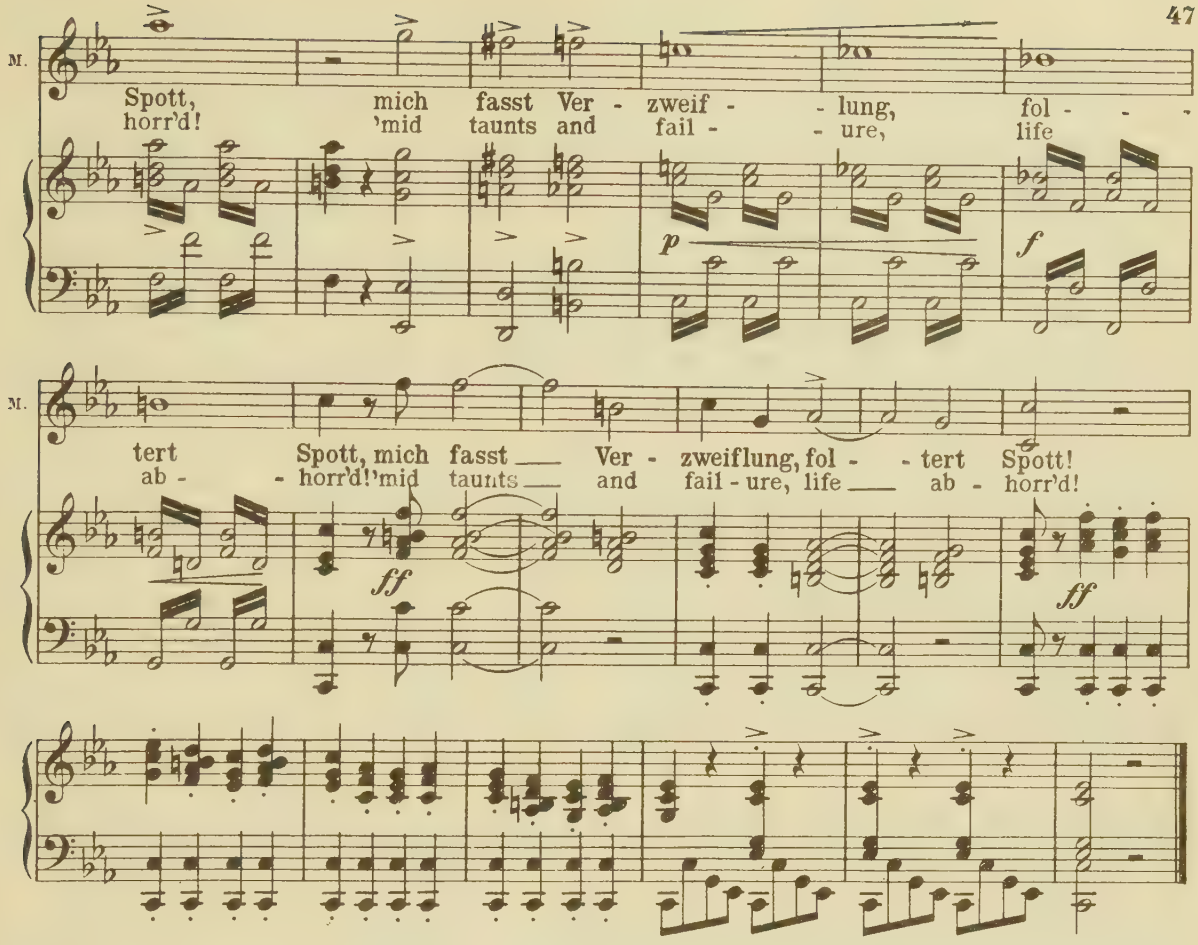

Fl. & Cl.
dolce
Strings
Max.
M.
Durch die Wäl-der, durch die Au-en zog ich leich-ten Sinns da-
Thro' the for-ests, thro' the meadows, Joy was wont with me to
2nd Vln. & Viola sustain
hin!
stray:
Al-les, was ich konnt' er-schauen, war des si-chern Rohrs Ge-
Ev-'ry bird that roam'd in a-zure Was my ri-fle's eas-y
winn, Al-les, was ich konnt' er-schau-en, war des si-chern, des
prey, ev-'ry bird that roam'd in a-zure was my ri-fle's, my
si-chern Rohrs Ge-winn.
ri-fle's eas-y prey.
Fl. & Cl.


M.
A - bends bracht' ich rei - che Beu - te, und wie ü - ber eig'- nes
When at eve-ning home re - turn - ing, Rich in booty, rich in
Vla.
Bssn.
dolce
Glück, drohend wohl dem Mör - der, freu-te sich A - ga - the's Lie - - besblick,
hope, Watching at her win-dow, With a smile fair Ag - nes greet - ed me,
Fl.& Fag.
pp
dolce
Cl. sustain
freu - - - te sich A - ga - the's Lie - - - bes - blick, freu - - - te
with a smile my Ag - nes greet - - - ed me, with a
Horn sustain
Vln.
Cl.
Bssn.
sich A - ga - - - the's Lie - besblick, freu - te sich A - ga - - the's, A - -
smile my Ag - - - nes greet - ed me, with a smile my Ag - - nes, my
f
Cl.
p
f
Bssn.
ga - the's Lie - bes - blick.
Ag - nes greet - ed me.
Fl.Cl.& Bssn.
p dolce
Horns


Recit.
M.
Hat denn der Him-mel mich ver-
And am I now by heav'n for-
Vlns. sustain
pp Cl. sustain
(Zamiel, almost motionless, appears from behind the trees in the background.)
tempo
Recit.
las-sen?
sa-ken?
Die Vor-sicht ganz ihr Aug' ge-
By ev-'ry an-gel quite for-
Bssn.
K.-dr. & Basses pizz.
tempo
Recit.
wandt?
got?
Soll das Ver-der-ben mich er-fas-sen? Ver-
By the de-stroy-er's hand o'er-ta-ken, Doth
ff
pp
tempo
(Zamiel disappears.)
fiel ich in des Zu-falls Hand?
chance direct my wayward lot?
Ob. & Bssn.
ff
Andante con moto.
Fl. & Ob.
dolce
Cl.
Jetzt ist wohl ihr Fen-ster
Now, methinks, be-side her
Strings


M.
of - fen, und sie horcht auf mei-nen Tritt, lässt nicht ab vom treu - en
lat - tice For my step she fond-ly waits, Of my tri - - umph nev - er
Bssn.
M.
Hof - - fen: Max bringt gu - te Zei-chen mit, Max bringt
doubt - ing, Max will yet de - fy the Fates, Yes, he
M.
gu - - - - te Zei - chen mit. Wenn sich rauschend Blät-ter
will de - fy the Fates! Oft in fan - cy doth she
Cl. & Horns
M.
re - - - - gen, wähnt sie wohl, es sei mein Fuss, hüpft vor
hear me, When the wind thro' branches sighs; Waves a
Strings only
M.
ritard.
a tempo
Freu - den, winkt ent - ge - gen nur dem Laub, nur dem Laub den Lie - bes -
sig - nal, flies to meet me: All in vain, all in vain, no voice re -
ritard.
pp
a tempo


M.
gruss, hüpft vor Freuden, winkt entge - gen nur dem Laub den
plies, waves a sig-nal, flies to meet me: All in vain, no
Bssn. sustain
Allegro con fuoco.
Lie - bes-gruss.
voice re-plies!
Fl.
ritard.
pp
ff
Strings
pp
cresc.
Cl., Bssn. & Violas
Bssn. with Basses
(Zamiel appears again in the background;
Doch mich um-gar - nen
What e - vil pow'r is
f
p
he strides slowly across the stage, so that he has reached the opposite
fin - stre Mäch-te, mich fasst Ver-zweiflung, fol-tert
clos - ing round me? 'Mid taunts and fail-ure, life ab-
Ob. & Cl.
Vln.
f
side, when at the word
Spott! mich fasst Ver-zweiflung, fol - tert, fol - - -
horr'd! 'Mid taunts and fail-ure, life, oh life
Horns
ff Tutti

M.
- tert Spott, mich fasst Ver - zweiflung, fol - tert Spott!
ab - horr'd! I must des - pair, oh life ab - horr'd!
without Kettledr.
M.
ff
O dringt kein Strahl
No ray will shine
Strings. Bssn. sustain
ff
fp
M.
durch die - - - se Näch - te? o dringt kein
up - on my dark - ness, no ray will
Cl. sustain
M.
Strahl durch die - se Näch - te? herrscht
shine up - on my dark - ness, Fate
Horns
M.
blind das Schick - sal? herrscht blind das
gov - erns blind - ly, fate gov - - erns
Wind
ff
fp


"Lord" he vanishes
M.
Schick - sal? lebt kein Gott?
blind - ly, chance is Lord!
ff
sf
fff K.-dr.
with a convulsive movement.)
M.
lebt kein Gott? mich fasst Ver- zweiflung,
chance is Lord, fate gov-erns blind-ly,
f
M.
fol - tert Spott, mich fasst Ver - zweif-lung, fol - tert Spott, mich fasst
chance is Lord, fate gov-erns blind - ly, chance is Lord! 'Mid taunts
M.
Ver - zweif - - - lung, fol - - - tert Spott, mich fasst
and fail - - - ure, life ab-horr'd! 'mid taunts
ff
M.
Ver - zweif - - - lung, fol - - - tert
and fail - - - ure, life ab -
ff

M.
Spott, mich fasst Ver - zweif - lung, fol - -
horr'd! 'mid taunts and fail - ure, life
p
f
M.
tert Spott, mich fasst Ver - zweiflung, fol - - tert Spott!
ab - horr'd! 'mid taunts and fail - ure, life ab - horr'd!
ff
ff

(Enter Caspar stealthily, from the left.)

Caspar. Da bist du ja noch, Kamerad! Gut, dass ich dich finde.

Max. Horchst du schon wieder?

Caspar. Ist das mein Dank? Es fiel mir unterwegs ein guter Rath für dich ein; aus treumeinendem Herzen stehle ich mich fort und laufe mich fast ausser Athem! Ich kann's, kann's nicht verschmerzen, dass du hier zum Spott der Bauern geworden bist. Teufel! Die mögen gelacht haben! Ha ha ha! Aber was hilft's! Schlag' dir's aus den Gedanken, Bruderherz! (Greift nach dem Kruge.) Wie? Was? Bier hast du? Das taugt nicht zum Sorgenbrecher. (Ruft in den Schenkgiebel.) Wein, Wein! Zwei Becher! – Kamerad! und kostete mich's den letzten Heller, ich kann dich nicht so traurig seh'n! Du musst mit mir trinken! (Das Geforderte ist indess von einem Schenkmädchen gebracht worden.)

Caspar (zu dem Mädchen). Lass ankreiden!

(Mädchen mit unwilligem Blicke ab.)

Max. Damit verschone mich! Mein Kopf ist ohnedies wüst genug. (Legt den Kopf auf die Hände.)

Caspar (giesst geschwind aus einem Fläschchen etwas in das für Max bestimmte Glas). (Für sich.) So, Freundchen! Da brauchst du wenig! (Giesst schnell Wein ein.) Hilf, Samiel! (Samiel schaut aus dem Gebüsch.) Du da? (Samiel verschwindet.)

Max (auffahrend). Mit wem sprachst du?

Caspar. Ich? Mit Niemand. Ich sagte: „So, Freundchen!" weil ich dir einschenkte!

Max. Ich mag aber nichts.

Caspar. Der Herr Förster soll leben! Die Gesundheit deines Lehrherrn wirst du doch mittrinken?

Max. So sei's! (Sie stossen an und trinken.)

Caspar. Nun lass uns eins singen!

Caspar. Why, here you are still, comrade! It is well that I find you.

Max. Eavesdropping again?

Caspar. Are those my thanks? While going away, a bit of good advice for you struck me; in the simplicity of my heart I stole away, and ran till nearly out of breath! I can't get over it, that the peasants made sport of you here. The Devil! How they must have laughed! Ha ha ha! But never mind! Think no more of it, brother mine! (Takes up the beermug.) Why! What! You have beer? That's no care-killer. (Calls toward the inn.) Wine, wine! Two goblets! – Comrade, if it takes my last penny, I can't bear to see you so gloomy! You must drink with me! (A waitress brings the wine.)

Caspar (to the waitress). Chalk it up!

(Exit waitress with a vexed glance.)

Max. You'll have to excuse me! My head is confused enough as it is. (Leans his head on his hands.)

Caspar (quickly pouring something from a phial into the glass intended for Max). (Aside.) So, my friend! Now you'll need but little! (Pours in wine quickly.) Help, Zamiel! (Zamiel peers out between the bushes.) You here? (Zamiel disappears.)

Max (with a start). To whom did you speak?

Caspar. I? To no one! I said "so, my friend!" as I filled your glass.

Max. But I don't want anything!

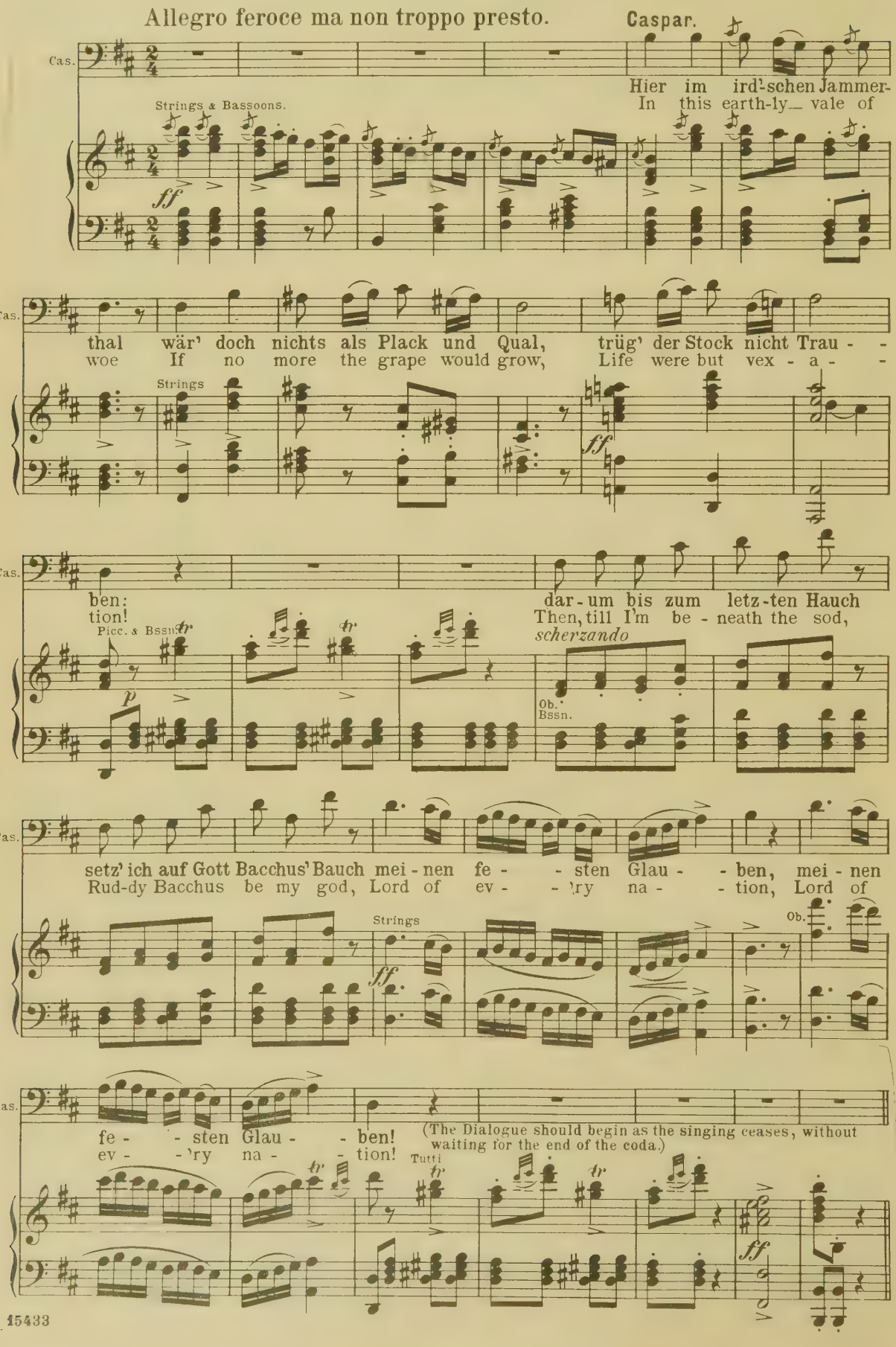
Caspar. Here's to the Head-Ranger! You'll surely drink your employer's health!

Max. Very well! (They touch glasses and drink.)

Caspar. And now for a song.

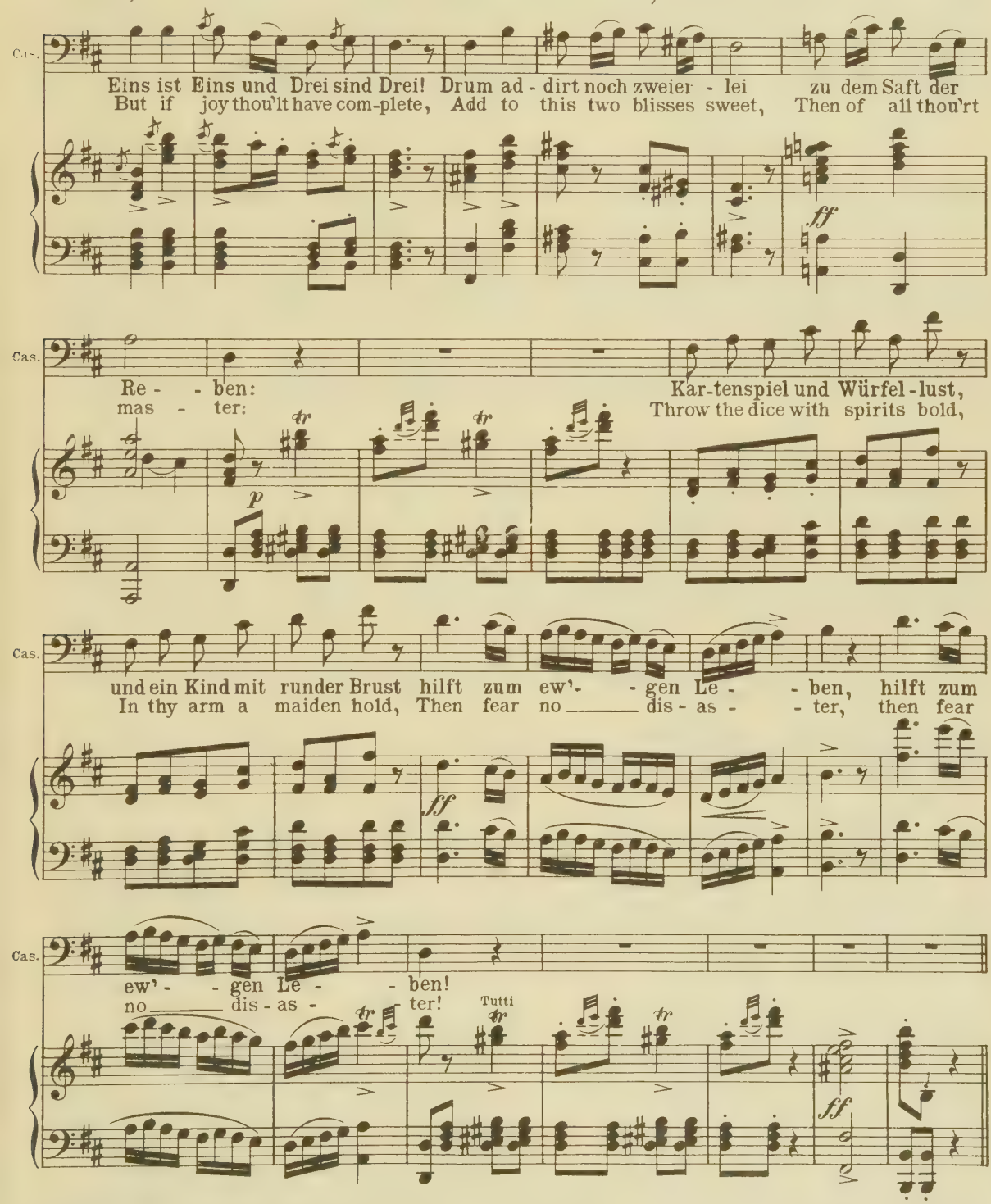
Nº 4. Song. — „Hier im ird'schen Jammerthal."

Piccolos, Oboes, Bassoons & Strings.


Allegro feroce ma non troppo presto.
Caspar.
Cas.
Hier im ird'schen Jammer-
In this earth-ly_ vale of
Strings & Bassoons.
ff
thal wär' doch nichts als Plack und Qual, trüg' der Stock nicht Trau - -
woe If no more the grape would grow, Life were but vex - a - -
Strings
ff
ben: dar-um bis zum letz-ten Hauch
tion! Then, till I'm be - neath the sod,
Picc. & Bssn.
p
scherzando
Ob. Bssn.
setz' ich auf Gott Bacchus' Bauch mei - nen fe - - sten Glau - - ben, mei - nen
Rud-dy Bacchus be my god, Lord of ev - - 'ry na - - tion, Lord of
Strings
ff
Ob.
fe - - sten Glau - - ben!
ev - - 'ry na - - tion!
(The Dialogue should begin as the singing ceases, without waiting for the end of the coda.)
Tutti
ff

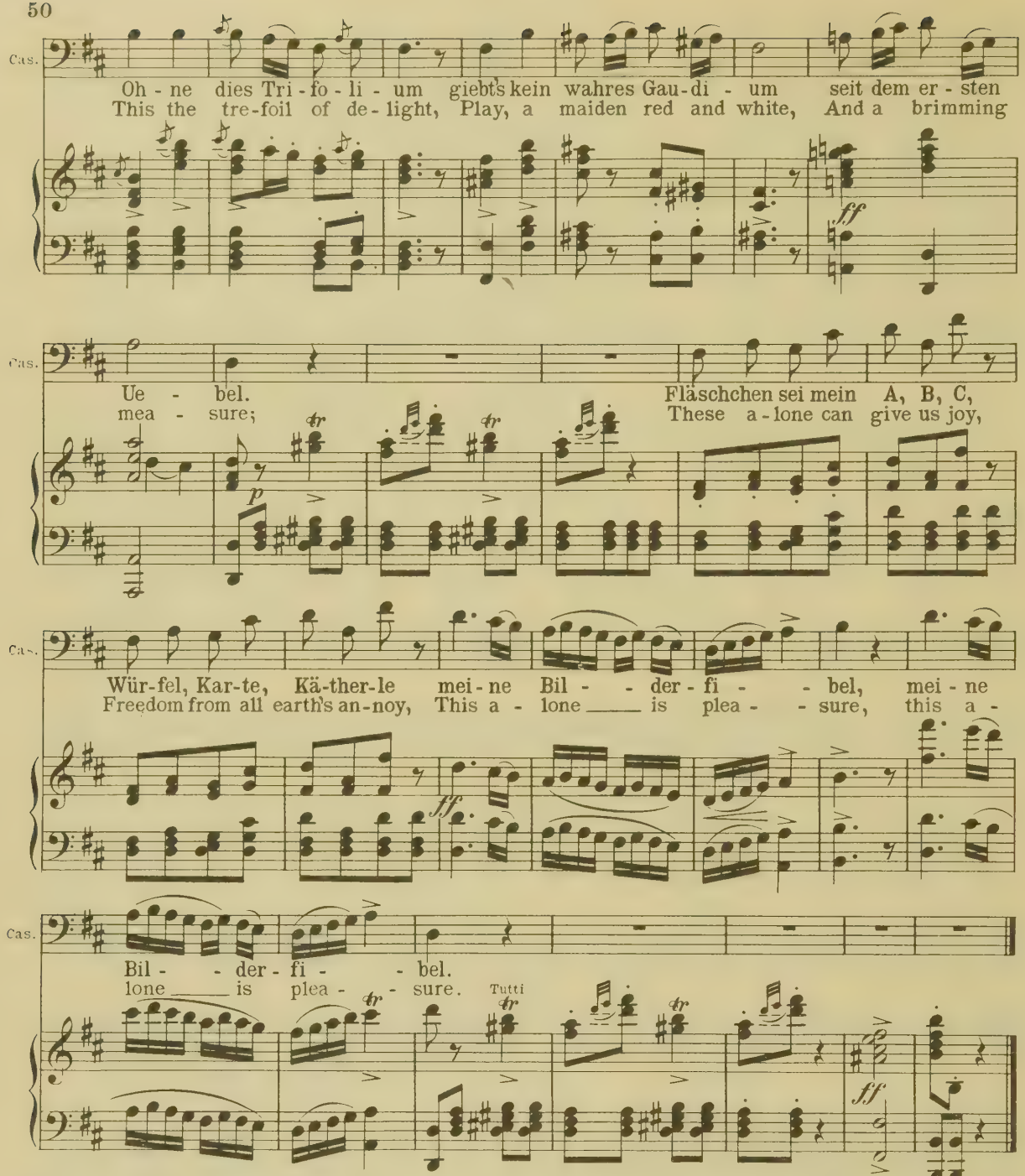
Caspar. Ei, du musst auch mit singen.
Max. Lass mich!
Caspar. Jungfer Agathe soll leben! Wer die Gesundheit seiner Braut ausschlüge, wär' doch wahrlich ein Schuft!
Max. Du wirst unverschämt! (Sie stossen an und trinken.)

Caspar. Hey, you must sing, too!
Max. Let me be!
Caspar. Here's to Miss Agnes! Whoever refuses to drink to the health of his sweetheart, is no true man.
Max. You're getting impudent! (They touch glasses, and drink.)


Cas.
Eins ist Eins und Drei sind Drei! Drum ad - dirt noch zweier - lei zu dem Saft der
But if joy thou'lt have com-plete, Add to this two blisses sweet, Then of all thou'rt
ff
Cas.
Re - - ben: Kar-tenspiel und Würfel-lust,
mas - ter: Throw the dice with spirits bold,
tr
p
Cas.
und ein Kind mit runder Brust hilft zum ew'- - gen Le - - ben, hilft zum
In thy arm a maiden hold, Then fear no dis - as - - ter, then fear
ff
Cas.
ew'- - gen Le - - ben!
no dis - as - ter!
Tutti
tr
ff

Caspar. Mit dir ist aber auch gar nichts anzufangen.
Max. Lass mich! Wie kannst du mir zumuthen, in so etwas einzustimmen?
Caspar. Unser Herr Fürst soll leben! Wer nicht dabei ist, wär' ein Judas!
Max. Nun denn, aber auch keinen Tropfen mehr.

Caspar. But there is no making anything of you! (drinks)
Max. Let me be! Do you think I would join in such a song as that?
Caspar. Long life to our Prince! He who will not join in that toast, is a traitor!
Max. Well, then; but not a drop more. (They touch glasses, and drink. Max fans his face with his hat, and shows in other ways that he feels very hot.)


Cas.
Oh - ne dies Tri - fo - li - um giebt's kein wahres Gau-di - um seit dem er - sten
This the tre-foil of de-light, Play, a maiden red and white, And a brimming
ff
Cas.
Ue - bel. Fläschchen sei mein A, B, C,
mea - sure; These a-lone can give us joy,
tr
p
Cas.
Wür-fel, Kar-te, Kä-ther-le mei-ne Bil - - der-fi - - bel, mei-ne
Freedom from all earth's an-noy, This a - lone ____ is plea - - sure, this a -
ff
Cas.
Bil - - der-fi - - bel.
lone ____ is plea - - sure.
Tutti
tr
ff

Max (aufspringend) Bube! Agathe hat Recht, wenn sie mich immer vor dir warnt. (Will fort.)

Casper. Wie kannst du gleich so in Harnisch gerathen, Bruderherz? [Ich diente noch als Bube in der letzten Fehde.] Unterm Kriegsvolk lernt man solche Schelmenliedlein. (Es schlägt sieben Uhr. Max steht auf.) Willst du schon nach Hause?

Max. Ja, es wird Zeit. Es schlug sieben.

Caspar. Zu Agathen? Das rath' ich doch nicht_ du könntest sie erschrecken. Weisst du nicht, dass sie auf einen Gewinn als gute Vorbedeutung für morgen hofft?

Max. Ach, die Arme! und ich selbst! Morgen!

Caspar. Deshalb bleib' noch und lass dir rathen! Dir könnte gar wohl geholfen werden.

Max. Mir geholfen?

Caspar (geheimnissvoll). Um dir ganz meine Freundschaft zu beweisen, könnte ich dir unter vier Augen_ nicht umsonst habe ich gegen dich zuweilen ein Wort fallen lassen_

Max (jumping from his seat). Fellow! Agnes was right to warn me of you! (Is going.)

Caspar. Come, what's the need of flying into a passion, brother mine? [I served as quite a small fellow in the last campaign.] Among the soldiers one learns such rascally songs. (It strikes seven. Max rises.) Going home already?

Max. Yes, I must; it has struck seven.

Caspar. To Agnes? Better not, I think_ you might frighten her. Don't you know that she hopes for a prize, as a good omen for to-morrow?

Max. Ah, poor girl! and I, myself!_ To-morrow!

Caspar. Well then, wait a while, and listen to me. There's a sure way to help you_

Max. To help me?

Caspar (mysteriously). To give you full proof of my friendship I might, between ourselves_ not without purpose have I let fall a word now and then in your hearing. Sure enough,

Es giebt allerdings gewisse [geheime] unschuldige Jagdkünste – diese Nacht, wo sich die Mondscheibe verfinstert, ist zu grossen Dingen geschickt. – Ein alter Bergjäger hat mir einmal vertraut – (man sieht Samiel zuweilen lauschen, ohne dass ihn die Sprechenden bemerken.)

Max. Du missest mir das Gift tropfenweis zu.

Caspar. Wie wär's, Kamerad, wenn ich dir noch heute zu einem recht glücklichen Schuss verhülfe, der Agathen beruhigte und zugleich euer morgendes Glück verbürgte?

Max. Du fragst wunderbar. Wie ist das möglich?

Caspar. Nur Muth, Muth! Was die Augen sehen, glaubt das Herz. Da nimm meine Büchse!

Max. Was soll ich damit?

Caspar. Geduld! (Schaut in die Höhe.) Zeigt sich denn nichts? Da, da! Siehst du den Stösser dort? Schiess'! (Giebt ihm das Gewehr.)

Max. Bist du ein Narr? Oder glaubst du, ich bin's? [Es ist schon ganz düster,] der Vogel schwebt [wie ein schwarzer Punkt in der Luft,] wolkenhoch über der Schussweite.

Caspar. Schiess' in's Teu – Schellen-Obers* Namen! Ha ha!

Max (berührt wie im Zweifel den Stecher; das Gewehr geht los. In demselben Augenblicke hört man ein gellendes Gelächter, so dass sich Max erschrocken nach Caspar umsieht). Was lachst du? Wie Fittiche der Unterwelt kreist's dort oben – (ein mächtiger Steinadler schwebt einen Augenblick wirbelnd in der Luft und stürzt dann todt zu Maxens Füssen). Was ist das?

Caspar. [Sieh',] der grösste Steinadler, den es giebt! Was für Fänge, und wie herrlich getroffen! Gleich unter'm Flügel, sonst nichts verletzt. Kannst ihn ausstopfen lassen, Bruder, für ein Naturalienkabinet.

Max. Aber ich begreife nicht – diese Büchse ist doch wie jede andere.

Caspar. Victoria! (Reisst dem Adler eine Feder aus, und steckt sie dem Max auf seinen Hut.) Das wird dich bei den Bauern in Respect setzen, das wird Agathen erfreuen! – So, Kamerad! Dies als Siegeszeichen.

Max. Was machst du? – wird mir doch ganz schauerlich! Was hast du geladen? Was war das für eine Kugel?

Caspar. Gar keine Kugel, Närrchen! Eine trächtige Blindschleiche, die trifft allemal.

Max. Träum' ich denn? – oder bin ich berauscht? So etwas ist mir nie begegnet. Caspar! Ich bitte dich, ich beschwöre dich (fasst ihn), Caspar, ich bring' dich um! Sag', was war das für eine Kugel?

Caspar. Bist du verwirrt, Freundchen, vor Freuden? Ich theile sie mit dir, gelt? (Umarmt ihn.) Das war ein Schuss. Lass mich los!

Max (lässt ihn los). Wo hast du die Kugel her?

Caspar. Nun, wenn du Vernunft annimst – so sag' mir, du, der wackerste Jäger, bist du, oder stellst du dich nur so unerfahren? Wüsstest du wirklich nicht, was eine Freikugel sagen will?

Max. Albernes Geschwätz!

Caspar. Da lernt man's doch besser unter dem Kriegsvolk. Ha ha! Wie kämen die Scharfschützen zurecht, die oft ihren Mann aus dem dicksten Pulverdampf herausschiessen? Doch zu so etwas bedarf's anderer Künste, als blos zu zielen und loszudrücken.

Max (den Adler betrachtend). Der Schuss ist unglaublich! In trüber Dämmerung aus den Wolken herabgeholt! – So wäre es doch wahr?

Caspar. Zudem ist's wohl zweierlei, einem armen Erdensohne aus dem Hinterhalte das Lebenslicht ausblasen und sich eine Erbförsterei und ein allerliebstes Mädchen erschiessen.

Max. Hast du noch mehr solche Kugeln?

there are certain secret, harmless hunter's tricks; – this very night, when the moon will be eclipsed, is destined for weighty matters. – An old mountaineer told me once, in confidence – (Zamiel appears at intervals, listening, but unnoticed by the speakers).

Max. You measure my poison drop by drop!

Caspar. How would it be, comrade, if I were to help you, to-day, to make the luckiest kind of shot – one that would set Agnes at rest, and assure your good fortune to-morrow?

Max. A strange question. How is that possible?

Caspar. Courage, courage! Heart believes, if hand achieves! Here, take my rifle!

Max. What for?

Caspar. One moment (gazing upward), – is nothing to be seen? Look, look! Do you see that eagle yonder? (Gives him the rifle.) Now fire!

Max. Are you a fool? or do you take me for one? Now, in the twilight, with the bird like a black dot against the sky, far out of range!

Caspar. Fire, in the Dev – in the Queen o' Hearts' name! Ha ha!

Max (touches the trigger hesitatingly; the rifle goes off. At the same instant a wild peal of laughter is heard, so that Max glances, startled, at Caspar). Why do you laugh? There's a rushing in the air like demons' wings! (A great eagle poises for an instant, whirling in air, and then drops dead at Max's feet.) What is that?

Caspar. Look! the greatest eagle to be found! What talons! and what a clean shot! Just under the wing, and nothing else touched! You can have him stuffed, brother, for a natural-history cabinet.

Max. But I can't conceive – surely, this rifle is like any other.

Caspar. Hurrah! (Plucks a feather from the eagle, and sticks it in Max's hatband.) There's something to make the peasants respect you, and to make Agnes happy! – So, comrade! 'tis an omen of victory!

Max. What are you doing? a shudder seizes me! How did you load? What kind of bullet was that?

Caspar. No bullet at all, dunce! A blindworm with young – that will hit every time!

Max. Am I dreaming? or is it the wine? Such a thing never happened to me! Caspar! I beg you, I implore you (laying hold on him), Caspar! I shall kill you! Tell me, what kind of bullet was that?

Caspar. Friend, has joy turned your head? I rejoice with you, and how! (Embracing him.) That was a shot! Let me go!

Max (letting him go). Where did you get that bullet?

Caspar. Well then, if you'll come to your senses: – now tell me, you prince of huntsmen, are you, or do you only pretend to be, so simple? Don't you really know what a charmed bullet is?

Max. Silly talk!

Caspar. Well, one gets better notions among the soldiers. Ha ha! How could the sharpshooters do the trick, who often spot their man where the smoke is thickest? More skill is needed for that sort of thing than just to aim and pull trigger.

Max (gazing at the eagle). The shot is incredible! Brought down from the clouds, in the twilight! – Can it be true, after all?

Caspar. Besides, it's one thing to pick off a poor mortal from an ambush, and another thing to win, by a lucky shot, a Head-Ranger-ship and a charming girl.

Max. Have you any more such bullets?

15433 *Properly in German playing-cards, the Queen of Diamonds.

Caspar. Es war die letzte, sie haben gerade ausgereicht. (Pause.)

Max. Bist du doch auf einmal so wortkarg! Ausgereicht? Wie verstehst du das?

Caspar. Weil sie in dieser Nacht zu bekom - men sind.

Max. In dieser Nacht?

Caspar. Ja doch! Drei Tage hintereinander steht jetzt die Sonne im Schützen, und heut' ist der mittelste; heut', wenn sich die Tage scheiden, giebt's eine totale Mondfinsterniss. Max! Kamerad! Dein Schicksal steht unter dem Einfluss günstiger Gestirne. Du bist zu hohen Dingen ausersehen. Heute, gerade in der Nacht zuvor, ehe du den Probeschuss thun, Amt und Braut dir gewinnen sollst, wo du der Hülfe so sehr bedarfst, beut die Natur selbst sich zu deinem Dienste!

Max. Wohl! Mein Geschick will's. Schaffe mir so eine Kugel.

Caspar. Mehr als du brauchst. Aber bedarf der Mann eines Vormunds?

Max. Wie erlangt man sie?

Caspar. Das will ich dich lehren. Sei punkt zwölf Uhr in der Wolfsschlucht.

Max. Um Mitternacht in der Wolfsschlucht? Nein! Die Schlucht ist verrufen und um Mitternacht öffnen sich die Pforten der Hölle.

Caspar. Pah!_ Wie du denkst!_ Und doch kann ich dich deinem Unstern nicht überlassen. Ich bin dein Freund, ich will dir giessen helfen.

Max. Auch das nicht.

Caspar. So mache dich morgen zum Landes - gespött, verlier' die Försterei und Agathen!_ Ich bin dein Freund, ich will selbst für dich giessen, aber dabei musst du sein.

Max. Deine Zunge ist glatt._ Nein, an solche Dinge muss ein frommer Jäger nicht denken.

Caspar. Feigling! Also nur durch fremde Gefahr, gäb's anders dergleichen, möchtest du dein Glück erkaufen? Und glaubst du, dann wäre deine Schuld, gäb' es dergleichen, geringer? Glaubst du, diese Schuld_ gäb' es dergleichen_ laste nicht schon auf dir? Gläubst du, dieser Adler sei dir geschenkt? (Den Adler ausspreizend.)

Max. Furchtbar, wenn du Recht hättest!

Caspar. Sonderbar, wie du fragst! Doch Undank ist der Welt Lohn._ Ich will mir hier einen Flederwisch abhauen, dass ich wenigstens etwas davon trage (haut einen Flügel ab). Drollig, um Agathen zu trösten, wagtest du den Schuss,_ sie zu erwerben, fehlt es dir an Herzhaftigkeit. Das würde sich das Wachspüppchen, das mich um deinetwillen verwarf, schwerlich einbilden._ (Für sich.) Es soll gerächt werden!_

Max. Elender! Muth hab' ich!

Caspar. So bewähr' ihn! Brauchtest du schon eine Freikugel, so ist's ja ein Kinderspiel, welche zu giessen. Was dir bevorsteht ohne diese Hülfe, kannst du aus deinen bisherigen Fehlschüssen leicht abnehmen. Das Mädchen ist auf dich versessen, kann ohne dich nicht leben. Sie wird verzweifeln, du wirst allen Menschen ein Spott, herumschleichen, vielleicht aus Verzweiflung_(drückt sich die Faust in die Augen)_ schäme dich, rauher Waidmann, dass du ihn mehr liebst, als er sich selbst! (Für sich.) Hilf zu, Samiel!

Max. Agathe sterben! Ich in einen Abgrund springen!_ Ja, das wäre das Ende!_(Giebt Caspar die Hand.) Bei Agathens Leben, ich komme!

Samiel (erscheint, nickt und verschwindet).

Caspar. Schweig' gegen Jedermann, es könnte dir und mir Gefahr bringen. Ich erwarte dich. Glock zwölf!

Max. Ich dich verrathen? Glock zwölf! Ich komme! (Schnell ab.)

Caspar. It was the last; there were just enough. (Pause.)

Max. Why are you so silent all at once? Just enough! what do you mean by that?

Caspar. I mean that more are to be had to-night.

Max. To-night?

Caspar. Yes, to-night! Just now, for three days running, the sun stands in the sign of the Archer, and to-day is the middle one; to-day, at the turn of the year, there is a total eclipse of the moon. Max! comrade! your fate is under the influence of a lucky star. You are chosen for great things. In the very night before the day for the trial-shot, when you are to win your title and your bride, and so sorely need help, Nature herself offers to serve you!

Max. Be it so! Such is my fate! Get me one of those bullets!

Caspar. More than you want. But does a man need a guardian?

Max. How can one get them?

Caspar. I will show you. Be in the Wolf's Glen on the stroke of twelve.

Max. At midnight in the Wolf's Glen? No! The Glen has an ill name, and at midnight the gates of Hell are opened.

Caspar. Bah!_ As you please!_ And still_ I cannot abandon you to your evil star. I am your friend; I will help mould the bullets.

Max. Not that, either!

Caspar. Good! become the laughing-stock of the country to-morrow; lose the Rangership, and Agnes!_ I am your friend; I will mould the bullets for you myself, but you must be there, too.

Max. You have a smooth tongue._ No! an honest huntsman dare not think of such things.

Caspar. Coward! Only through another's danger_ if any there be_ would you win happiness! And think you that the blame_ if any there be_ would be the less yours? Think you that the crime_ if such there be_ is not yours already? Think you that this eagle was given you for nothing? (Spreading out the eagle.)

Max. Terrible!_ if you say true!

Caspar. Strange, that you can ask! But ingratitude is the world's reward._ Well, I'll cut off a feather-duster, to make at least so much out of it (cuts off a wing). Queer! to console Agnes, you ventured the shot; to win her, your heart fails you. That wax doll, who threw me over for love of you, would hardly imagine that! (Aside.) It shall be avenged!

Max. Wretch! I am no coward!

Caspar. Prove it, then! Having shot a charmed bullet, 'twill be child's play to mould others. After missing so often, you can easily guess what awaits you without their aid. The girl loves you to distraction; she can't live without you. She will fall a prey to despair; and you will sneak about, taunted by everybody_ and perhaps, in your desperation_ (with his clenched hands at his eyes, as if weeping)_ for shame, you rough woodsman, that you should care more for him than he does for himself! (Aside.) Help along, Zamiel!

Max. Agnes die! I throw myself down the rocks! Ay, that would be the end! (Gives Caspar his hand.) By Agnes' life! I will come!

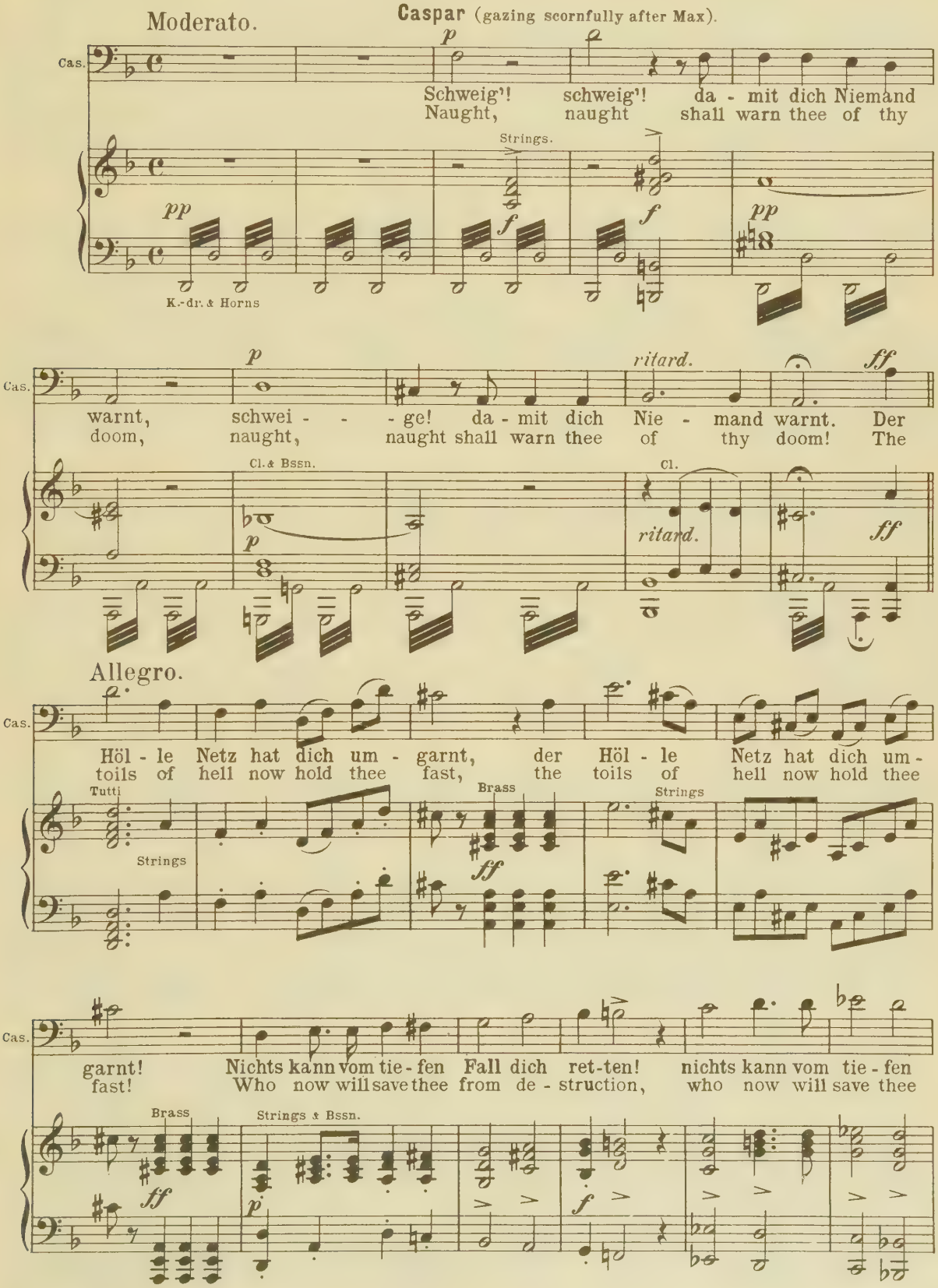
Zamiel (appears, nods and vanishes).

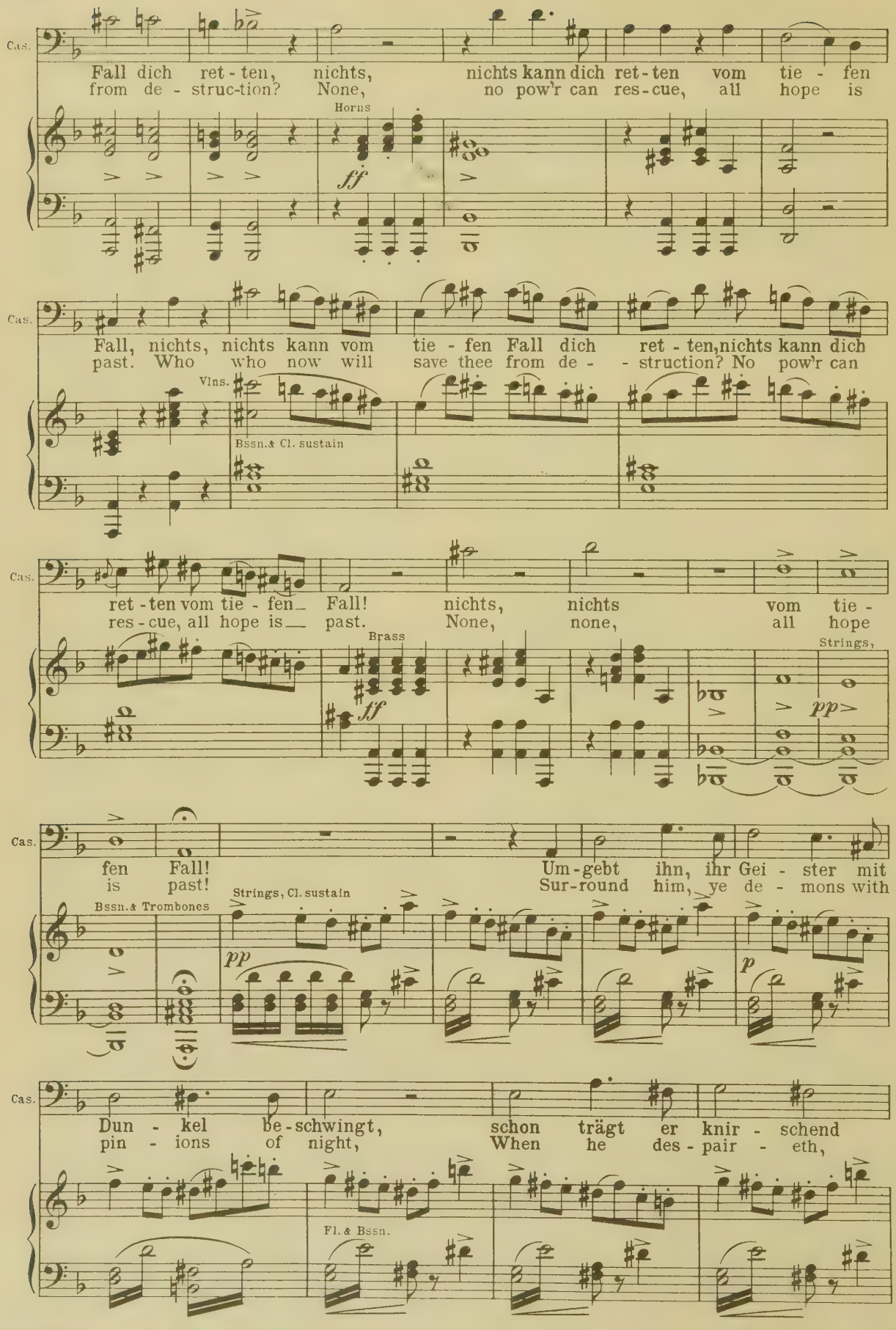
Caspar. Not a word to anyone! it might mean danger for us both. I shall await you on the stroke of twelve!

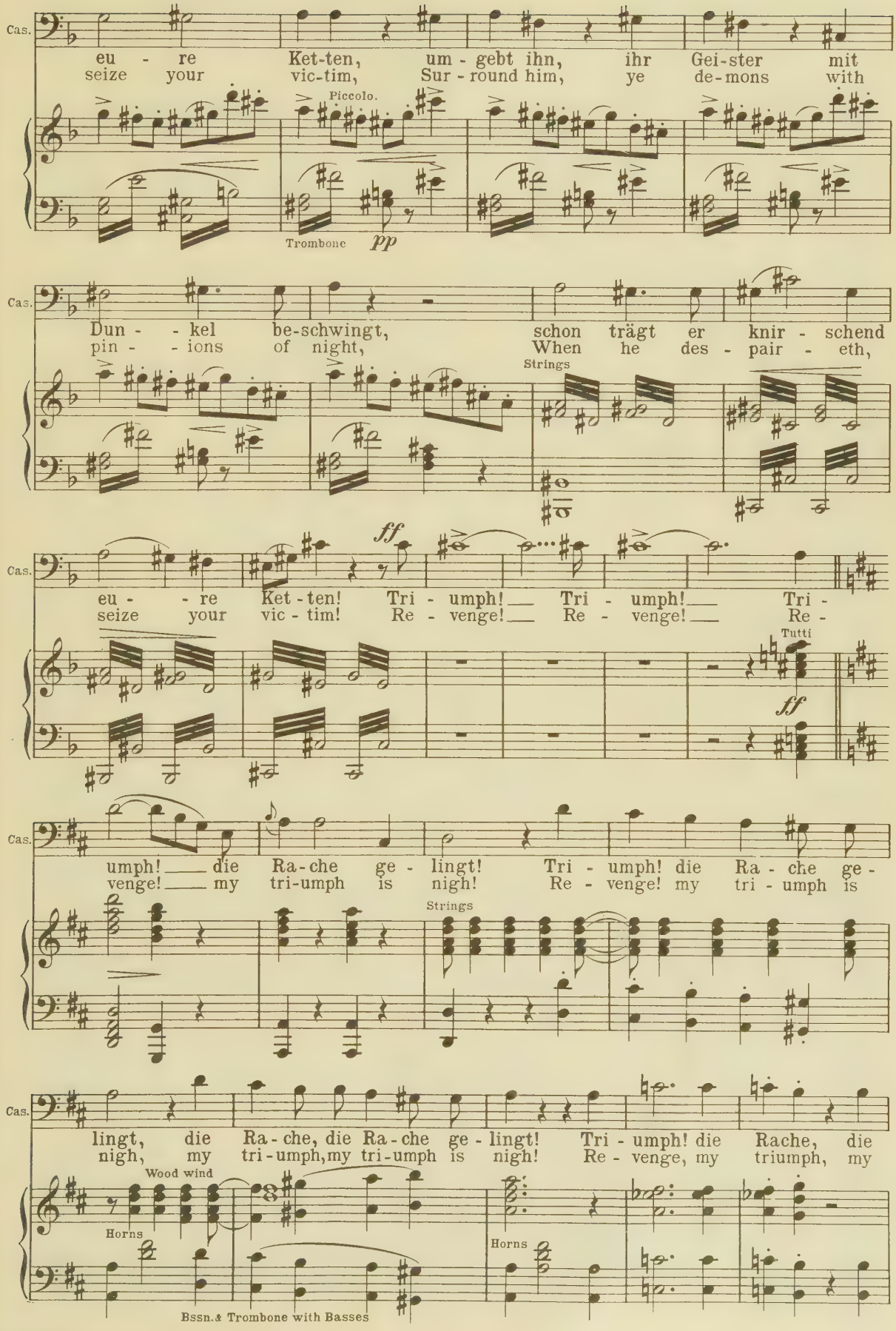
Max. I betray you? On the stroke of twelve! I shall come! (Exit hastily.) (It has grown quite dark.)

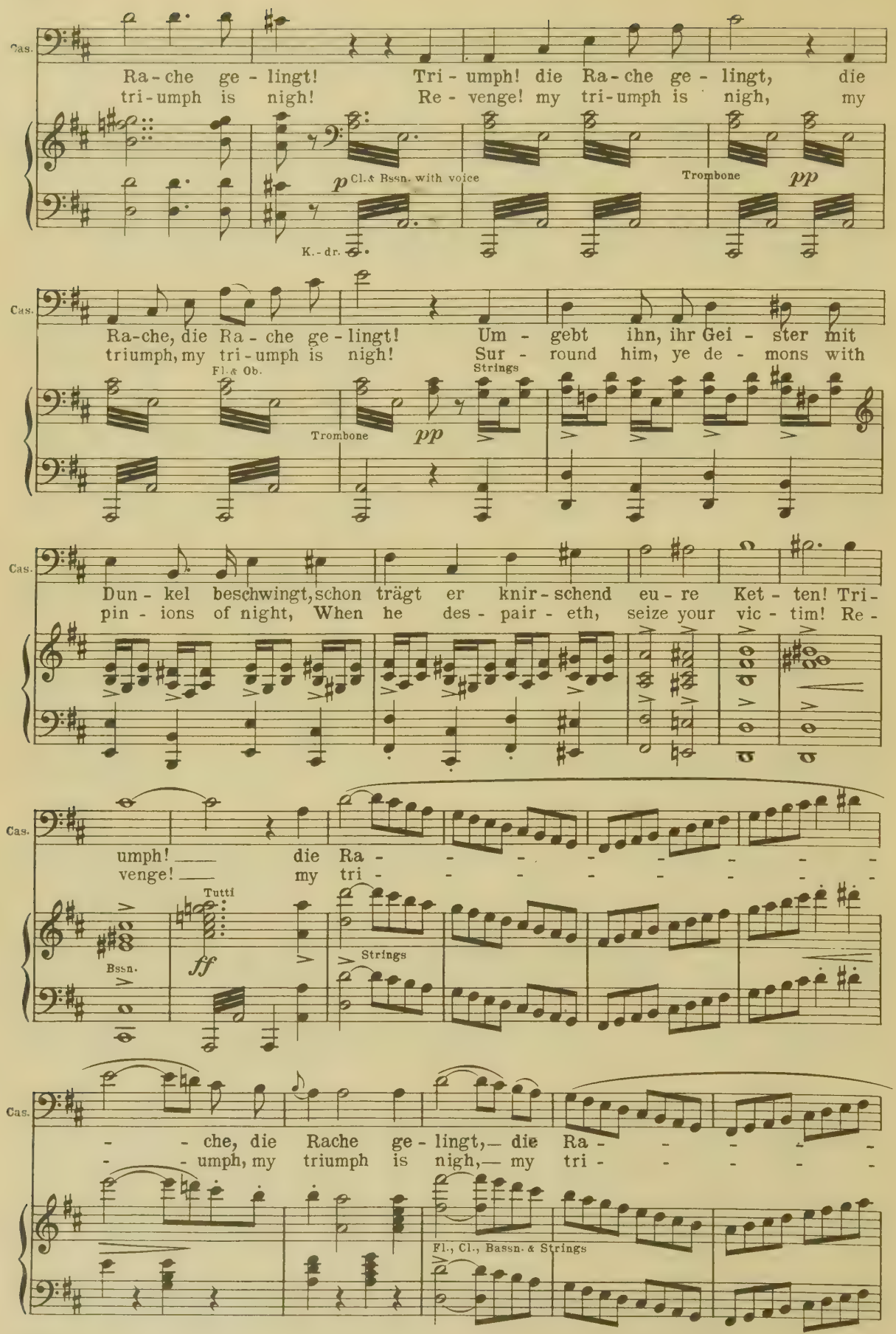
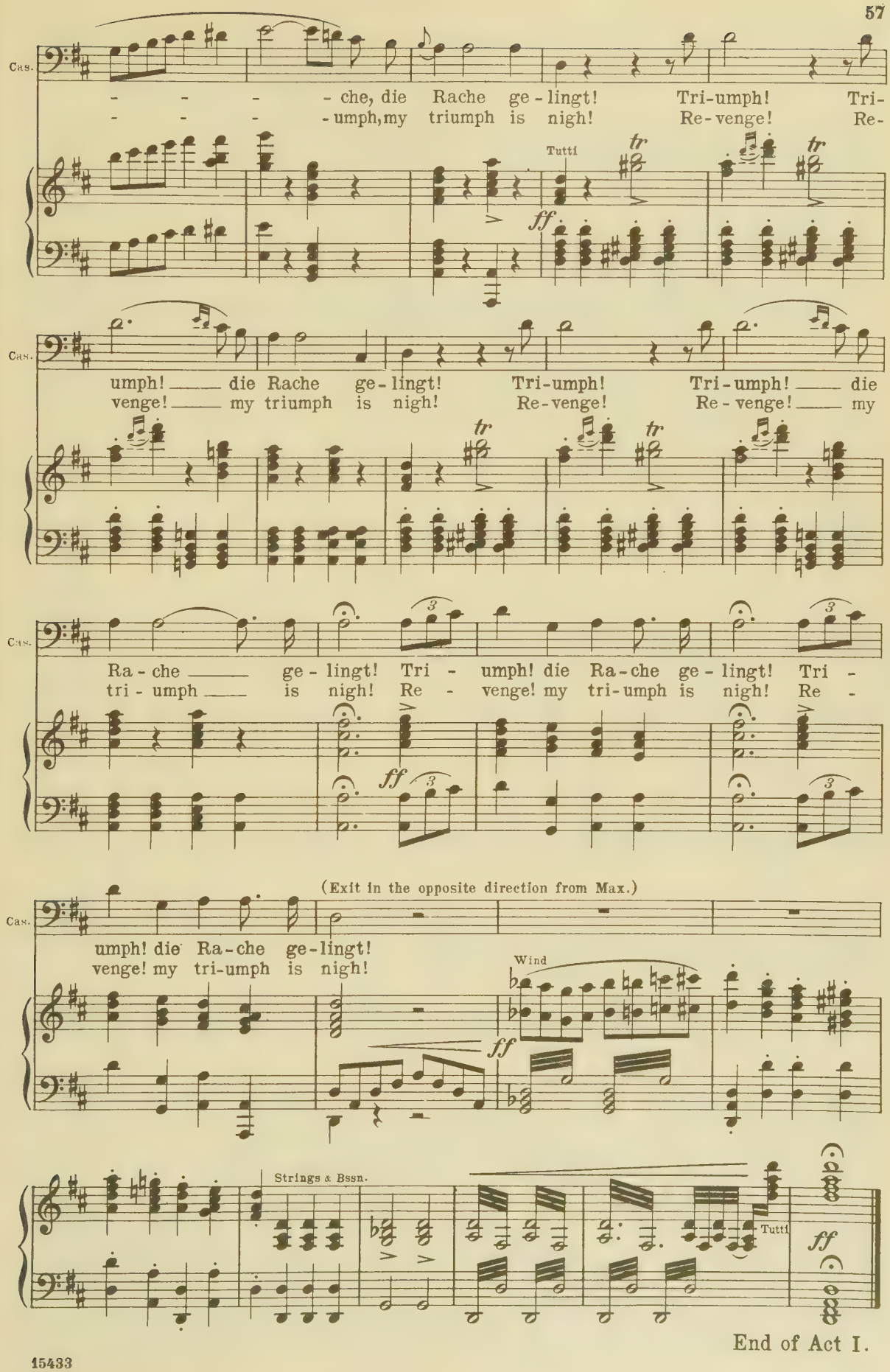
Nº 5. Aria.— „Schweig', schweig'! damit dich Niemand warnt."

Flute and Piccolo, Oboes, Clarinets in A, Horns in D and A, Bassoons, Trombones, Trumpets in D, Kettledr. and Strings.


Moderato.
Caspar (gazing scornfully after Max).
Cas.
Schweig'! schweig'! da - mit dich Niemand
Naught, naught shall warn thee of thy
Strings.
K.-dr. & Horns
warnt, schwei - - - ge! da - mit dich Nie - mand warnt. Der
doom, naught, naught shall warn thee of thy doom! The
Cl. & Bssn.
Cl.
ritard.
Allegro.
Höl - le Netz hat dich um - garnt, der Höl - le Netz hat dich um -
toils of hell now hold thee fast, the toils of hell now hold thee
Tutti
Strings
Brass
Strings
garnt! Nichts kann vom tie - fen Fall dich ret-ten! nichts kann vom tie - fen
fast! Who now will save thee from de - struction, who now will save thee
Brass
Strings & Bssn.


Cas.
Fall dich ret - ten, nichts, nichts kann dich ret - ten vom tie - fen
from de - struc-tion? None, no pow'r can res-cue, all hope is
Horns
ff
Cas.
Fall, nichts, nichts kann vom tie - fen Fall dich ret - ten, nichts kann dich
past. Who who now will save thee from de - - struction? No pow'r can
Vlns.
Bssn.& Cl. sustain
Cas.
ret - ten vom tie - fen Fall! nichts, nichts vom tie -
res - cue, all hope is past. None, none, all hope
Brass
ff
Strings,
pp
Cas.
fen Fall! Um - gebt ihn, ihr Gei - ster mit
is past! Sur-round him, ye de - mons with
Bssn.& Trombones
Strings, Cl. sustain
pp
p
Cas.
Dun - kel be - schwingt, schon trägt er knir - schend
pin - ions of night, When he des - pair - eth,
Fl.& Bssn.


Cas.
eu - re Ket-ten, um - gebt ihn, ihr Gei-ster mit
seize your vic-tim, Sur - round him, ye de-mons with
Piccolo.
Trombone
pp
Cas.
Dun - - kel be-schwingt, schon trägt er knir - schend
pin - - ions of night, When he des - pair - eth,
Strings
Cas.
ff
eu - - re Ket - ten! Tri - umph! Tri - umph! Tri -
seize your vic - tim! Re - venge! Re - venge! Re -
Tutti
ff
Cas.
umph! die Ra-che ge - lingt! Tri - umph! die Ra - che ge -
venge! my tri-umph is nigh! Re - venge! my tri - umph is
Strings
Cas.
lingt, die Ra - che, die Ra - che ge - lingt! Tri - umph! die Rache, die
nigh, my tri - umph, my tri - umph is nigh! Re - venge, my triumph, my
Wood wind
Horns
Horns
Bssn. & Trombone with Basses


Cas.
Ra-che ge-lingt! Tri-umph! die Ra-che ge-lingt, die
tri-umph is nigh! Re-venge! my tri-umph is nigh, my
p Cl.& Bssn. with voice
K.-dr.
Trombone
pp
Ra-che, die Ra-che ge-lingt! Um-gebt ihn, ihr Gei-ster mit
triumph, my tri-umph is nigh! Sur-round him, ye de-mons with
Fl.& Ob.
Trombone
pp
Strings
Dun-kel beschwingt, schon trägt er knir-schend eu-re Ket-ten! Tri-
pin-ions of night, When he des-pair-eth, seize your vic-tim! Re-
umph! die Ra-
venge! my tri-
Tutti
Bssn.
ff
Strings
-che, die Rache ge-lingt, die Ra-
-umph, my triumph is nigh, my tri-
Fl., Cl., Bassn. & Strings

Cas.
- - - - che, die Rache ge - lingt! Tri-umph! Tri-
- - - - umph, my triumph is nigh! Re-venge! Re-
Tutti
ff
Cas.
umph! die Rache ge - lingt! Tri-umph! Tri-umph! die
venge! my triumph is nigh! Re-venge! Re-venge! my
Cas.
Ra - che ge - lingt! Tri - umph! die Ra - che ge - lingt! Tri -
tri - umph is nigh! Re - venge! my tri-umph is nigh! Re -
ff
(Exit in the opposite direction from Max.)
Cas.
umph! die Ra-che ge-lingt!
venge! my tri-umph is nigh!
Wind
ff
Strings & Bssn.
Tutti
ff

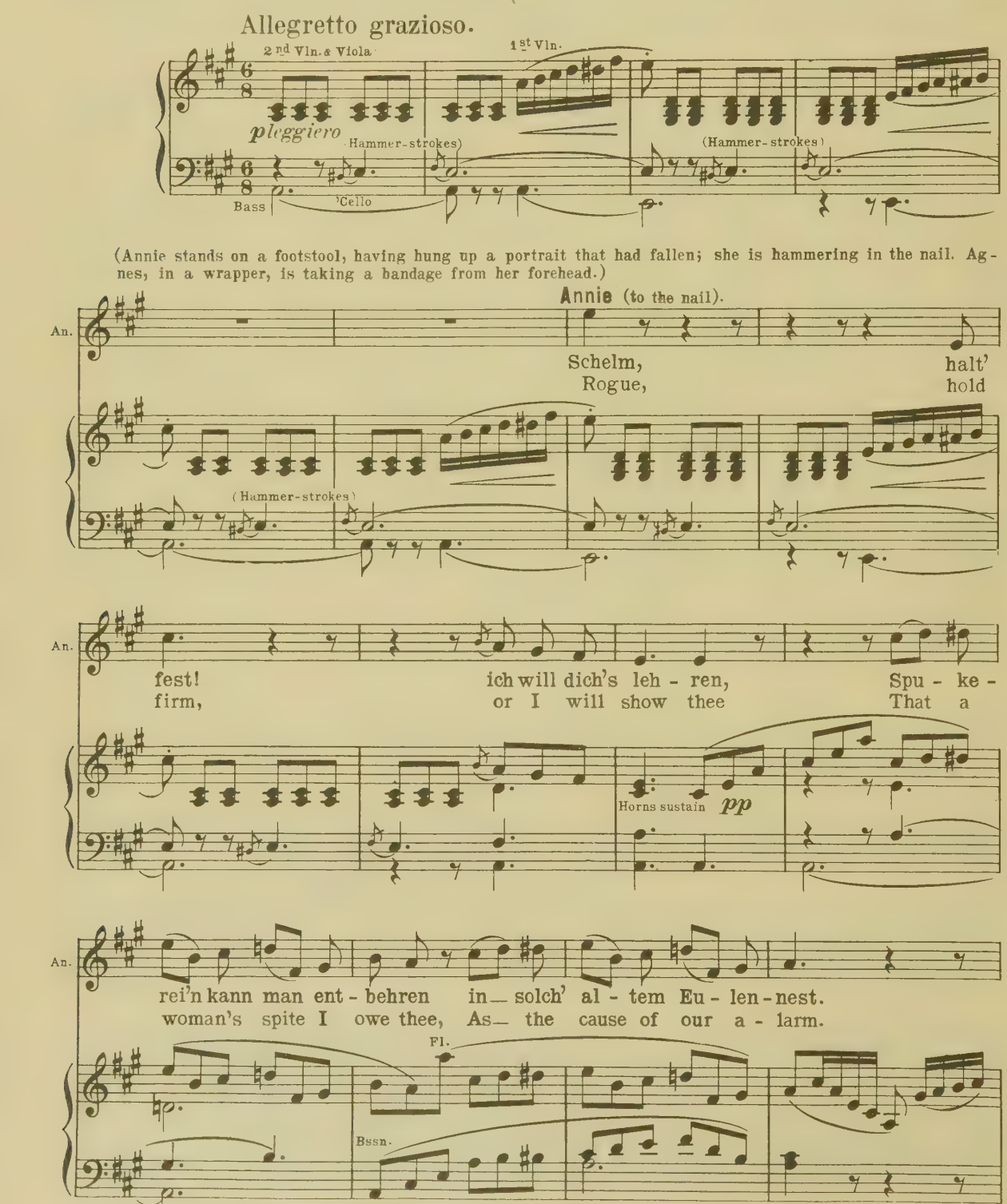
End of Act I.

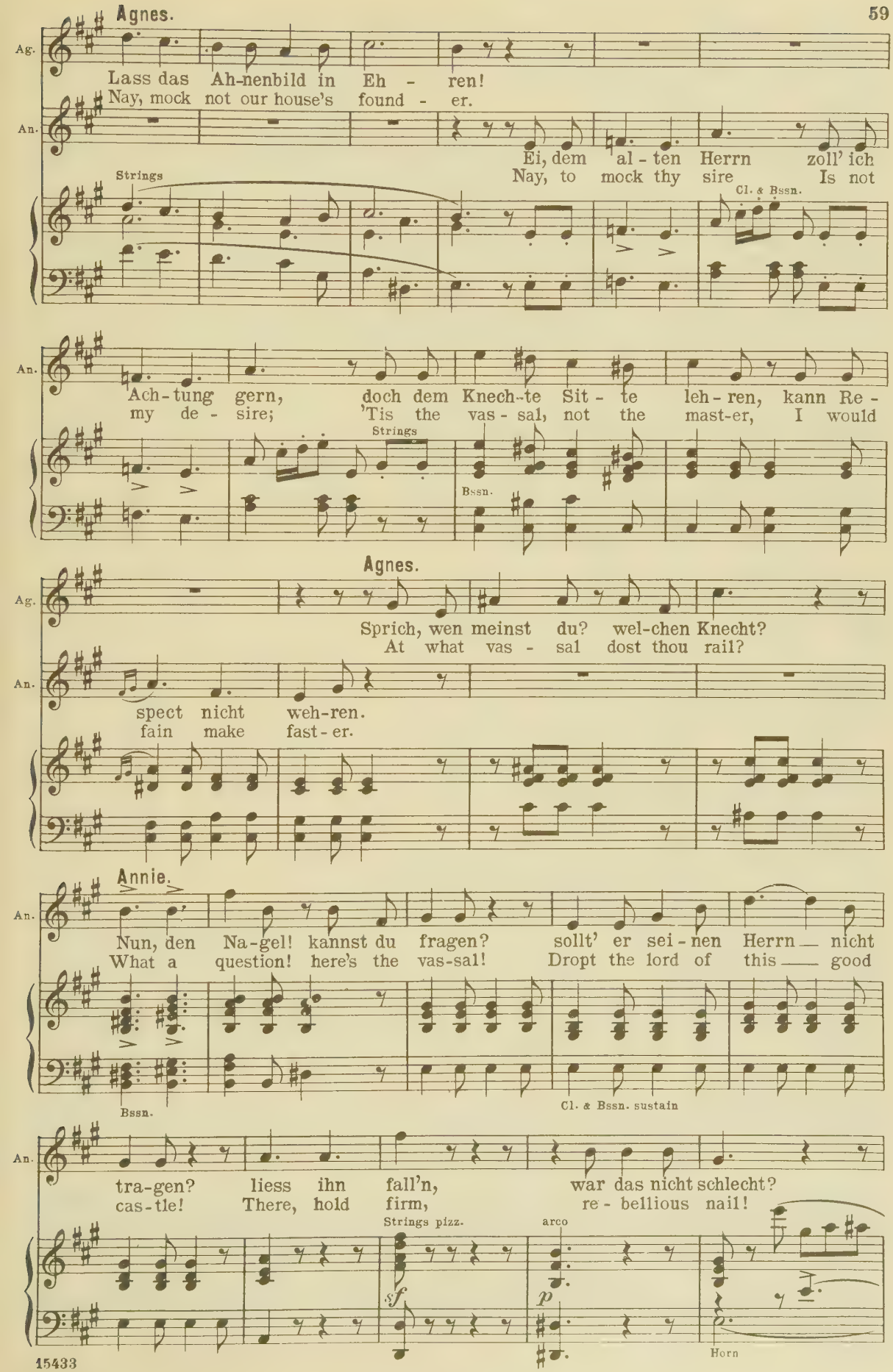
Act II.

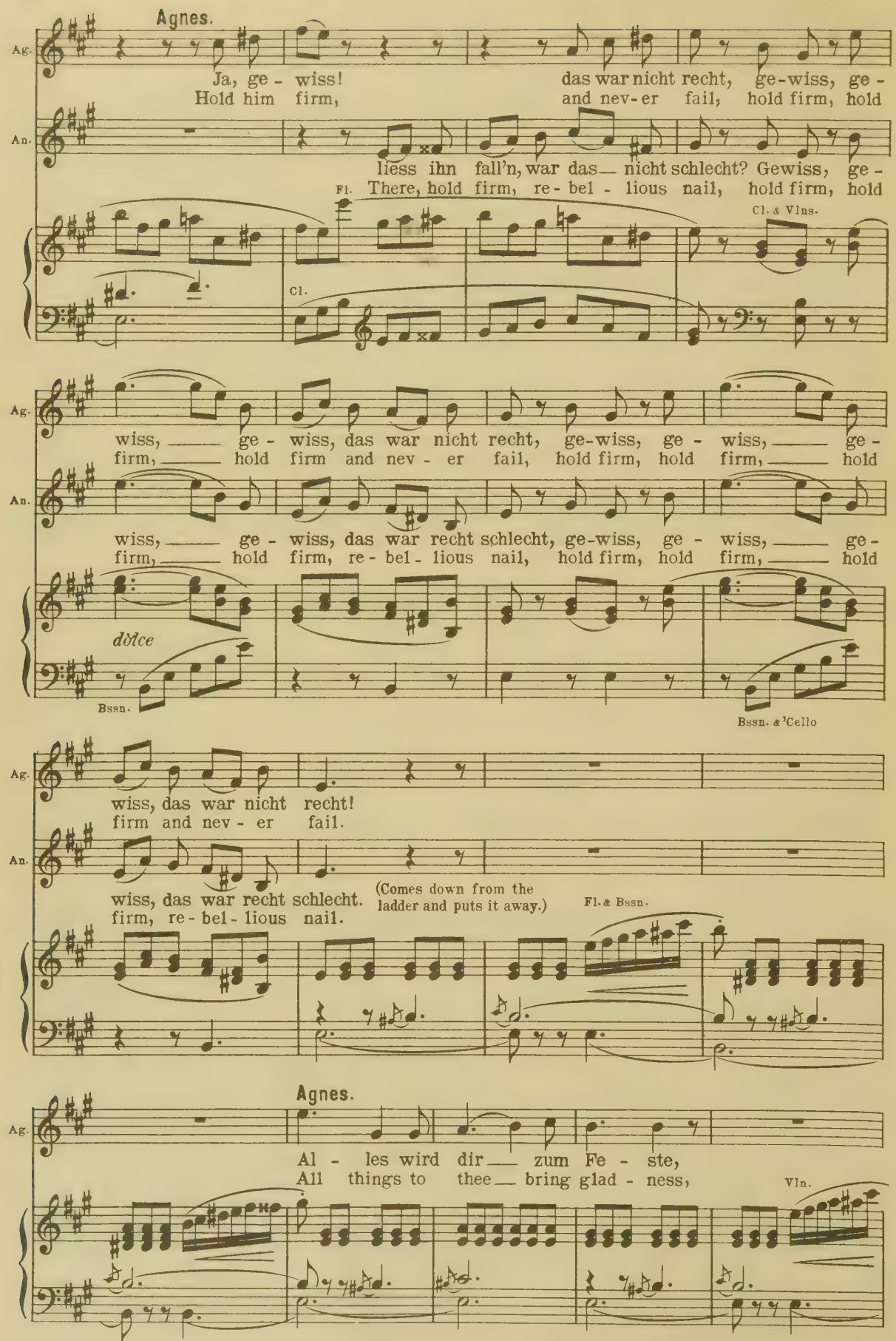
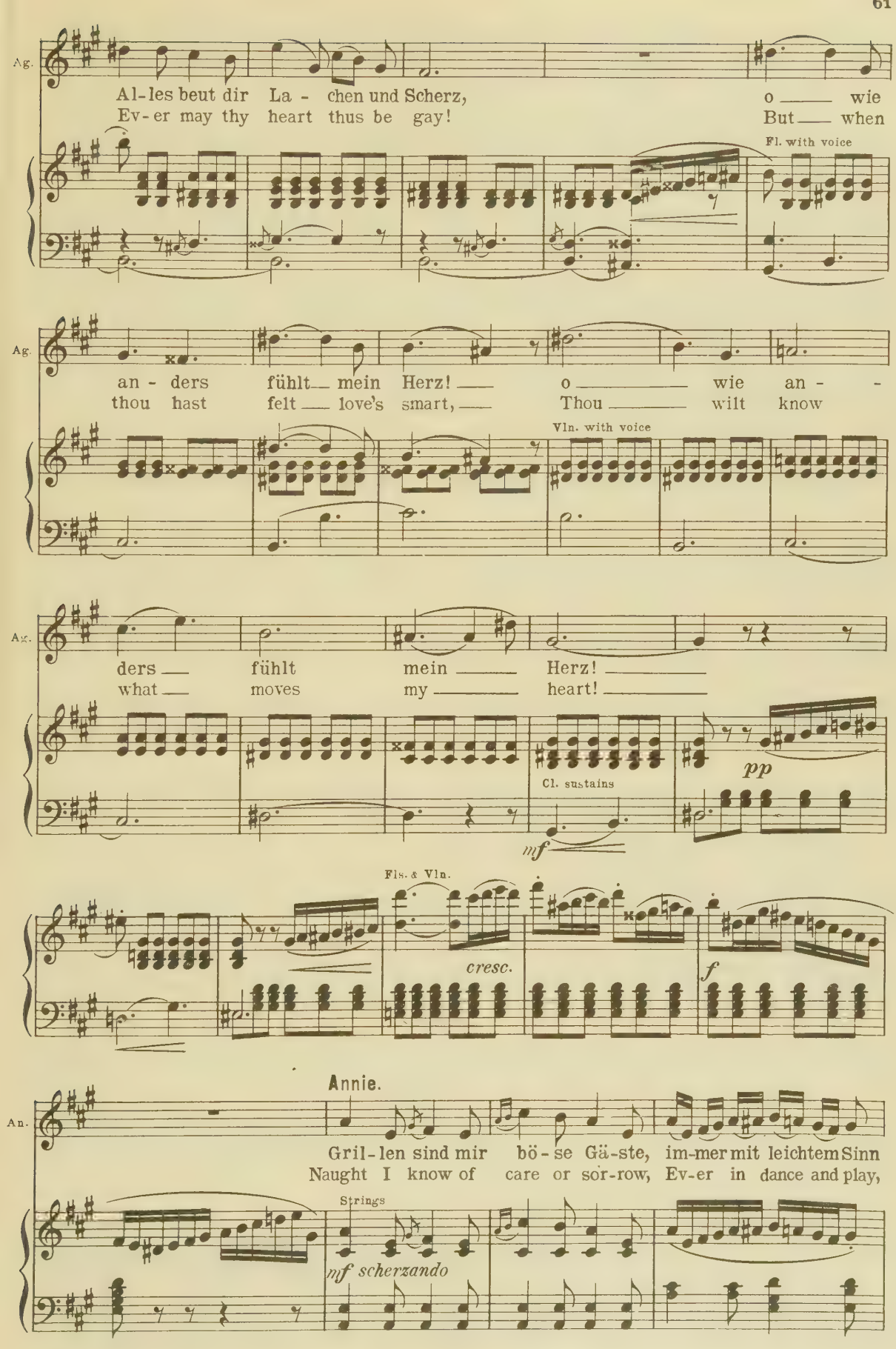
№ 6. Duet. – „Schelm, halt' fest!"

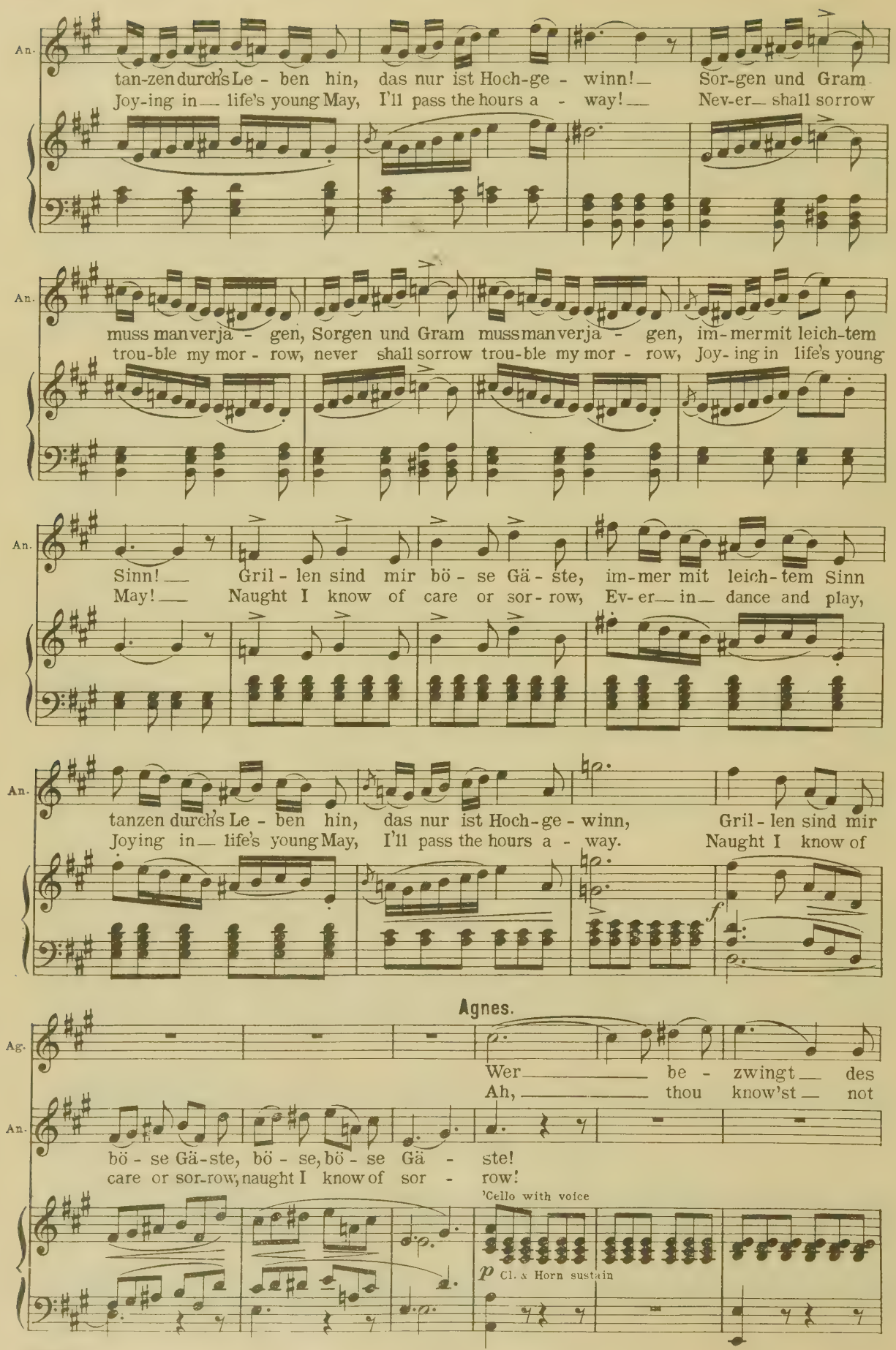
A narrow antechamber in the forester's house, with two side-doors. Dark tapestry on the walls; deers' antlers and hunting-spears give the place an antiquated appearance, and show that the mansion was formerly a princely hunting-lodge. In the centre a curtained doorway, leading to a balcony. On one side Annie's spinning-wheel, on the other a large table, upon which lies a white dress trimmed with green; a small lamp is burning on the table, beside it a flower-pot with white roses.

Flutes, Clarinets in A, Horns in A, Bassoons & Strings.


Allegretto grazioso.
2nd Vln. & Viola
1st Vln.
pleggiero
(Hammer-strokes)
(Hammer-strokes)
Bass
'Cello
(Annie stands on a footstool, having hung up a portrait that had fallen; she is hammering in the nail. Agnes, in a wrapper, is taking a bandage from her forehead.)
An.
Annie (to the nail).
Schelm, halt'
Rogue, hold
(Hammer-strokes)
An.
fest! ich will dich's leh - ren, Spu - ke -
firm, or I will show thee That a
Horns sustain
pp
An.
rei'n kann man ent - behren in solch' al - tem Eu - len - nest.
woman's spite I owe thee, As the cause of our a - larm.
Fl.
Bssn.


Agnes.
Ag.
Lass das Ah-nenbild in Eh - ren!
Nay, mock not our house's found - er.
An.
Ei, dem al - ten Herrn zoll' ich
Nay, to mock thy sire Is not
Strings
Cl. & Bssn.
An.
Ach-tung gern, doch dem Knech-te Sit - te leh - ren, kann Re -
my de - sire; 'Tis the vas - sal, not the mast-er, I would
Strings
Bssn.
Agnes.
Ag.
Sprich, wen meinst du? wel-chen Knecht?
At what vas - sal dost thou rail?
An.
spect nicht weh-ren.
fain make fast-er.
Annie.
An.
Nun, den Na-gel! kannst du fragen? sollt' er sei-nen Herrn — nicht
What a question! here's the vas-sal! Dropt the lord of this — good
Bssn.
Cl. & Bssn. sustain
An.
tra-gen? liess ihn fall'n, war das nicht schlecht?
cas-tle! There, hold firm, re - bellious nail!
Strings pizz.
arco
sf
p
Horn


Agnes.
Ag.
Ja, ge - wiss! das war nicht recht, ge-wiss, ge -
Hold him firm, and nev-er fail, hold firm, hold
An.
liess ihn fall'n, war das nicht schlecht? Gewiss, ge -
Fl. There, hold firm, re - bel - lious nail, hold firm, hold
Cl. & Vlns.
Cl.
wiss, ge - wiss, das war nicht recht, ge-wiss, ge - wiss, ge -
firm, hold firm and nev - er fail, hold firm, hold firm, hold
wiss, ge - wiss, das war recht schlecht, ge-wiss, ge - wiss, ge -
firm, hold firm, re - bel - lious nail, hold firm, hold firm, hold
dolce
Bssn.
Bssn. & 'Cello
wiss, das war nicht recht!
firm and nev - er fail.
wiss, das war recht schlecht.
firm, re - bel - lious nail.
(Comes down from the ladder and puts it away.)
Fl. & Bssn.
Agnes.
All - les wird dir zum Fe - ste,
All things to thee bring glad - ness,
Vln.

Ag.
Al-les beut dir La - chen und Scherz, o wie
Ev-er may thy heart thus be gay! But when
Fl. with voice
Ag.
an - ders fühlt mein Herz! o wie an -
thou hast felt love's smart, Thou wilt know
Vln. with voice
Ag.
ders fühlt mein Herz!
what moves my heart!
Cl. sustains
pp
mf
Fls. & Vln.
cresc.
f
Annie.
An.
Gril-len sind mir bö-se Gä-ste, im-mer mit leichtem Sinn
Naught I know of care or sor-row, Ev-er in dance and play,
Strings
mf scherzando


An.
tan-zen durch's Le - ben hin, das nur ist Hoch-ge - winn! Sor-gen und Gram
Joy-ing in life's young May, I'll pass the hours a - way! Nev-er shall sorrow
An.
muss man verja - gen, Sorgen und Gram muss man verja - gen, im-mer mit leich-tem
trou-ble my mor - row, never shall sorrow trou-ble my mor - row, Joy-ing in life's young
An.
Sinn! Gril - len sind mir bö - se Gä - ste, im-mer mit leich-tem Sinn
May! Naught I know of care or sor - row, Ev-er in dance and play,
An.
tanzen durch's Le - ben hin, das nur ist Hoch-ge - winn, Gril - len sind mir
Joying in life's young May, I'll pass the hours a - way. Naught I know of
f
Agnes.
Ag.
Wer be - zwingt des
Ah, thou know'st not
An.
bö - se Gä-ste, bö - se, bö - se Gä - ste!
care or sor-row, naught I know of sor - row!
'Cello with voice
p Cl. & Horn sustain

Ag. Bu - - sens Schla - - - gen? — wer der —
love's — sweet sor - - - row! — While my —

An. Gril - len sind mir bö - se Gä - ste, im - mer mit — leich - tem Sinn
Naught I know of care or sor-row, Ev - er — in — dance and play,

Vln. & Fl. with 2nd voice

Ag. Lie - - be — sü - - ssen Schmerz?
Max is — far a - - way,

An. tan - zen durch's Le - ben hin, das nur ist Hoch - ge - winn!
Joy - ing in — life's young May, I'll pass the hours a - way!

Ag. Stets um dich, — Ge - lieb - - ter,
Hope nor com - - - fort can — I

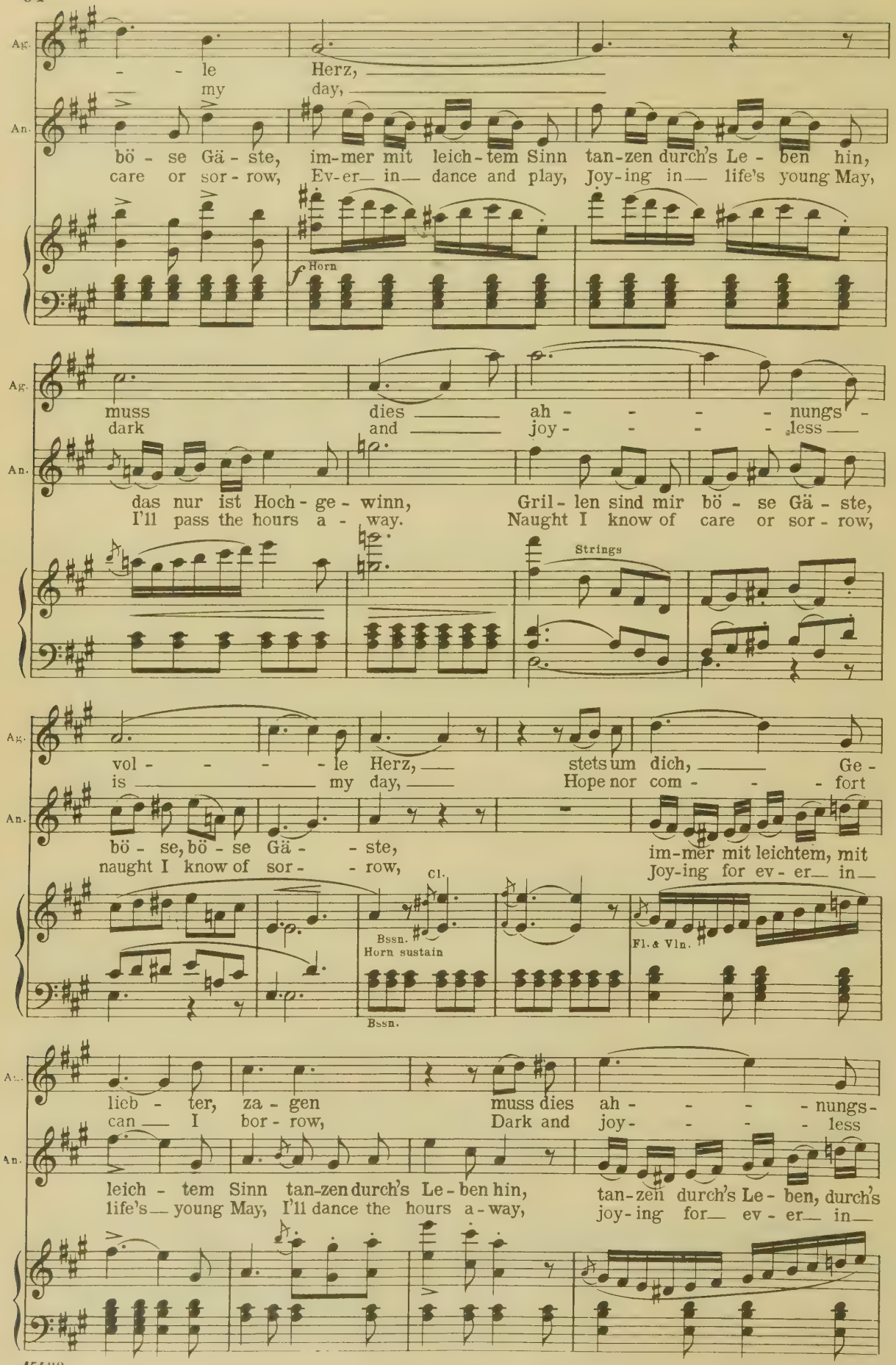
An. Sor - gen und Gram muss man ver - ja - - gen, Sor - gen und Gram
Nev - er — shall sor - row trou - ble my mor - row, nev - er — shall sor - row

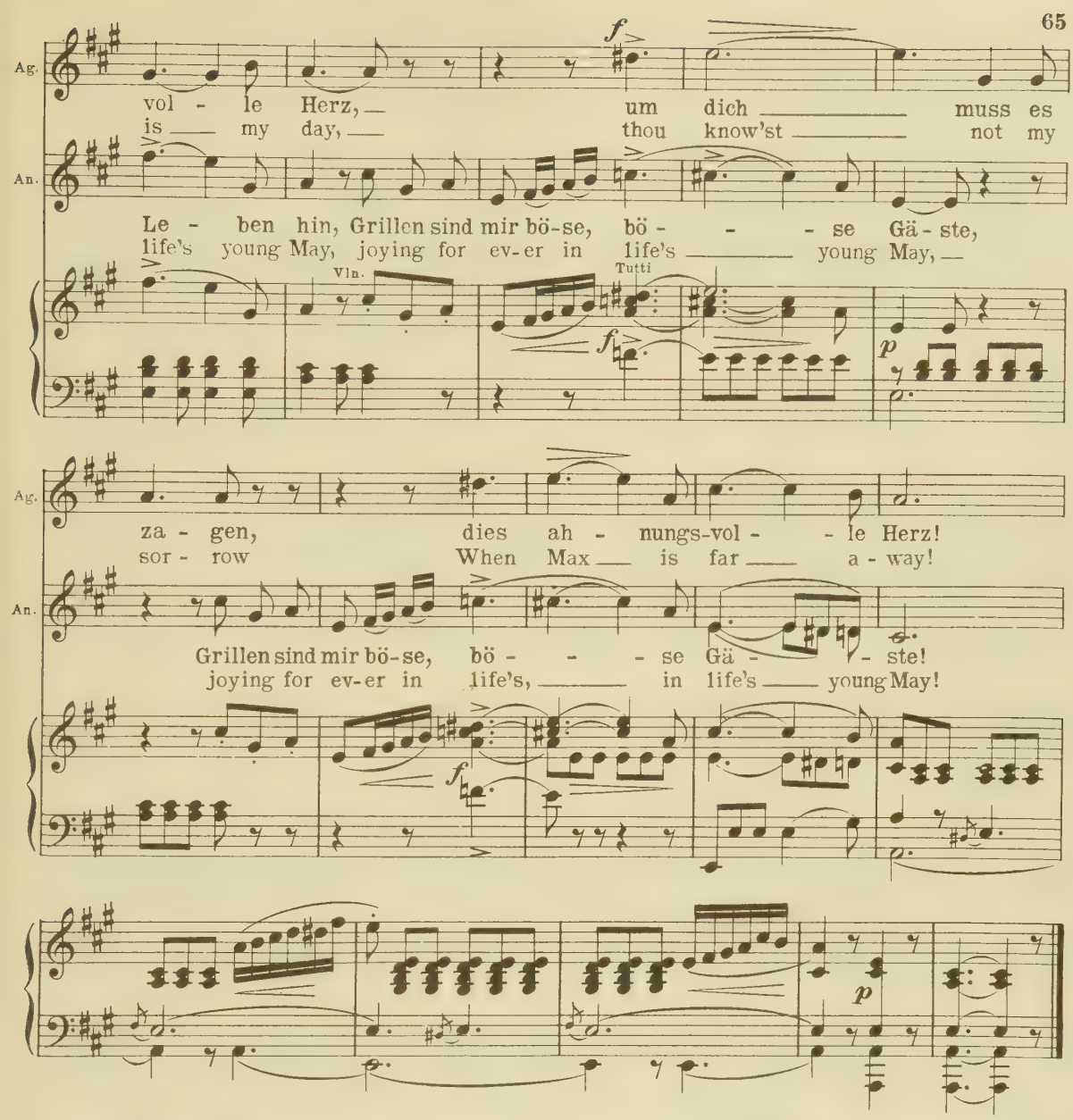
Bssn. sustain
Tacent Cl. & Horn

Ag. za - - - gen muss — dies ah - nungs - vol - - -
bor - - - row, Dark — and joy - less is —

An. muss man ver - ja - gen, das nur ist Hoch - ge - winn! Gril - len sind mir
trou - ble my mor - row, joy - ing in life's young May. Naught I know of

cresc.


Ag.
An.
- - le Herz,
my day,
bö - se Gä - ste, im-mer mit leich-tem Sinn tan-zen durch's Le - ben hin,
care or sor - row, Ev-er in dance and play, Joy-ing in life's young May,
Horn
muss dies ah - - - - nungs -
dark and joy - - - - less
das nur ist Hoch - ge - winn, Gril - len sind mir bö - se Gä - ste,
I'll pass the hours a - way. Naught I know of care or sor - row,
Strings
vol - - - - le Herz, stets um dich, Ge -
is my day, Hope nor com - - - fort
bö - se, bö - se Gä - - ste,
naught I know of sor - - row,
im-mer mit leichtem, mit
Joy-ing for ev - er in
Cl.
Bssn.
Horn sustain
Bssn.
Fl. & Vln.
lieb - ter, za - gen muss dies ah - - - - nungs -
can I bor - row, Dark and joy - - - - less
leich - tem Sinn tan-zen durch's Le - ben hin,
life's young May, I'll dance the hours a - way,
tan-zen durch's Le - ben, durch's
joy - ing for ev - er in


Ag.
vol - le Herz, — um dich — muss es
is — my day, — thou know'st — not my
An.
Le - ben hin, Grillen sind mir bö-se, bö - - - se Gä - ste,
life's young May, joying for ev-er in life's — young May, —
Vln.
Tutti
f
p
Ag.
za - gen, dies ah - nungs-vol - - le Herz!
sor - row When Max — is far — a - way!
An.
Grillen sind mir bö-se, bö - - - se Gä - - ste!
joying for ev-er in life's, — in life's — young May!
f
p

Aennchen.— So, nun wird der Altvater wohl wieder ein Jahrhundertchen festhängen. Da oben mag ich ihn recht gern leiden. Aber du hast das Tuch schon abgebunden? Das Blut ist doch völlig gestillt?

Agathe.— Sei ohne Sorgen, liebes Aennchen, der Schreck war das Schlimmste! — Wo nur Max bleibt?

Aennchen.— Nun kommt er gewiss bald. Herr Cuno sagte ja bestimmt, dass er ihn noch einmal heimsenden werde.

Agathe.— Es ist recht still und einsam hier.

Aennchen.— Unangenehm ist's freilich, in einem solchen verwünschten Schlosse am Polterabend fast mutterseelen allein zu sein, zumal wenn sich so ehrwürdige, längst vermoderte Herrschaften, mir nichts dir nichts, von den Wänden herabbemühen; da lob' ich mir die lebendigen und jungen.

Annie.— There, I have settled the old gentleman for another century. He looks nice enough up yonder. (To Agnes.) But I see you have taken off the bandage; does it hurt you no more?

Agnes.— Never mind about it, Annie dear, the blow was not nearly so bad as the fright. — Wherever can Max be?

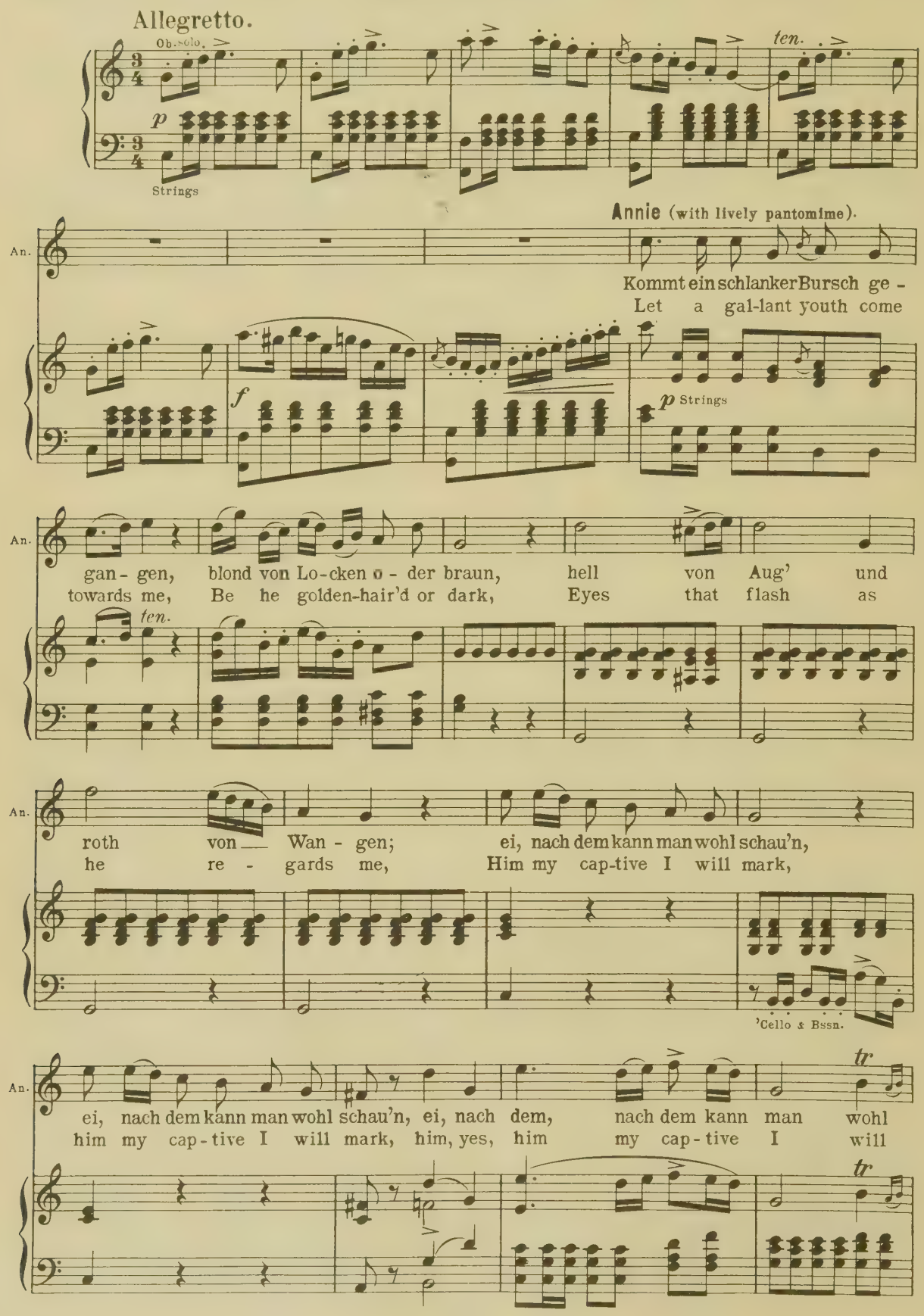
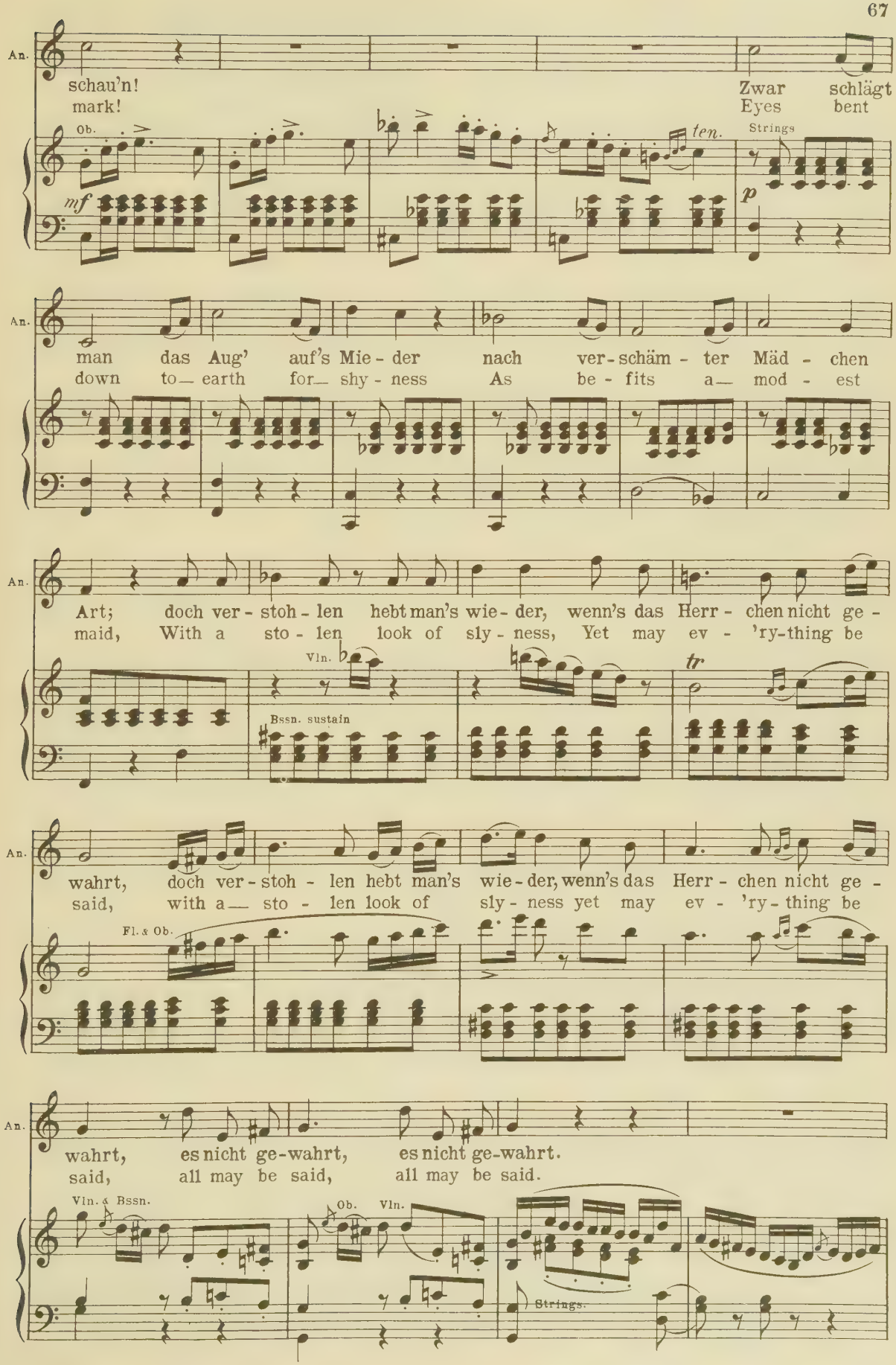
Annie.— He will soon be here now. Master Cuno said positively, that he would send him home once more this evening.

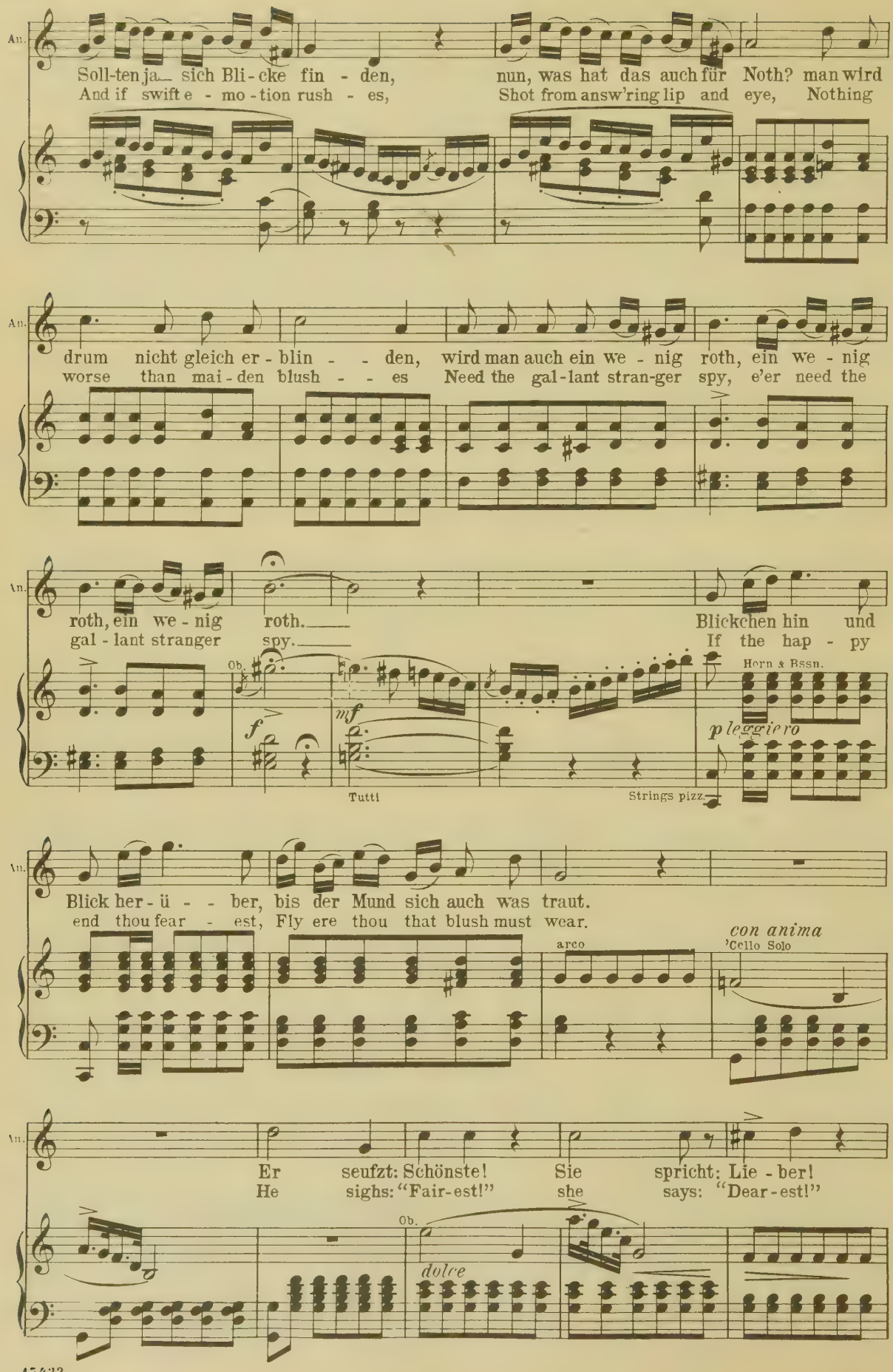
Agnes.— How lonely it seems here!

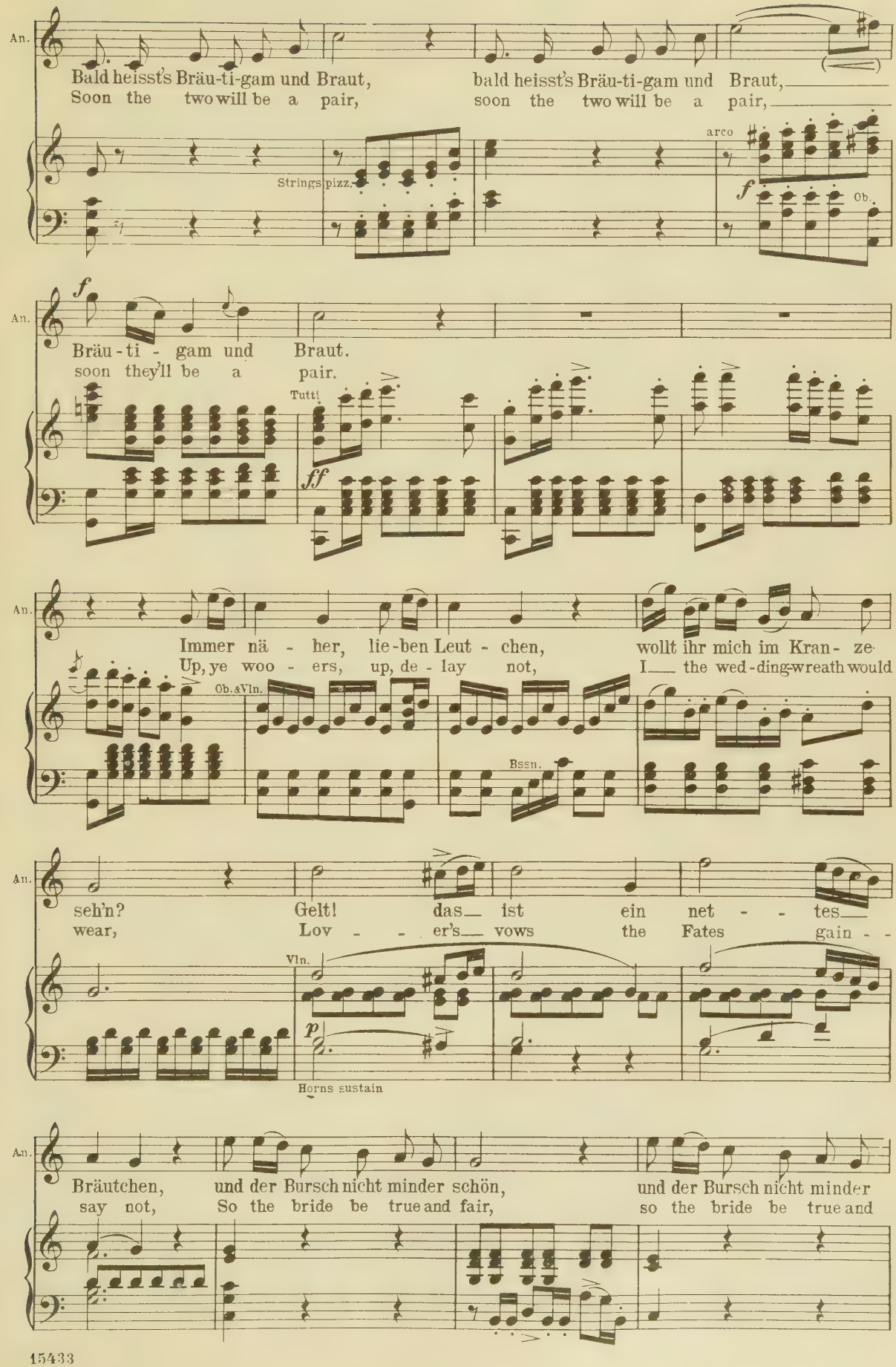
Annie.— Well, there are pleasanter places to spend the eve of a wedding-day in than a haunted old castle where not a living soul is stirring, especially when venerable gentlemen who have long mouldered in their tombs take it into their heads to come down upon us without warning! Give me young men — and live ones!

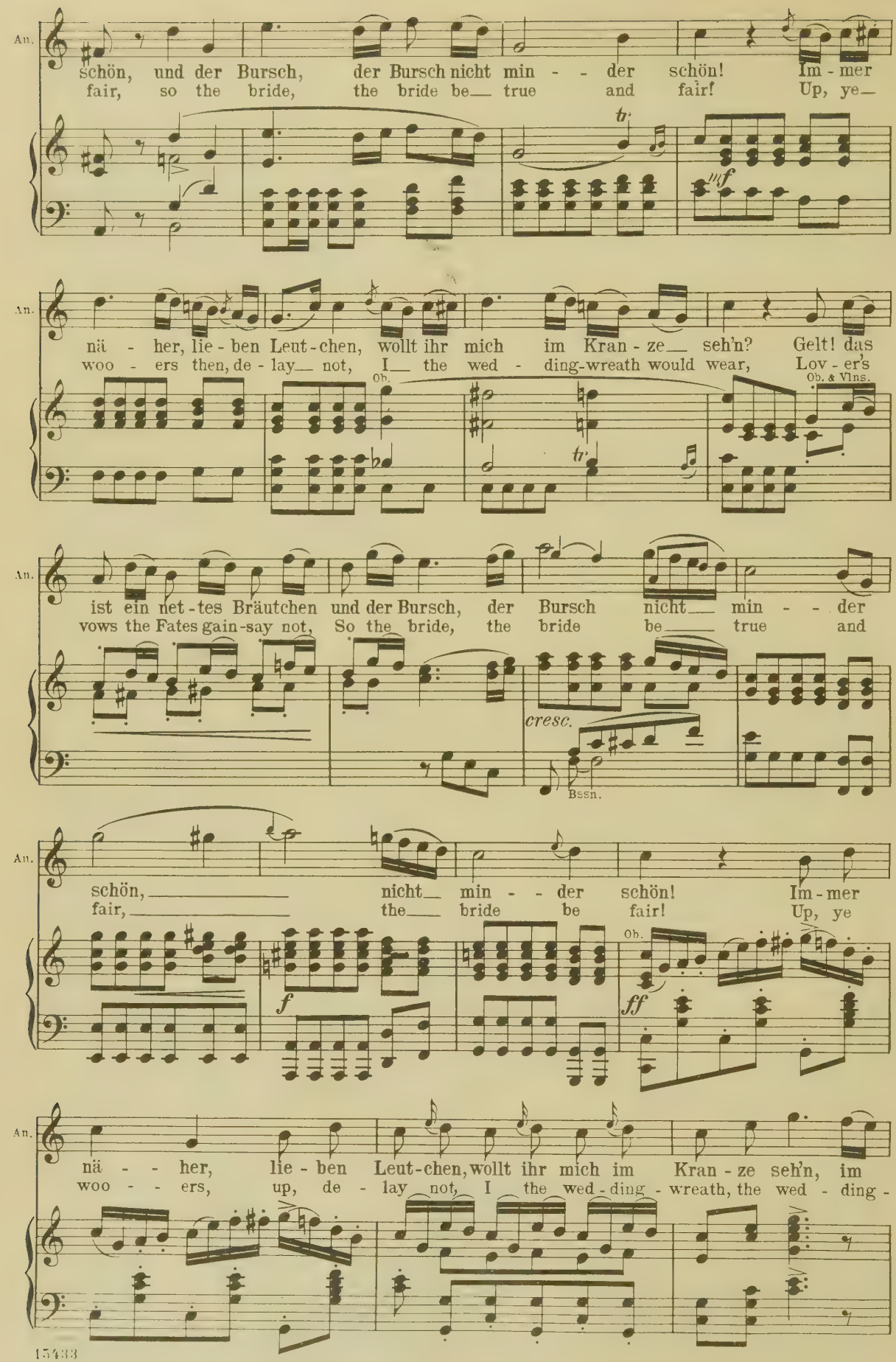
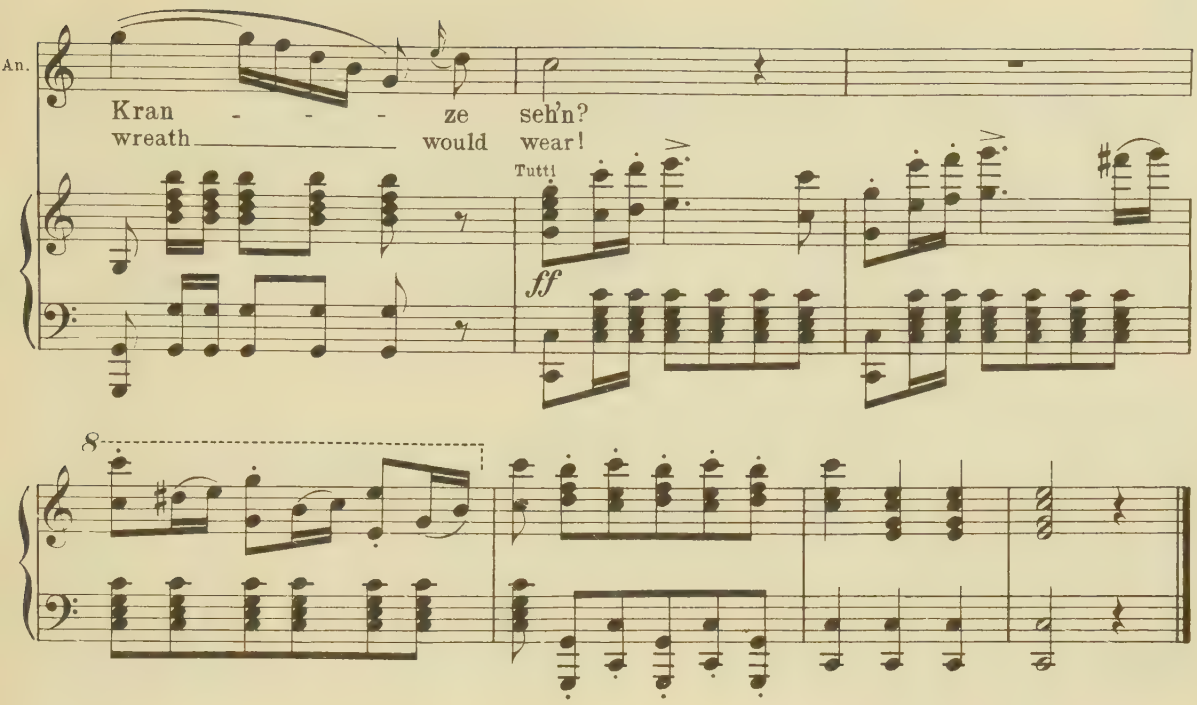
№ 7. Arietta.– „Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen."

Flutes, Oboes (one Solo), Horns in C, Bassoons & Strings.


Allegretto.
Ob. solo.
p
Strings
ten.
Annie (with lively pantomime).
An.
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch ge -
Let a gal-lant youth come
f
p Strings
gan - gen, blond von Lo-cken o - der braun, hell von Aug' und
towards me, Be he golden-hair'd or dark, Eyes that flash as
ten.
roth von Wan - gen; ei, nach dem kann man wohl schau'n,
he re - gards me, Him my cap-tive I will mark,
'Cello & Bssn.
tr
ei, nach dem kann man wohl schau'n, ei, nach dem, nach dem kann man wohl
him my cap-tive I will mark, him, yes, him my cap-tive I will
tr

An.
schau'n!
mark!
Zwar schlägt
Eyes bent
Ob.
mf
ten.
Strings
p
An.
man das Aug' auf's Mie - der nach ver - schäm - ter Mäd - chen
down to— earth for— shy - ness As be - fits a— mod - est
An.
Art; doch ver - stoh - len hebt man's wie - der, wenn's das Herr - chen nicht ge -
maid, With a sto - len look of sly - ness, Yet may ev - 'ry-thing be
Vln.
Bssn. sustain
tr
An.
wahrt, doch ver - stoh - len hebt man's wie - der, wenn's das Herr - chen nicht ge -
said, with a— sto - len look of sly - ness yet may ev - 'ry - thing be
Fl. & Ob.
An.
wahrt, es nicht ge-wahrt, es nicht ge-wahrt.
said, all may be said, all may be said.
Vln. & Bssn.
Ob.
Vln.
Strings.


An.
Soll-ten ja sich Bli-cke fin - den, nun, was hat das auch für Noth? man wird
And if swift e - mo-tion rush - es, Shot from answ'ring lip and eye, Nothing
drum nicht gleich er-blin - - den, wird man auch ein we - nig roth, ein we - nig
worse than mai-den blush - - es Need the gal-lant stran-ger spy, e'er need the
roth, ein we - nig roth.
gal - lant stranger spy.
Blickchen hin und
If the hap - py
Ob.
Horn & Bssn.
f
mf
p leggiero
Tutti
Strings pizz.
Blick her-ü - - ber, bis der Mund sich auch was traut.
end thou fear - est, Fly ere thou that blush must wear.
arco
con anima
'Cello Solo
Er seufzt: Schönste! Sie spricht: Lie - ber!
He sighs: "Fair-est!" she says: "Dear-est!"
Ob.
dolce


An.
Bald heisst's Bräu-ti-gam und Braut,
Soon the two will be a pair,
bald heisst's Bräu-ti-gam und Braut,
soon the two will be a pair,
Strings pizz.
arco
f
Ob.
An.
f
Bräu-ti-gam und Braut.
soon they'll be a pair.
Tutti
ff
An.
Immer nä-her, lie-ben Leut-chen,
Up, ye woo-ers, up, de-lay not,
wollt ihr mich im Kran-ze
I the wed-ding-wreath would
Ob. & Vln.
Bssn.
An.
seh'n?
wear,
Gelt! das ist ein net-tes
Lov-er's vows the Fates gain-
Vln.
p
Horns sustain
An.
Bräutchen,
say not,
und der Bursch nicht minder schön,
So the bride be true and fair,
und der Bursch nicht minder
so the bride be true and


An.
schön, und der Bursch, der Bursch nicht min - - der schön! Im - mer
fair, so the bride, the bride be— true and fair! Up, ye—
tr
ff
An.
nä - her, lie - ben Leut - chen, wollt ihr mich im Kran - ze— seh'n? Gelt! das
woo - ers then, de - lay— not, I— the wed - ding-wreath would wear, Lov - er's
Ob.
tr
Ob. & Vlns.
An.
ist ein net - tes Bräutchen und der Bursch, der Bursch nicht— min - - der
vows the Fates gain-say not, So the bride, the bride be— true and
cresc.
Bssn.
An.
schön, — nicht— min - - der schön! Im - mer
fair, — the— bride be fair! Up, ye
f
Ob.
ff
An.
nä - - her, lie - ben Leut - chen, wollt ihr mich im Kran - ze seh'n, im
woo - - ers, up, de - lay not, I the wed - ding - wreath, the wed - ding -

Agathe. _Und der Bursch nicht minder schön.

Aennchen. _So recht! so gefällst du mir, Agathe: so bist du doch wie ich sein werde, (wichtig) wenn ich einmal Braut bin.

Agathe. Wer weiss? doch ich gönne dir's von Herzen, ist auch mein Brautstand nicht ganz kummerlos; besonders als ich heute von dem Eremiten zurückkam, hat mir's wie ein Stein auf dem Herzen gelegen. Jetzt fühle ich mich um Vieles leichter.

Aennchen. Wie so, erzähle doch! Noch weiss ich gar nicht, wie dein Besuch abgelaufen ist, ausser dass dir der fromme Greis diese geweihten Rosen geschenkt hat.

Agathe. Er warnte mich vor einer [mir bevorstehenden] unbekannten, grossen Gefahr. Nun ist seine Warnung in Erfüllung gegangen: das herabstürzende Bild konnte mich tödten.

Aennchen. Gut erklärt! so muss man böse Vorbedeutungen nehmen.

Agathe. Die Rosen sind mir nun doppelt theuer, und ich will ihrer auf das treueste pflegen.

Aennchen. Wie wär's, wenn ich sie in die Nachtfrische vor's Fenster setzte?

Agathe. Thue das, liebes Aennchen.

Aennchen. Aber dann lass uns auch zu Bette gehn.

Agathe. Nicht eher, bis Max da ist.

Aennchen. Hat man nicht seine Noth mit euch Liebesleutchen?

Agnes. (who, while Annie was singing, has begun to trim the dress with ribbon, chimes in at the close). Yes, You the wedding-wreath shall wear!

Annie. That's how I like to hear you talk, Agnes; be gay, as I intend to be when I do wear it.

Agnes. I hope you may; yet, who knows? To judge from my own, a bridal wreath may not be entirely without thorns. But my heart is lighter now; this morning, when I returned from the hermit, I felt a heavy load oppress me.

Annie. How was that? tell me about it. All I know is that the holy man gave you these consecrated roses.

Agnes. He warned me of some great danger that threatened me; and you see his words have been fulfilled, for that picture in falling might have killed me.

Annie. Well interpreted! That is the way to dispose of evil omens!

Agnes. I doubly prize these roses he gave me, and will tend them carefully.

Annie. Shall I put them in the cool night air, outside the window?

Agnes. Do so, dear Annie.

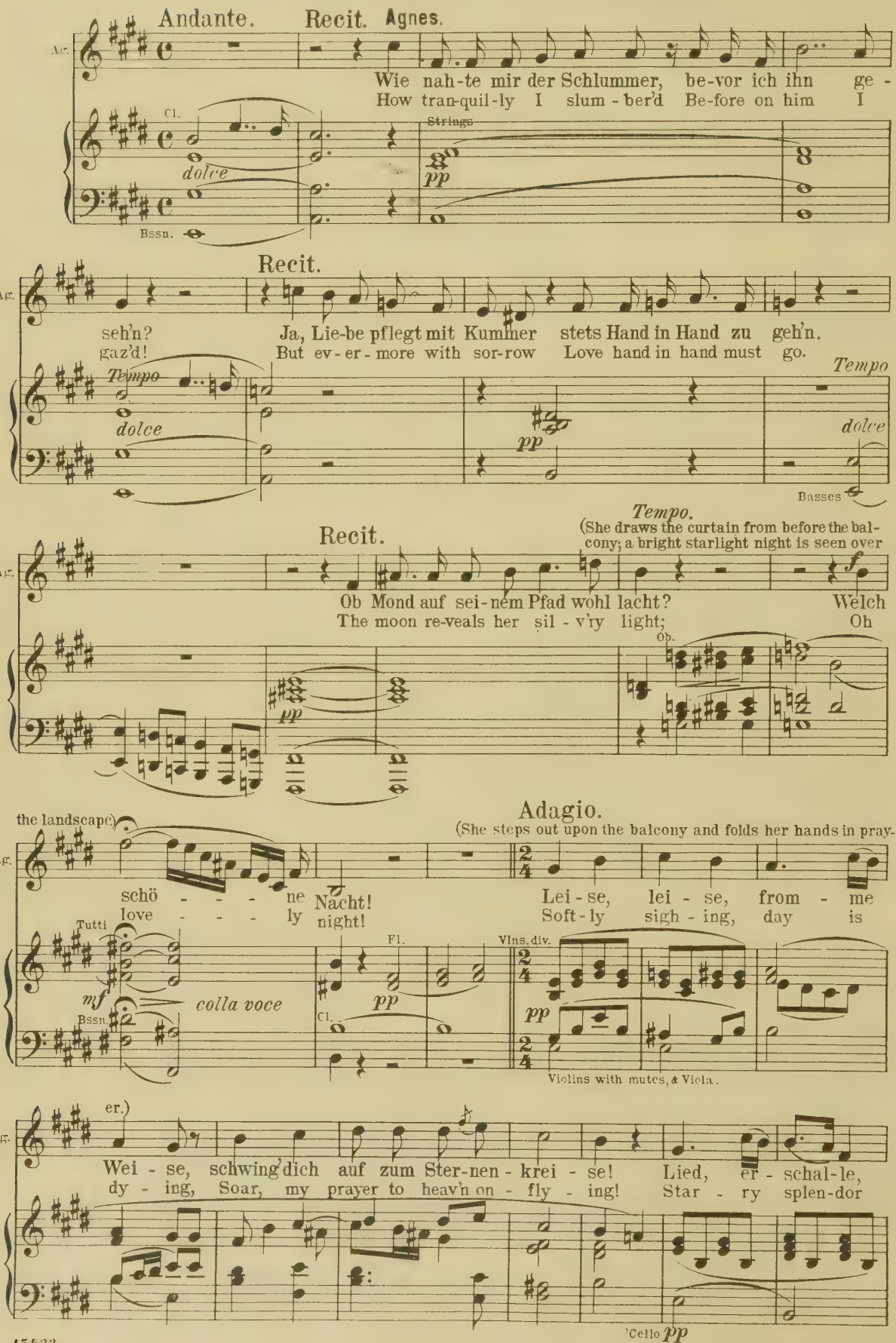
Annie. And then let us go to rest.

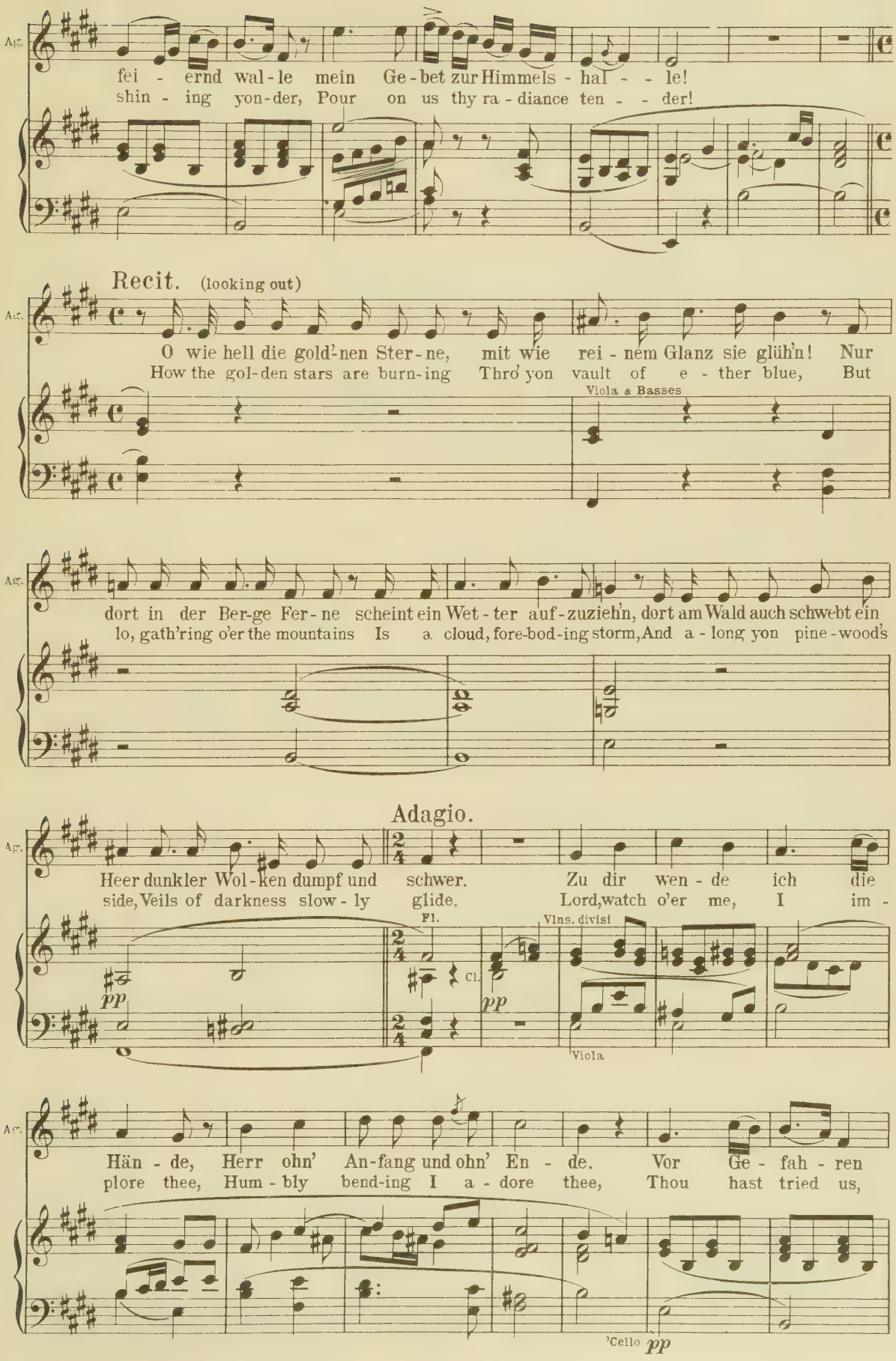
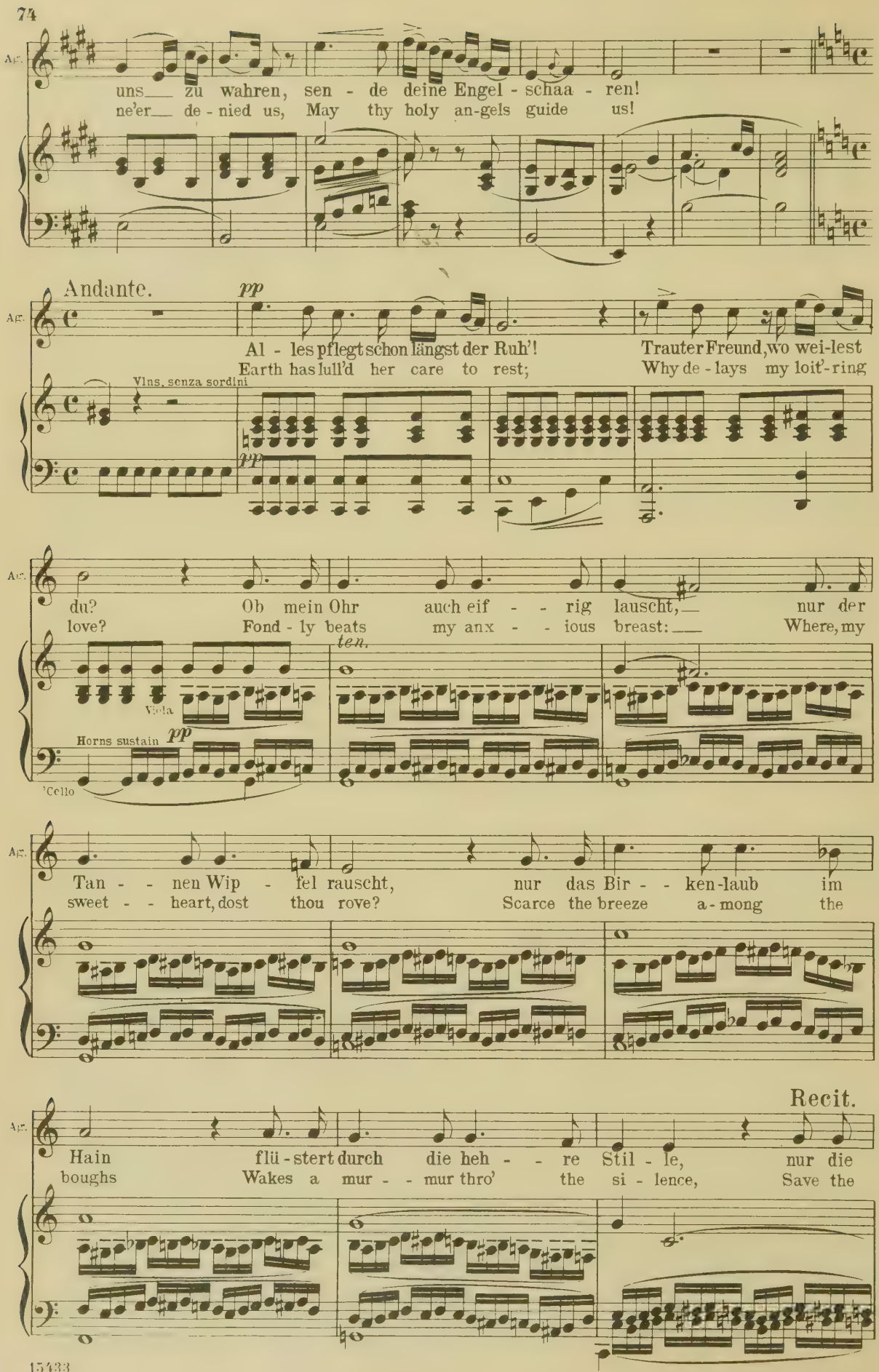
Agnes. Not until I have seen Max.

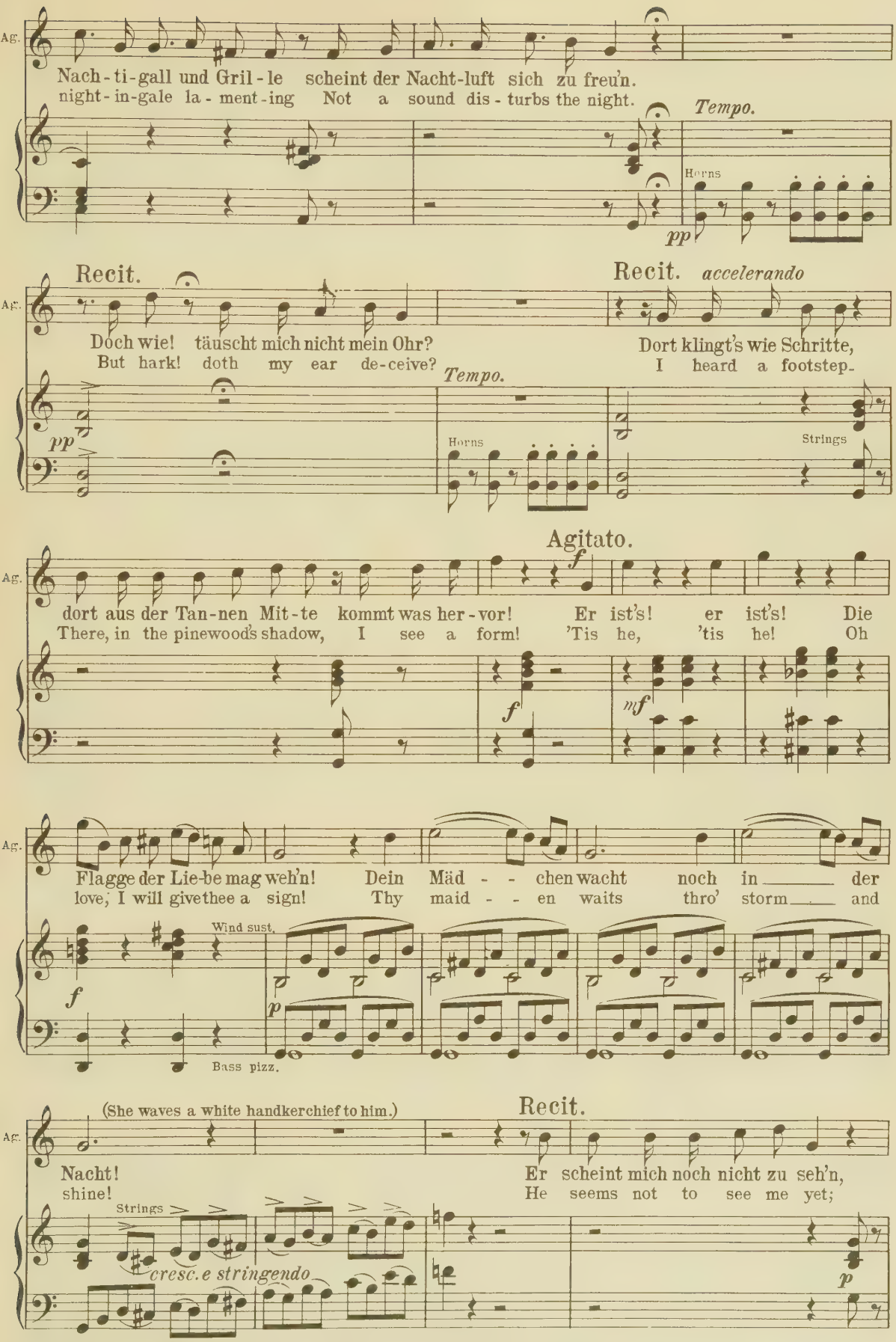
Annie. Oh what troublesome people you lovers are! (Exit, carrying the flowers.)

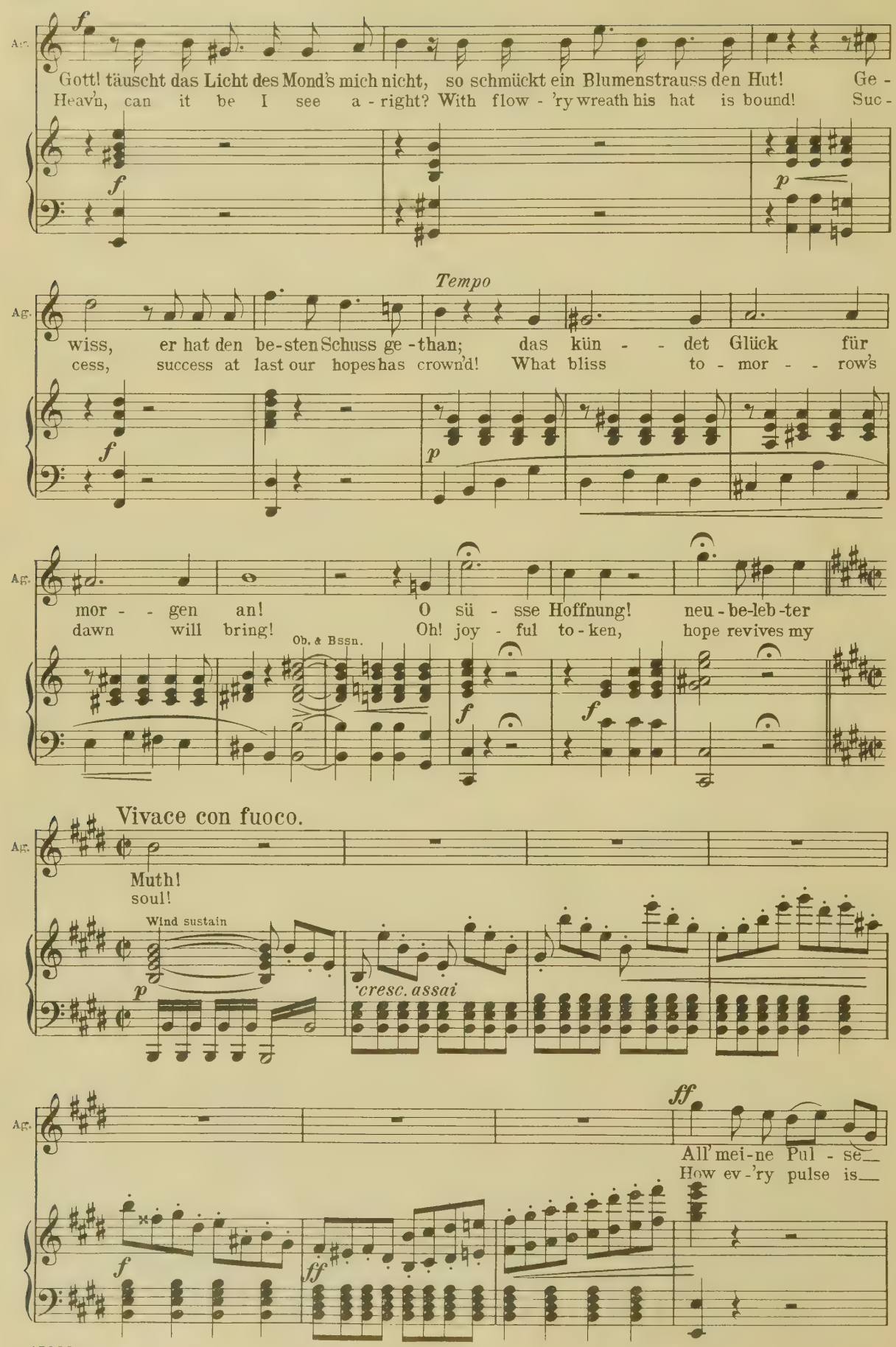
Nº 8. Recit. and Aria. „Leise, leise, fromme Weise."

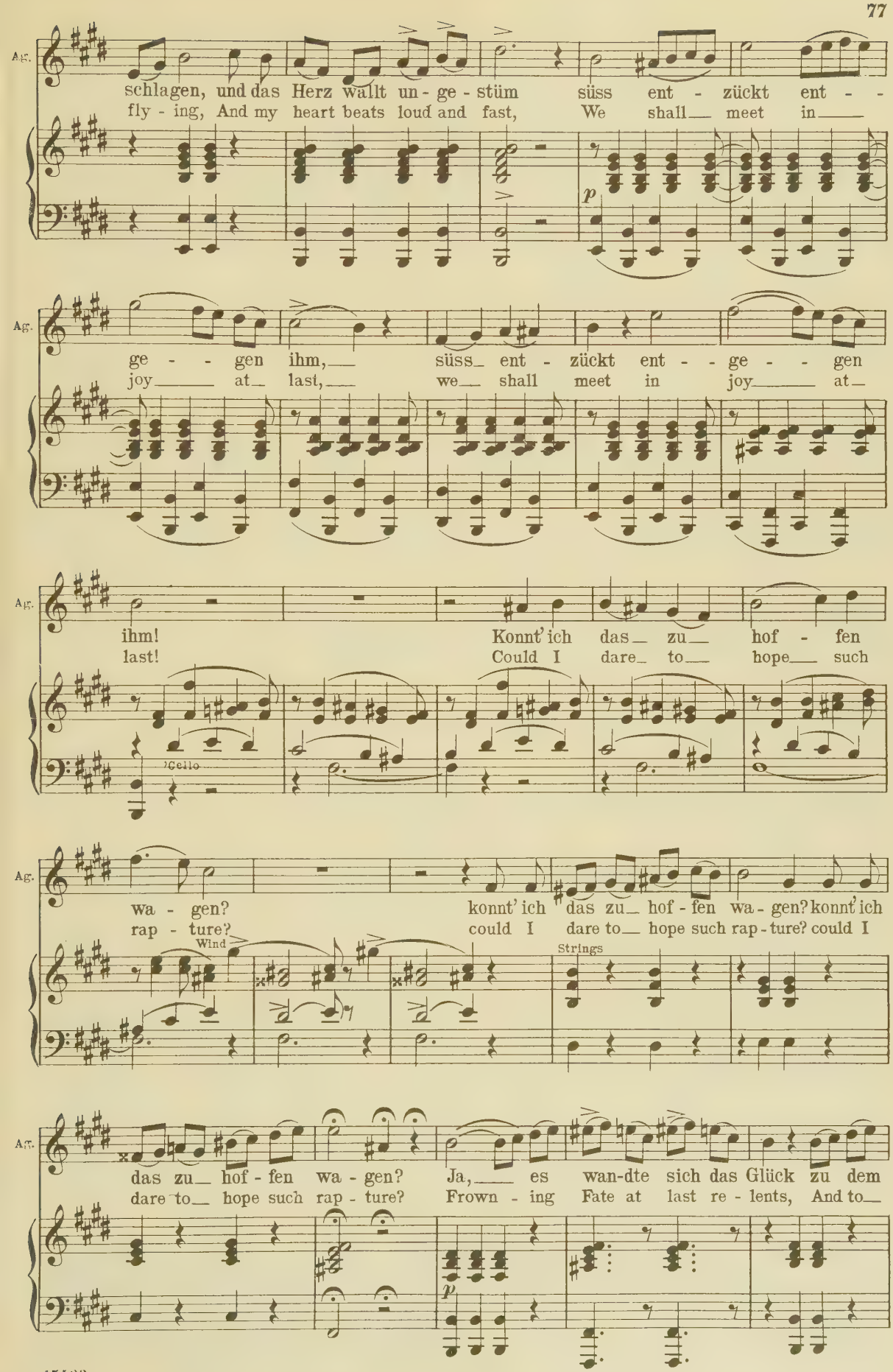
Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets in A, Horns in E & C, Bassoons & Strings.

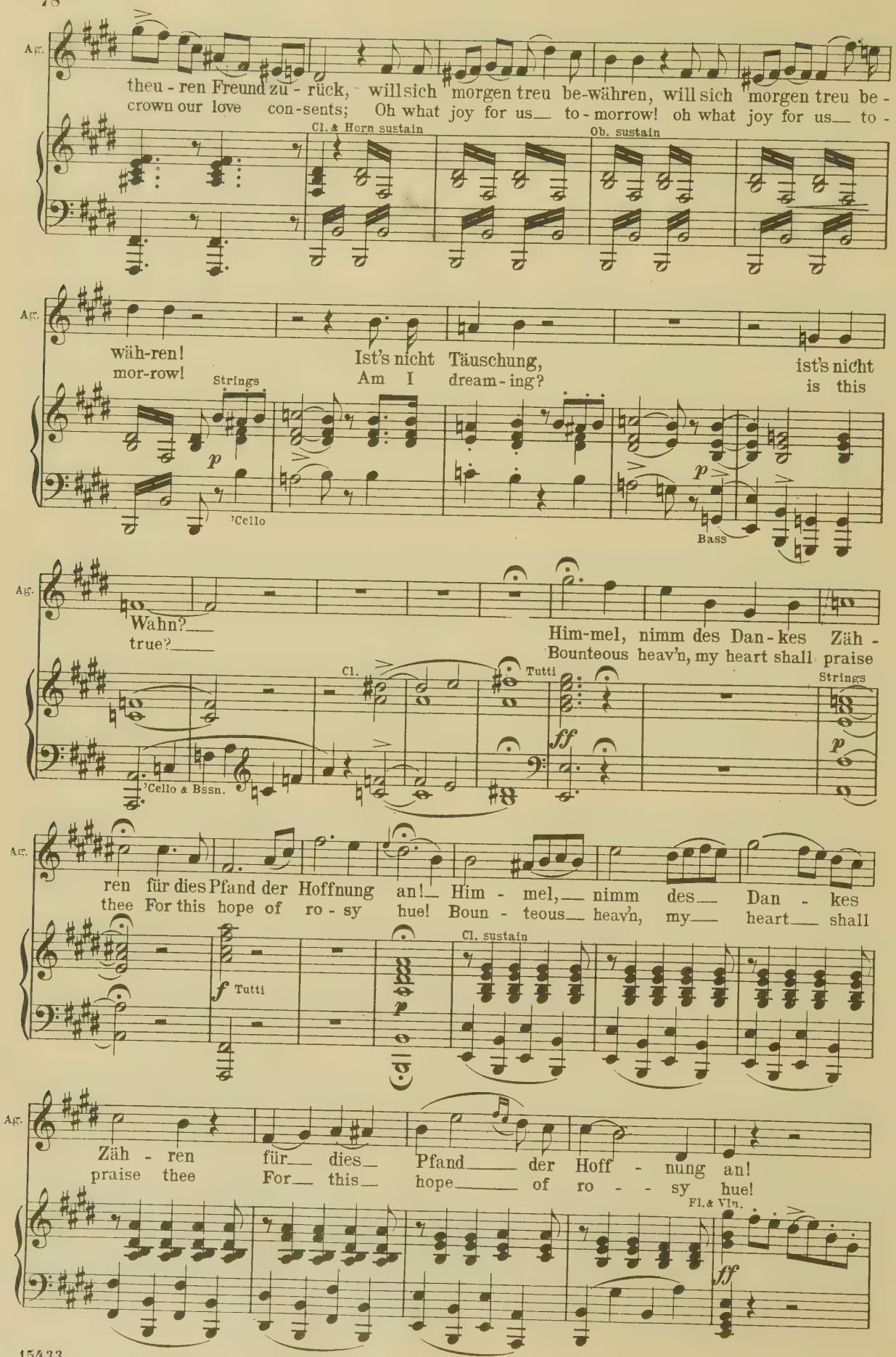
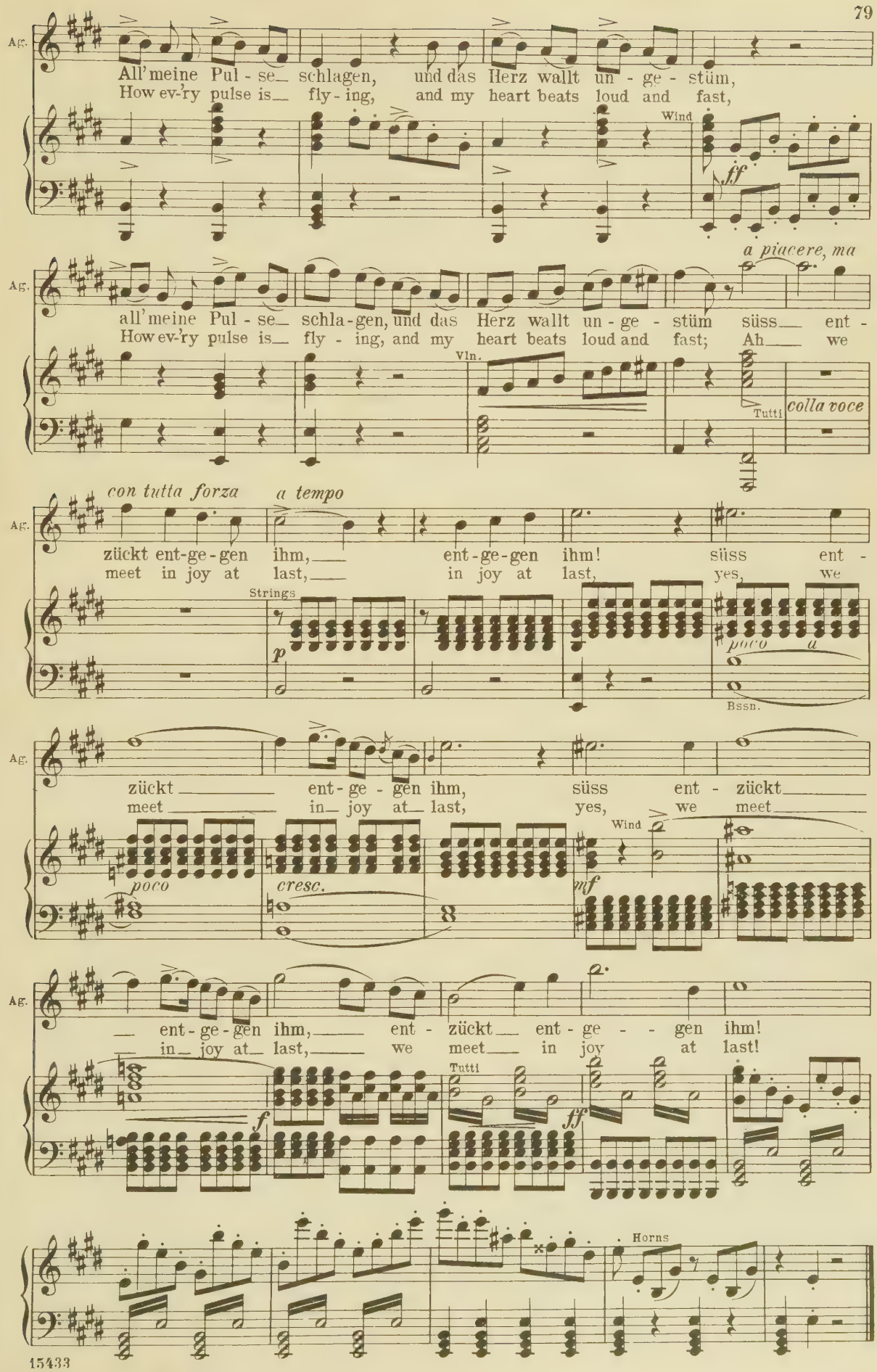



Acc.
fei - ernd wal-le mein Ge-bet zur Himmels - hal - - le!
shin - ing yon-der, Pour on us thy ra-diance ten - - der!
Recit. (looking out)
O wie hell die gold'nen Ster-ne, mit wie rei - nem Glanz sie glüh'n! Nur
How the gol-den stars are burn-ing Thro' yon vault of e - ther blue, But
Viola & Basses
dort in der Ber-ge Fer-ne scheint ein Wet-ter auf-zuzieh'n, dort am Wald auch schwebt ein
lo, gath'ring o'er the mountains Is a cloud, fore-bod-ing storm, And a - long yon pine-wood's
Adagio.
Heer dunkler Wol-ken dumpf und schwer. Zu dir wen - de ich die
side, Veils of darkness slow - ly glide. Lord, watch o'er me, I im -
pp
Fl.
Cl.
pp
Vlns. divisi
Viola
Hän - de, Herr ohn' An-fang und ohn' En - de. Vor Ge - fah - ren
plore thee, Hum - bly bend-ing I a - dore thee, Thou hast tried us,
'Cello pp

Ag.
uns zu wahren, sen - de deine Engel - schaa - ren!
ne'er de - nied us, May thy holy an-gels guide us!
Andante.
pp
Al - les pflegt schon längst der Ruh'!
Earth has lull'd her care to rest;
Trauter Freund, wo wei-lest
Why de - lays my loit'-ring
Vlns, senza sordini
du?
love?
Ob mein Ohr auch eif - - rig lauscht, nur der
Fond - ly beats my anx - - ious breast: Where, my
ten.
Viola
Horns sustain
'Cello
Tan - - nen Wip - fel rauscht, nur das Bir - - ken-laub im
sweet - - heart, dost thou rove? Scarce the breeze a-mong the
Recit.
Hain flü - stert durch die heh - - re Stil - le, nur die
boughs Wakes a mur - - mur thro' the si - lence, Save the


Ag.
Nach-ti-gall und Gril-le scheint der Nacht-luft sich zu freu'n.
night-in-gale la-ment-ing Not a sound dis-turbs the night.
Tempo.
Horns
pp
Recit.
Recit. accelerando
Doch wie! täuscht mich nicht mein Ohr?
But hark! doth my ear de-ceive?
Dort klingt's wie Schritte,
I heard a footstep-
Tempo.
Horns
Strings
Agitato.
dort aus der Tan-nen Mit-te kommt was her-vor!
There, in the pinewood's shadow, I see a form!
Er ist's! er ist's! Die
'Tis he, 'tis he! Oh
Flagge der Lie-be mag weh'n!
love, I will give thee a sign!
Dein Mäd - - chen wacht noch in der
Thy maid - - en waits thro' storm and
Wind sust.
Bass pizz.
(She waves a white handkerchief to him.)
Recit.
Nacht!
shine!
Er scheint mich noch nicht zu seh'n,
He seems not to see me yet;
Strings
cresc.e stringendo


Ag.
f
Gott! täuscht das Licht des Mond's mich nicht, so schmückt ein Blumenstrauss den Hut! Ge-
Heav'n, can it be I see a-right? With flow-'ry wreath his hat is bound! Suc-
f
p
Tempo
wiss, er hat den be-sten Schuss ge-than; das kün-det Glück für
cess, success at last our hopes has crown'd! What bliss to-mor-row's
f
p
mor-gen an! O sü-sse Hoffnung! neu-be-leb-ter
dawn will bring! Oh! joy-ful to-ken, hope revives my
Ob. & Bssn.
f
f
Vivace con fuoco.
Muth!
soul!
Wind sustain
p
cresc. assai
ff
All' mei-ne Pul-se
How ev-'ry pulse is
f
ff


Ag.
schlagen, und das Herz wallt un - ge - stüm süss ent - zückt ent - -
fly - ing, And my heart beats loud and fast, We shall meet in
p
Ag.
ge - - gen ihm, süss ent - zückt ent - - ge - - gen
joy at last, we shall meet in joy at
Ag.
ihm! Konnt' ich das zu hof - fen
last! Could I dare to hope such
Cello
Ag.
wa - gen? konnt' ich das zu hof - fen wa - gen? konnt' ich
rap - ture? could I dare to hope such rap - ture? could I
Wind
Strings
Ag.
das zu hof - fen wa - gen? Ja, es wan-dte sich das Glück zu dem
dare to hope such rap - ture? Frown - ing Fate at last re - lents, And to
p


Ag.
theu - ren Freund zu - rück, will sich morgen treu be-währen, will sich morgen treu be -
crown our love con-sents; Oh what joy for us to - morrow! oh what joy for us to -
Cl. & Horn sustain
Ob. sustain
Ag.
wäh-ren!
mor-row!
Ist's nicht Täuschung,
Am I dream-ing?
ist's nicht
is this
Strings
'Cello
Bass
Ag.
Wahn?
true?
Him-mel, nimm des Dan-kes Zäh -
Bounteous heav'n, my heart shall praise
Cl.
Tutti
Strings
'Cello & Bssn.
Ag.
ren für dies Pfand der Hoffnung an! Him - mel, nimm des Dan - kes
thee For this hope of ro - sy hue! Boun - teous heav'n, my heart shall
Tutti
Cl. sustain
Ag.
Zäh - ren für dies Pfand der Hoff - nung an!
praise thee For this hope of ro - sy hue!
Fl. & Vln.

Ag.
All' meine Pul - se_ schlagen, und das Herz wallt un - ge - stüm,
How ev-'ry pulse is_ fly - ing, and my heart beats loud and fast,
Wind
ff
a piacere, ma
all' meine Pul - se_ schla-gen, und das Herz wallt un - ge - stüm süss_ ent -
How ev-'ry pulse is_ fly - ing, and my heart beats loud and fast; Ah_ we
Vln.
Tutti
colla voce
con tutta forza
a tempo
zückt ent-ge-gen ihm,_ ent-ge-gen ihm! süss ent -
meet in joy at last,_ in joy at last, yes, we
Strings
p
poco a
Bssn.
zückt_ ent-ge-gen ihm, süss ent - zückt_
meet_ in_ joy at_ last, yes, we meet_
poco
cresc.
Wind
mf
_ ent-ge-gen ihm,_ ent - zückt_ ent-ge - - gen ihm!
_ in_ joy at_ last,_ we meet_ in joy at last!
f
Tutti
ff
Horns

(Enter Max hastily and much perturbed; soon afterwards re-enter Annie.)

Agathe. Bist du endlich da, lieber Max?

Max. [O,] meine Agathe! (Sie umarmen sich. Agathe tritt still zurück, als sie statt des gehofften Strausses den Federbusch erblickt.) Verzeiht, wenn ihr meinetwegen aufgeblieben seid. Leider komm' ich nur auf wenige Augenblicke.

Agathe. Du willst doch nicht wieder fort? Es sind Gewitter im Anzuge.

Max. Ich muss! (Wirft den Hut auf den Tisch, dass das Lämpchen ausgelöscht wird.)

Ännchen. [Gut, dass der Mond scheint, sonst sässen wir im Finstern.] (Brennt das Lämpchen wieder an.) Wir sind ja recht lebhaft! Vermuthlich getanzt?

Max. Ja, ja! Vermuthlich.

Agathe (furchtsam, mit allen Zeichen getäuschter Hoffnung). Du scheinst übel gelaunt. Wieder unglücklich gewesen?

Max. Nein nein! Im Gegentheile –

Agathe. Nicht? Gewiss nicht?

Ännchen (zu Max). Was hast du gewonnen? Wenn's ein Band ist, Vetter, musst du m i r es schenken. Bitte, bitte! Agathe hat schon Bänderkram genug von dir.

Agathe. Was hast du getroffen, Max? Heute ist mir's von Wichtigkeit.

Max (verlegen). Ich habe – ich war gar nicht beim Sternenschiessen.

Agathe. Und sagst doch, du seist glücklich gewesen?

Max. Ja doch! Wunderbar, unglaublich glücklich! Sieh'! Den grössten Raubvogel hab' ich aus den Wolken geholt. (Zeigt ihr den Federbusch auf dem Hut mit solcher Heftigkeit, dass sie entsetzt zurückfährt.)

Agathe. Sei doch nicht so hastig! Du fährst mir in die Augen.

Max. Vergib'! aber was ist das? Du bist verwundet, deine Locken sind blutig, um aller Heiligen willen, was ist dir begegnet?

Agathe. Nichts, so viel als nichts, es heilt noch vor dem Brautgang! (Sich sanft an ihn schmiegend.) Du sollst dich darum deines Bräutchens nicht schämen.

Max. Aber so sagt doch nur –

Ännchen. Das Bild dort fiel herunter.

Max. Dort der Urvater Cuno?

Agnes. Oh Max! You here, at last!

Max. My Agnes! (They embrace. Agnes draws back silently on perceiving, instead of the hoped-for nosegay, the eagle's feathers.) Forgive me, if you had to stay up on my account. And now I can stay but a few moments.

Agnes. You are surely not going out again? A thunderstorm is coming on.

Max. I must! (Throws his hat on the table, extinguishing the lamp.)

Annie. [It is well that the moon is shining; we should be sitting in the dark, else.] (Relights the lamp.) How lively we are! Been dancing, most likely!

Max. Yes, yes! Most likely.

Agnes (timidly, with evident disappointment). You seem to be out of humor. Have you had more ill-luck?

Max. No no! On the contrary –

Agnes. No? Surely not?

Annie (to Max). What did you win? If it was a ribbon, Cousin, you must give it to *me*. Do, pray do! Agnes has had ribbons and things enough from you.

Agnes. What did you hit, Max! To-day it's of importance to me.

Max (embarrassed). I was – I did not go to the target-shooting at all.

Agnes. And yet you say, you had luck?

Max. Yes, indeed! Astonishing, incredible luck! See! I shot the great eagle on the wing, in the clouds. (Thrusting forward the plumed hat with such vehemence that she starts back, affrighted.)

Agnes. Don't be so hasty! You almost put my eyes out!

Max. Forgive me! – but what is that? You are hurt, there is blood on your hair; – by all the saints, what has happened to you?

Agnes. Nothing, a mere nothing! it will heal before our wedding! (Clinging to him caressingly.) That need not make you ashamed of your little bride.

Max. But do tell me –

Annie. That picture there fell down.

Max. What, great-great-grandfather Cuno?

[**Agathe.** Wie bist du? Es ist sonst kein Bild hier.]

Max. Der wackere, gottesfürchtige Cuno?

Ännchen. Halb und halb war Agathe selbst schuld. Wer hiess ihr auch schon nach sieben Uhr immer ans Fenster zu laufen? Da liess sich doch kaum erwarten, dass du schon heim kämest.

Max. [Seltsam, wunderbar seltsam!] Um sieben Uhr?

Ännchen. Du hörst's ja, die Thurmuhr drüben im Dorfe hatte kaum ausgeschlagen.

Max. Seltsam! (Für sich.) [Schrecklich!] Um diese Zeit schoss ich den Bergadler.

Agathe. Du sprichst mit dir selbst! Was hast du?

Max Nichts! nichts auf der Welt!

Agathe. Bist du unzufrieden mit mir?

Max (mit steigender Verlegenheit). Nein,— wie könnt' ich? Ja denn! Ich bringe dir eine Bürgschaft meines wiederkehrenden Glückes.— Sie hat mir viel gekostet, und du— du freuest dich nicht einmal darüber. Ist das auch Liebe?

Agathe. Sei nicht so ungerecht, Max! Noch konnt' ich nicht recht zur Freude kommen, noch weiss ich ja nicht — so grosse Raubvögel, wie ich diesen mir denken muss, haben immer etwas Furchtbares.

Ännchen. Das dächt' ich nicht, mir sehen sie recht stattlich aus.

Agathe (zu Max). O steh' nicht so in dich gekehrt! Ich liebe dich ja so innig! Solltest du morgen nicht glücklich sein, solltest du mir, ich dir entrissen werden— o gewiss, der Gram würde mich tödten.

Max. Drum— eben darum muss ich wieder fort.

Agathe. Aber was treibt dich?

Max. Ich habe— ich bin noch einmal glücklich gewesen.

Agathe. Noch einmal?

Max (ohne Agathe ansehen zu können). Ja doch, ja! Ich habe in der Dämmerung einen Sechszehnender geschossen, der muss noch hereingeschafft werden, sonst stehlen ihn des Nachts die Bauern.

Agathe. Wo liegt der Hirsch?

Max. Ziemlich weit— im tiefen Walde— bei der Wolfsschlucht.

[**Agnes.** What is the matter? There is no other picture here.]

Max. The honest, God-fearing Cuno?

Annie. It was partly Agnes' own fault. Who told her to run to the window just after seven? We could hardly expect you home so early.

Max. [Strange, how very strange!] Just after seven?

Annie. As I tell you! The village clock had barely struck.

Max. Strange! (Aside.) [Fearful!] 'Twas then I shot the eagle.

Agnes. You are talking to yourself! What is the matter?

Max. Nothing, nothing whatever!

Agnes. Are you displeased with me?

Max (with increasing embarrassment). No— why should I be? But see! Here I bring you a token of returning good-fortune;— it cost me *dear,* and you— you are not even pleased with it. Is that your love?

Agnes. Do not be unjust, Max! [I have hardly had a chance to feel glad;— and] I do not know yet— there is always something fearful to me about such great birds of prey, as this must have been.

Annie. Not to me— I think they look grand!

Agnes (to Max). Oh do not stand there brooding so! I love you so dearly! If you have ill-luck to-morrow— if you are torn from me, and I from you— oh, I should surely die of grief!

Max. That— that is the very reason I must go out again.

Agnes. But what compels you?

Max. I have— I had another stroke of good-luck.

Agnes. Another?

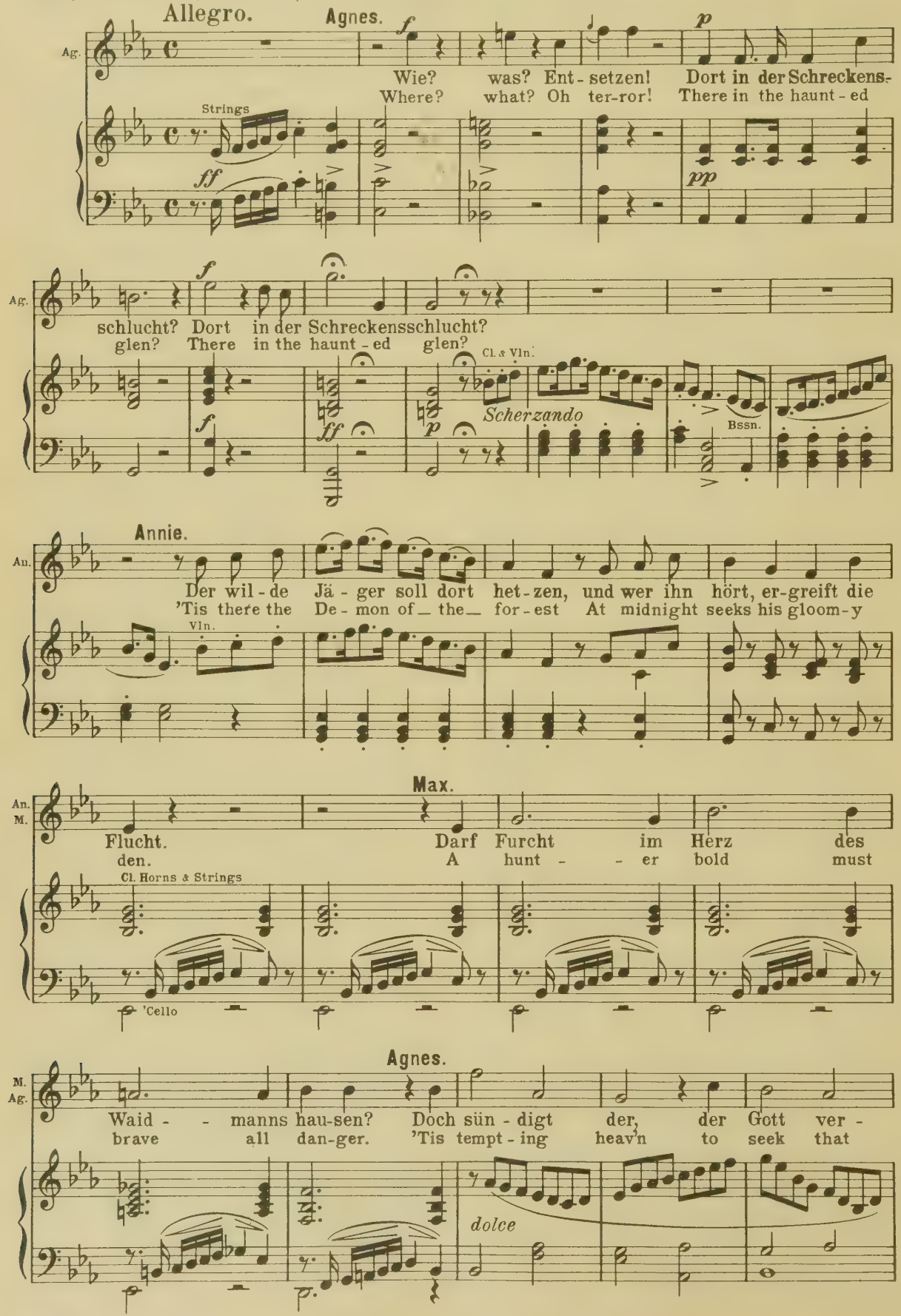
Max (unable to look at Agnes). Yes, another! I shot a stag of eight, at dusk, and he must be brought in, or the peasants will steal him.

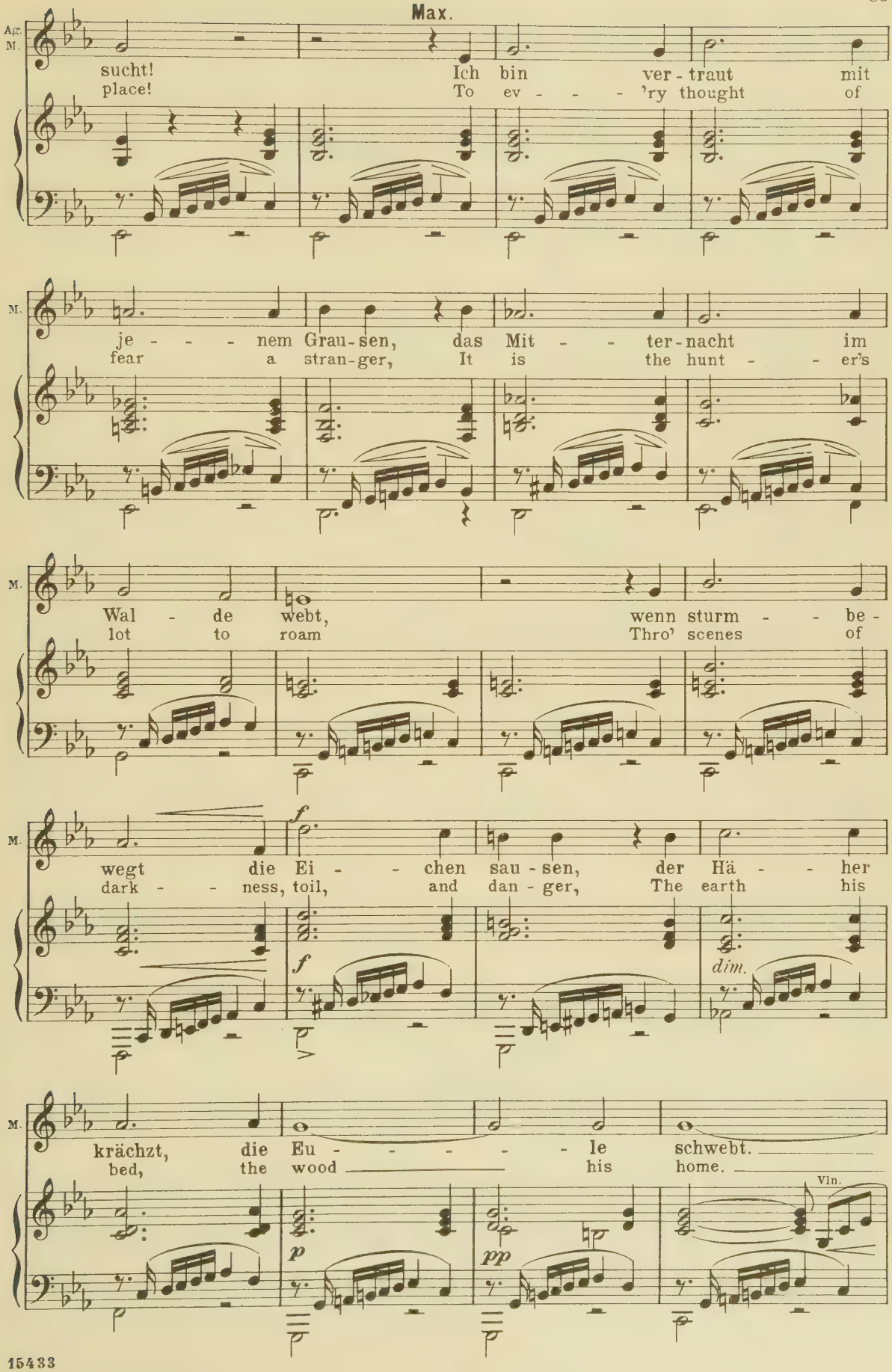
Agnes. Where did he fall?

Max. Quite far away— in the midst of the forest— near the Wolf's Glen.

№ 9. Trio. „Wie? was? Entsetzen!“

Flutes, Clarinets in B♭, Horns in E♭, Bassoons & Strings.


Allegro.
Agnes.
Ag.
Wie? was? Ent - setzen! Dort in der Schreckens-
Where? what? Oh ter-ror! There in the haunt - ed
Strings
schlucht? Dort in der Schreckensschlucht?
glen? There in the haunt - ed glen?
Cl. & Vln.
Scherzando
Bssn.
Annie.
An.
Der wil - de Jä - ger soll dort het-zen, und wer ihn hört, er-greift die
'Tis there the De - mon of the for - est At midnight seeks his gloom - y
Vln.
Max.
An.
M.
Flucht.
den.
Darf Furcht im Herz des
A hunt - er bold must
Cl. Horns & Strings
'Cello
Agnes.
M.
Ag.
Waid - manns hau-sen? Doch sün - digt der, der Gott ver -
brave all dan-ger. 'Tis tempt - ing heav'n to seek that
dolce


Max.
Ag. M.
sucht! Ich bin ver - traut mit
place! To ev - - - 'ry thought of
M.
je - - - nem Grau - sen, das Mit - - ter - nacht im
fear a stran - ger, It is the hunt - - er's
M.
Wal - de webt, wenn sturm - - be -
lot to roam Thro' scenes of
M.
wegt die Ei - - chen sau - sen, der Hä - - her
dark - - ness, toil, and dan - ger, The earth his
f
f
dim.
M.
krächzt, die Eu - - - - - le schwebt.
bed, the wood his home.
Vln.
p
pp

(Max takes up his hat, pouch, and rifle.)

Agnes.

Mir ist so bang', o —
Oh, do not go, my —

Bssn.

cresc.

f

blei - be, o ei - le — nicht so schnell! Mir ist so bang', o — bleibe, o ei - le
heart bids me ask thee stay, oh stay, — oh do not go, my love, — awhile de -

p

Horn sustains

Strings only

nicht so schnell! o ei - le, ei - le, — ei - le nicht, mir ist so bang'!
lay, my love, awhile de - lay, — oh — stay, my love, a-while de - lay!

Cl. & Bssn.

Mir ist so bang', o — blei - be, o ei - le
Oh do not go, my — heart bids me ask thee

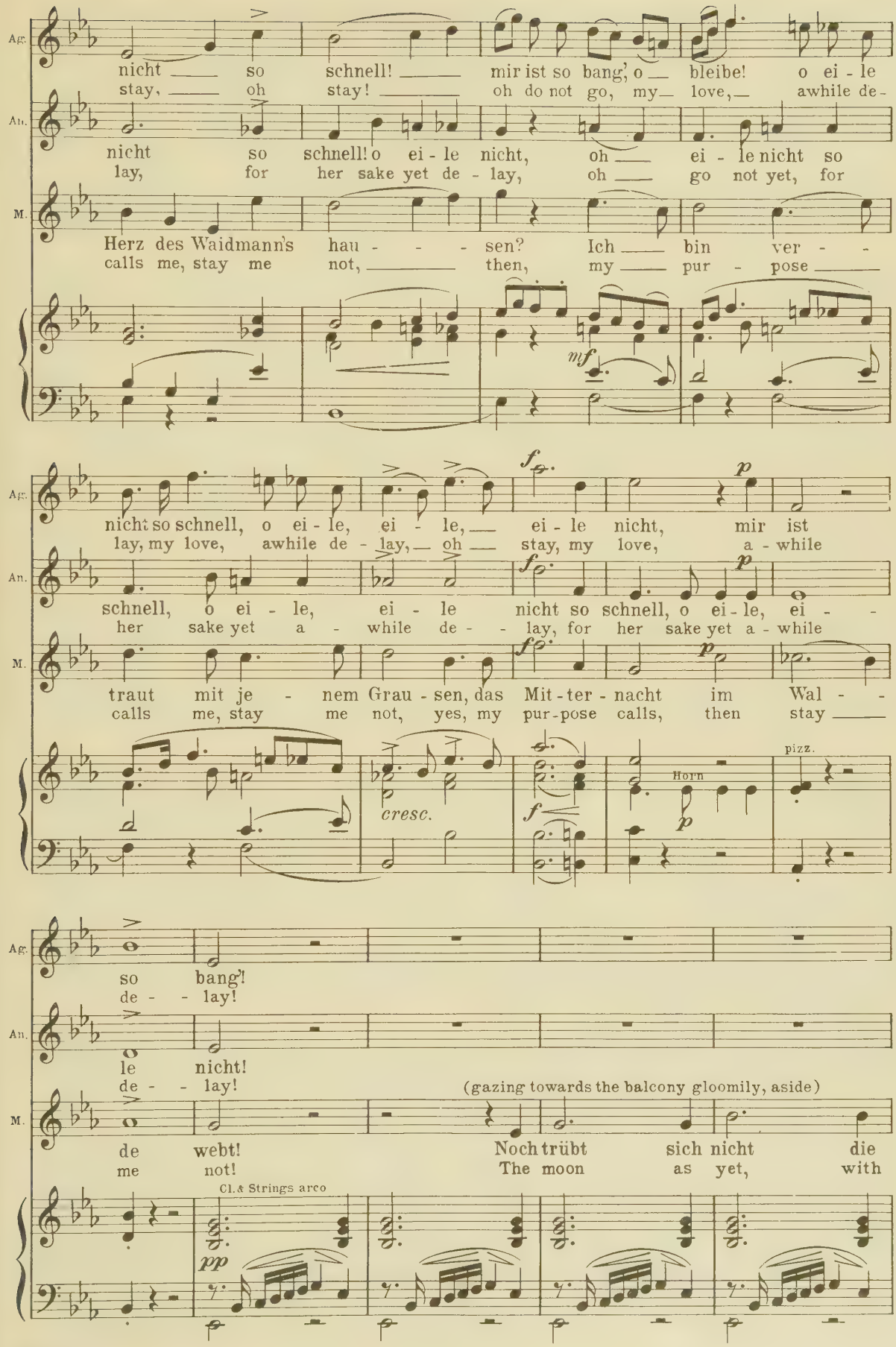
Annie.

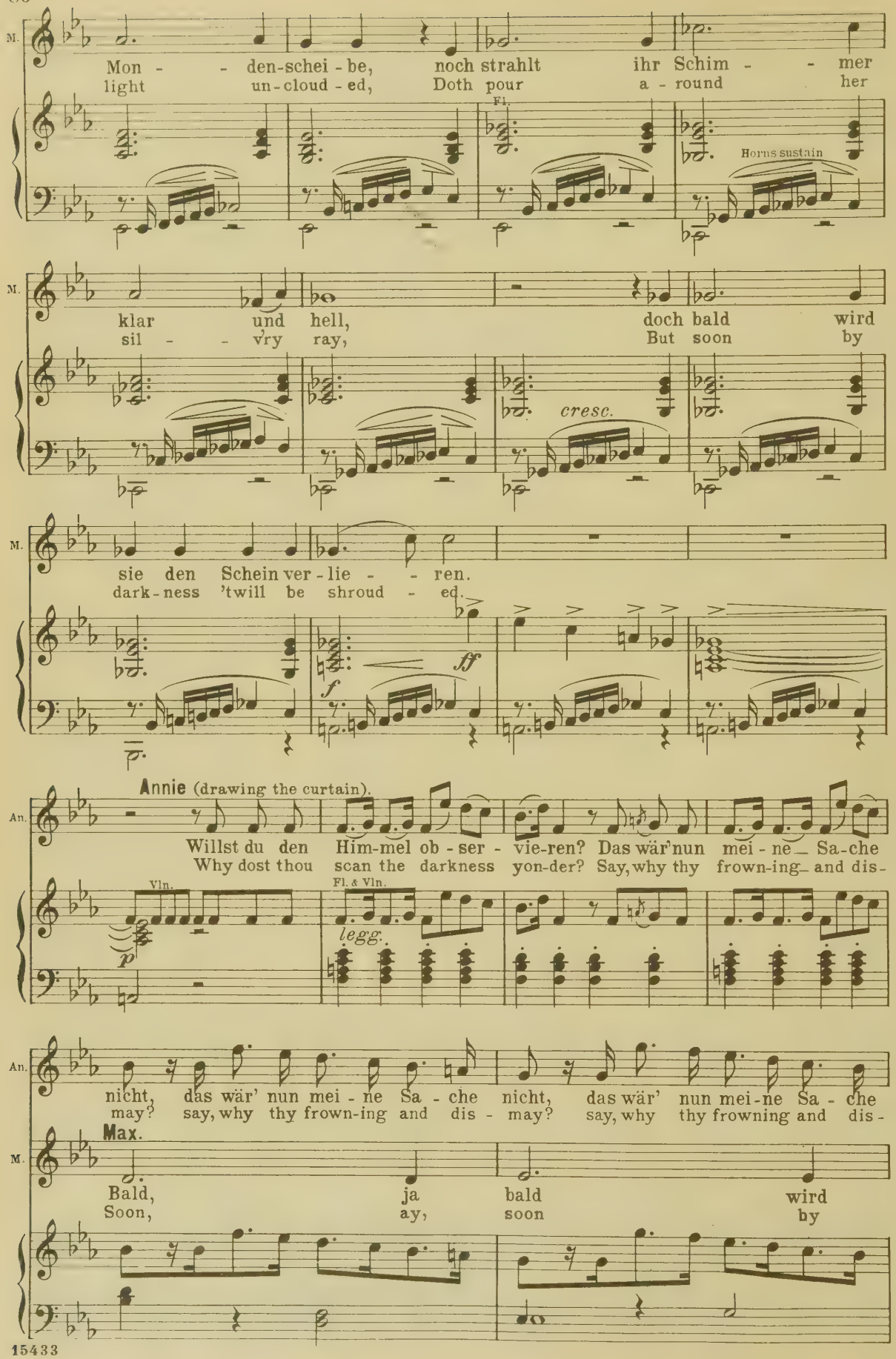
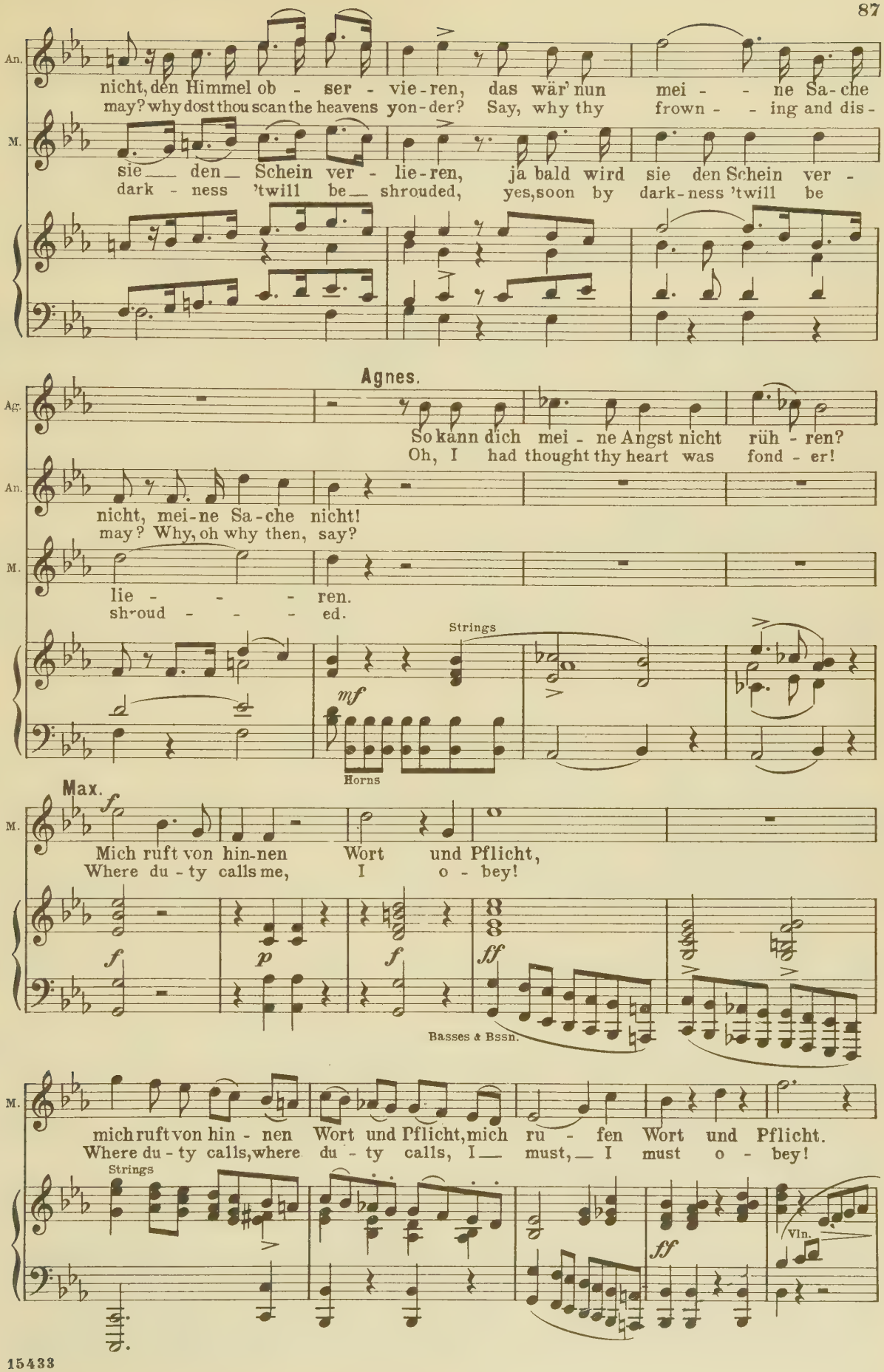
Ihr ist so bang', o — ei - le, o ei - le — nicht so — schnell! o — ei - le, — ei - le
Oh do not go, her heart bids her ask thee stay, oh — do — not — go, a - while de -

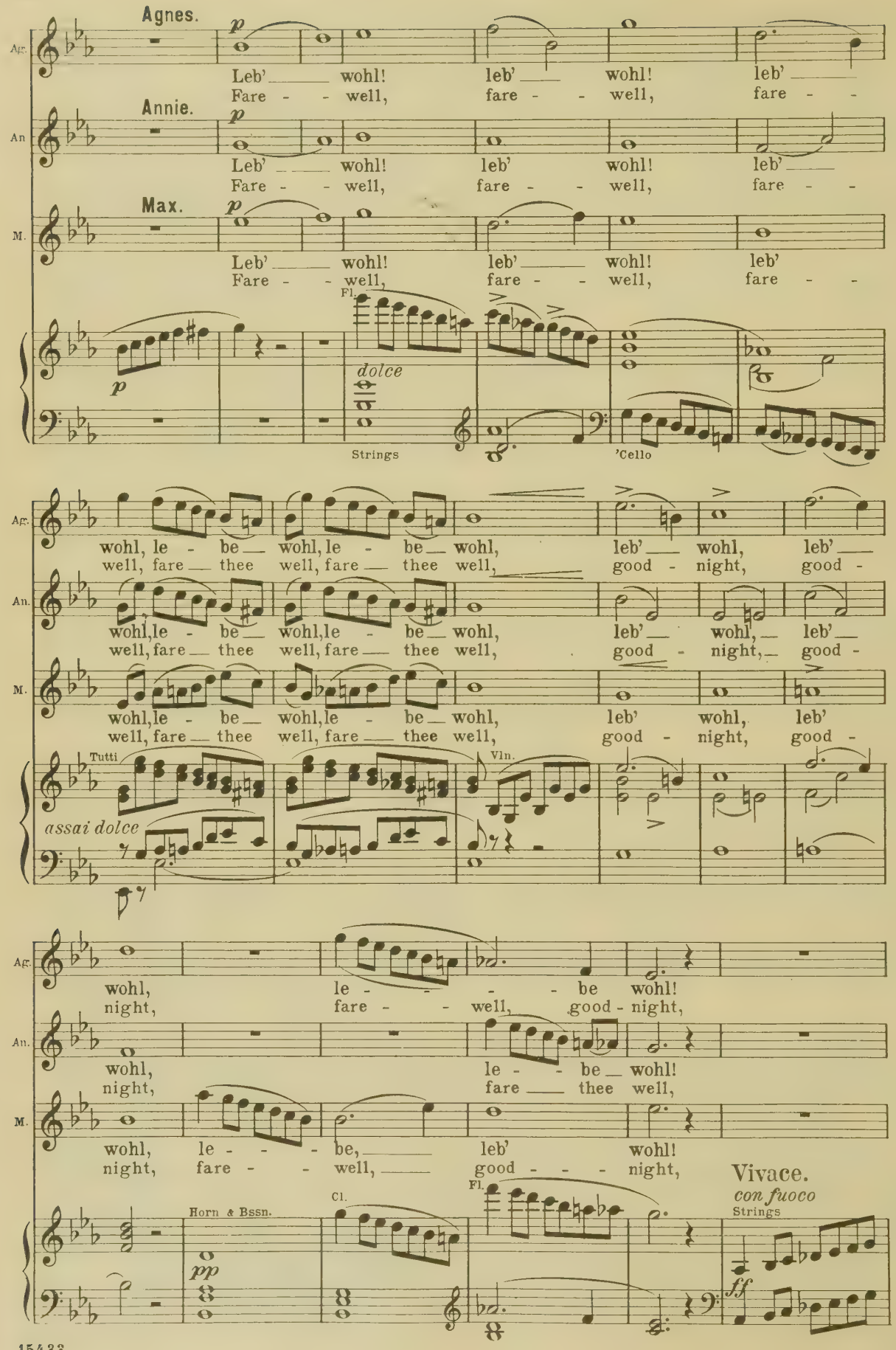
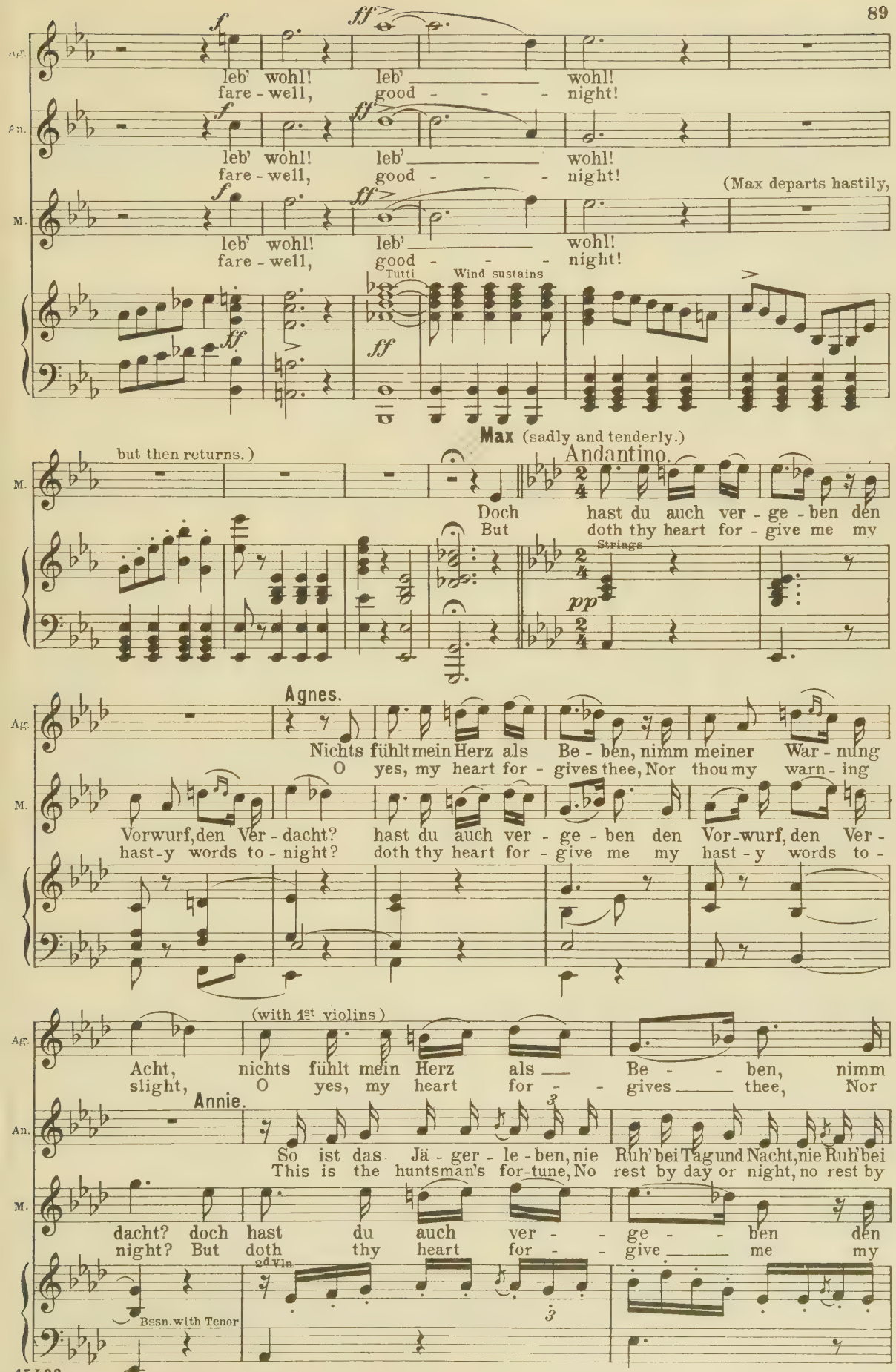
Max.

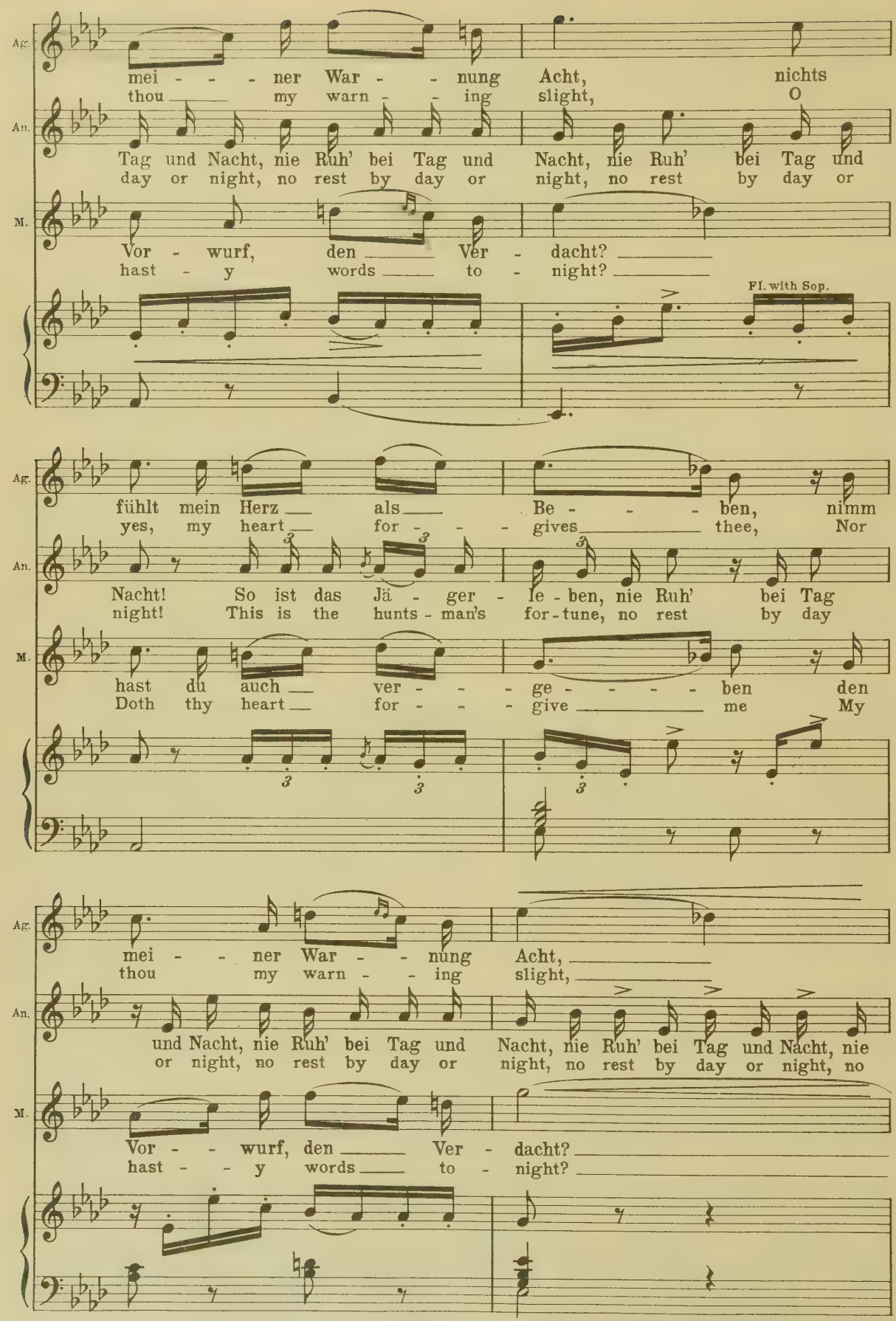
Darf — Furcht — im
My — pur - - pose

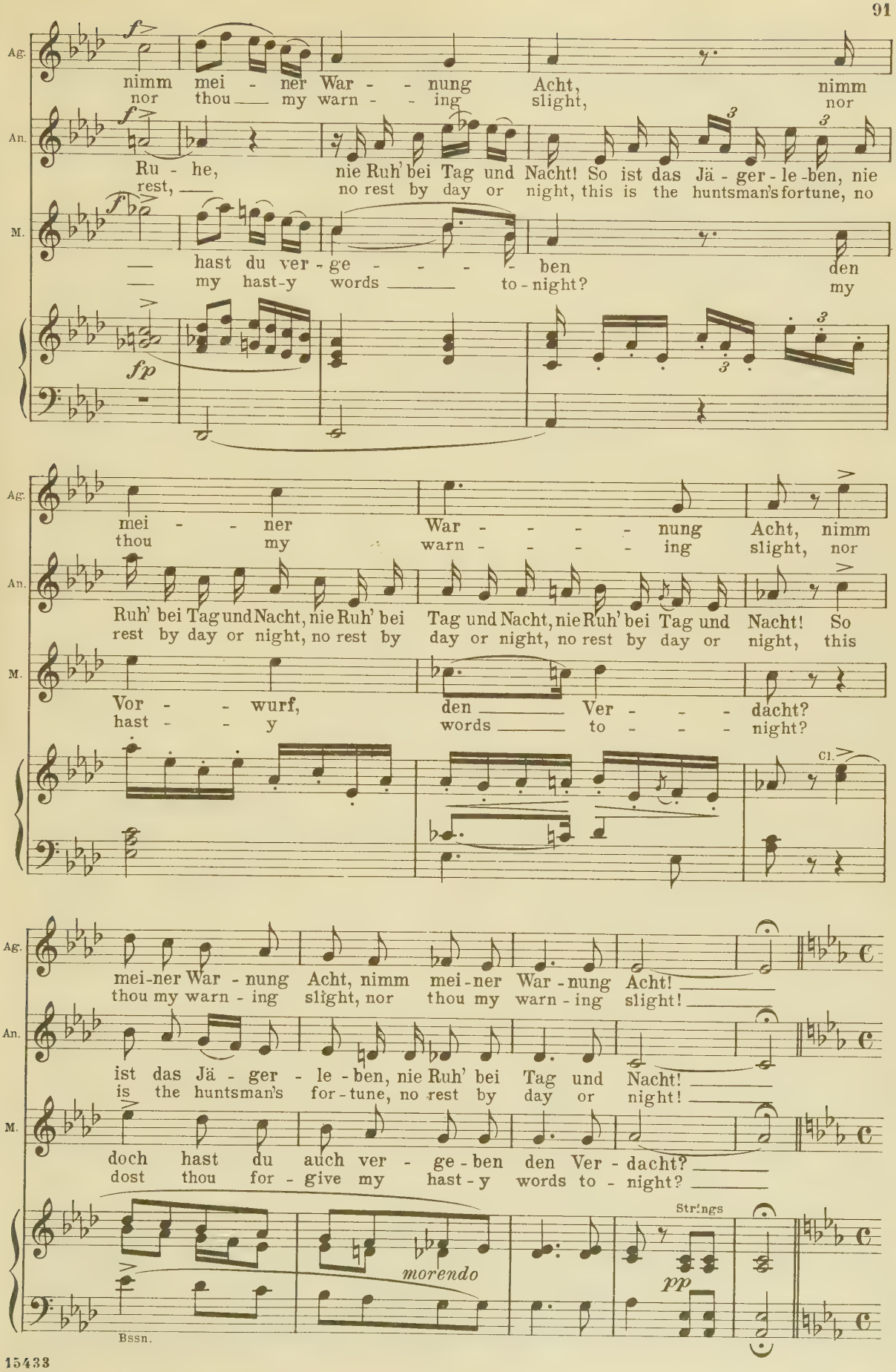
Vln.

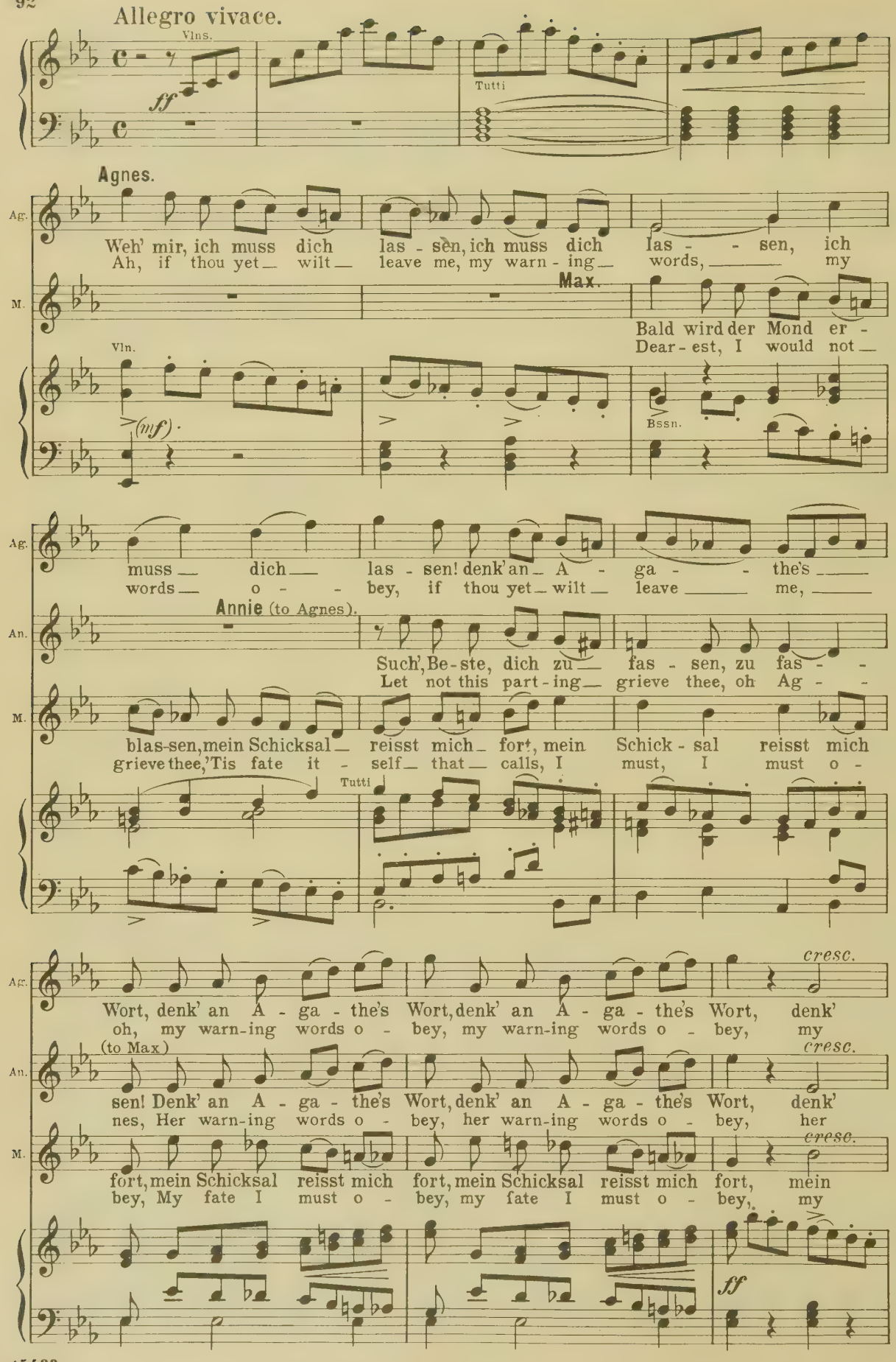
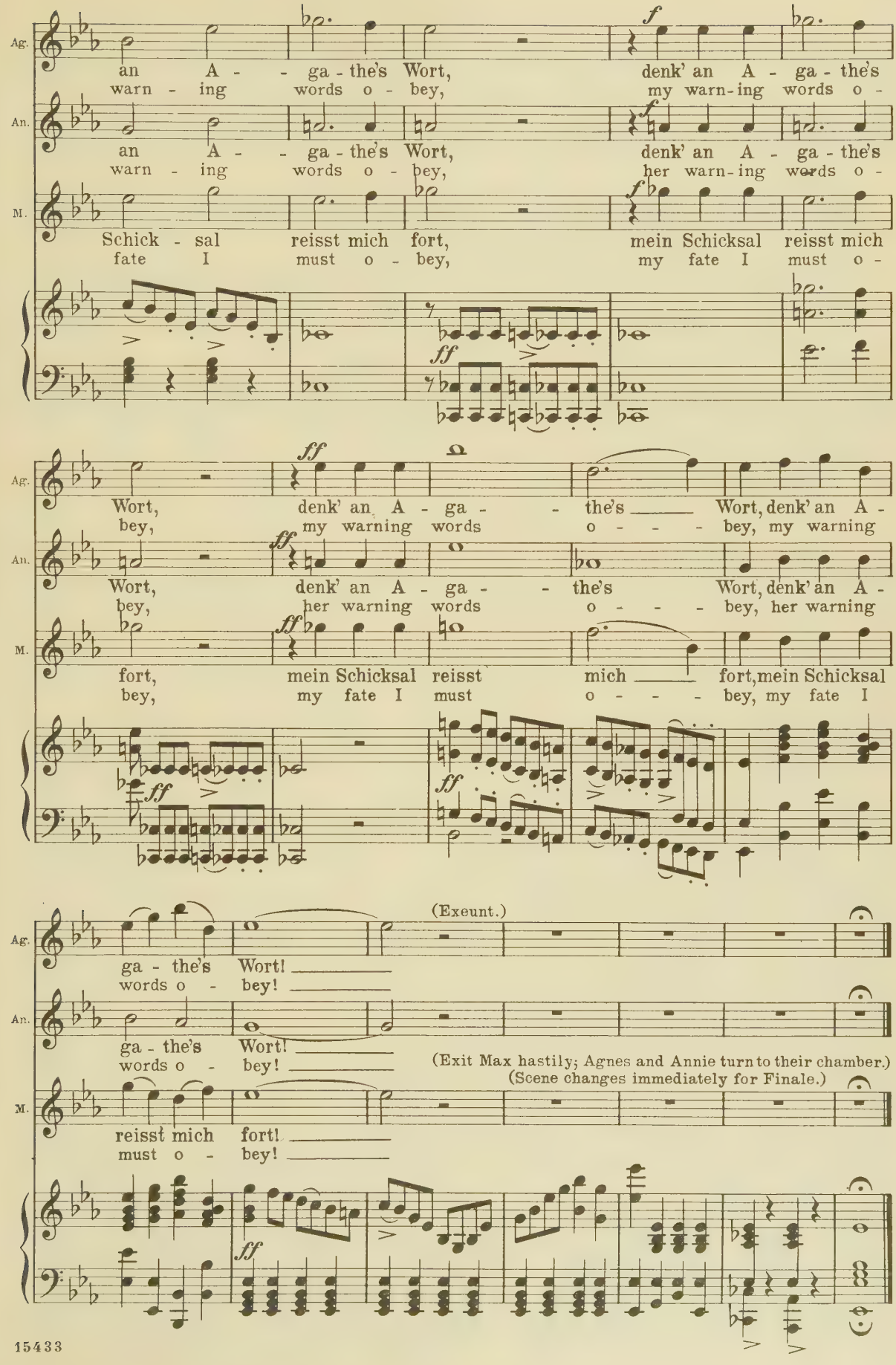
Cl.

Ag.
An.
M.
nicht so schnell! mir ist so bang, o bleibe! o ei - le
stay, oh stay! oh do not go, my love, awhile de -
nicht so schnell! o ei - le nicht, oh ei - le nicht so
lay, for her sake yet de - lay, oh go not yet, for
Herz des Waidmann's hau - - - sen? Ich bin ver - -
calls me, stay me not, then, my pur - pose
mf
nicht so schnell, o ei - le, ei - le, ei - le nicht, mir ist
lay, my love, awhile de - lay, oh stay, my love, a - while
schnell, o ei - le, ei - le nicht so schnell, o ei - le, ei - -
her sake yet a - while de - lay, for her sake yet a - while
traut mit je - nem Grau - sen, das Mit - ter - nacht im Wal - -
calls me, stay me not, yes, my pur-pose calls, then stay
cresc.
Horn
pizz.
so bang!
de - lay!
le nicht!
de - lay!
(gazing towards the balcony gloomily, aside)
de webt! Noch trübt sich nicht die
me not! The moon as yet, with
Cl. & Strings arco
pp


M.
Mon - - den-schei - be, noch strahlt ihr Schim - - mer
light un-cloud - ed, Doth pour a - round her
Fl.
Horns sustain
M.
klar und hell, doch bald wird
sil - - v'ry ray, But soon by
cresc.
M.
sie den Schein ver-lie - - ren.
dark-ness 'twill be shroud - ed.
ff
f
An.
Annie (drawing the curtain).
Willst du den Him-mel ob-ser - vie-ren? Das wär'nun mei - ne Sa-che
Why dost thou scan the darkness yon-der? Say, why thy frown-ing and dis-
Vln.
p
Fl. & Vln.
legg.
An.
nicht, das wär' nun mei - ne Sa - che nicht, das wär' nun mei-ne Sa - che
may? say, why thy frown-ing and dis - may? say, why thy frowning and dis-
Max.
M.
Bald, ja bald wird
Soon, ay, soon by

An.
nicht, den Himmel ob - ser - vie-ren, das wär' nun mei - - ne Sa-che
may? why dost thou scan the heavens yon-der? Say, why thy frown - - ing and dis-
M.
sie — den — Schein ver - lie-ren, ja bald wird sie den Schein ver -
dark - ness 'twill be — shrouded, yes, soon by dark-ness 'twill be
Agnes.
Ag.
So kann dich mei - ne Angst nicht rüh - ren?
Oh, I had thought thy heart was fond - er!
An.
nicht, mei-ne Sa-che nicht!
may? Why, oh why then, say?
M.
lie - - - - ren.
shroud - - - - ed.
Strings
mf
Horns
Max.
M.
Mich ruft von hin-nen Wort und Pflicht,
Where du - ty calls me, I o - bey!
f
p
f
ff
Basses & Bssn.
M.
mich ruft von hin - nen Wort und Pflicht, mich ru - fen Wort und Pflicht.
Where du - ty calls, where du - ty calls, I — must, — I must o - bey!
Strings
ff
Vln.


Agnes.
Annie.
Max.
Leb' wohl! leb' wohl! leb'
Fare - well, fare - well, fare -
Fl.
dolce
Strings
'Cello
wohl, le - be wohl, le - be wohl, leb' wohl, leb'
well, fare thee well, fare thee well, good - night, good -
Tutti
Vln.
assai dolce
wohl, le - - - be wohl!
night, fare - well, good - night,
Horn & Bssn.
Cl.
Fl.
Vivace.
con fuoco
Strings

leb' wohl! leb' wohl!
fare-well, good night!
(Max departs hastily,
Tutti
Wind sustains
but then returns.)
Max (sadly and tenderly.)
Andantino.
Doch hast du auch ver-ge-ben den
But doth thy heart for-give me my
Strings
Agnes.
Nichts fühlt mein Herz als Be-ben, nimm meiner War-nung
O yes, my heart for-gives thee, Nor thou my warn-ing
Vorwurf, den Ver-dacht? hast du auch ver-ge-ben den Vor-wurf, den Ver-
hast-y words to-night? doth thy heart for-give me my hast-y words to-
(with 1st violins)
Acht, nichts fühlt mein Herz als Be-ben, nimm
slight, O yes, my heart for-gives thee, Nor
Annie.
So ist das Jä-ger-le-ben, nie Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht, nie Ruh' bei
This is the huntsman's for-tune, No rest by day or night, no rest by
dacht? doch hast du auch ver-ge-ben den
night? But doth thy heart for-give me my
2d Vln.
Bssn. with Tenor


Ag.
An.
M.
mei - - - ner War - - nung Acht, nichts
thou my warn - - ing slight, O
Tag und Nacht, nie Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht, nie Ruh' bei Tag und
day or night, no rest by day or night, no rest by day or
Vor - wurf, den Ver - dacht?
hast - y words to - night?
Fl. with Sop.
fühlt mein Herz als Be - - - ben, nimm
yes, my heart for - - - gives thee, Nor
Nacht! So ist das Jä - ger - le - ben, nie Ruh' bei Tag
night! This is the hunts - man's for - tune, no rest by day
hast du auch ver - - - ge - - - - ben den
Doth thy heart for - - - give me My
mei - - ner War - - nung Acht,
thou my warn - - ing slight,
und Nacht, nie Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht, nie Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht, nie
or night, no rest by day or night, no rest by day or night, no
Vor - - wurf, den Ver - dacht?
hast - - y words to - night?

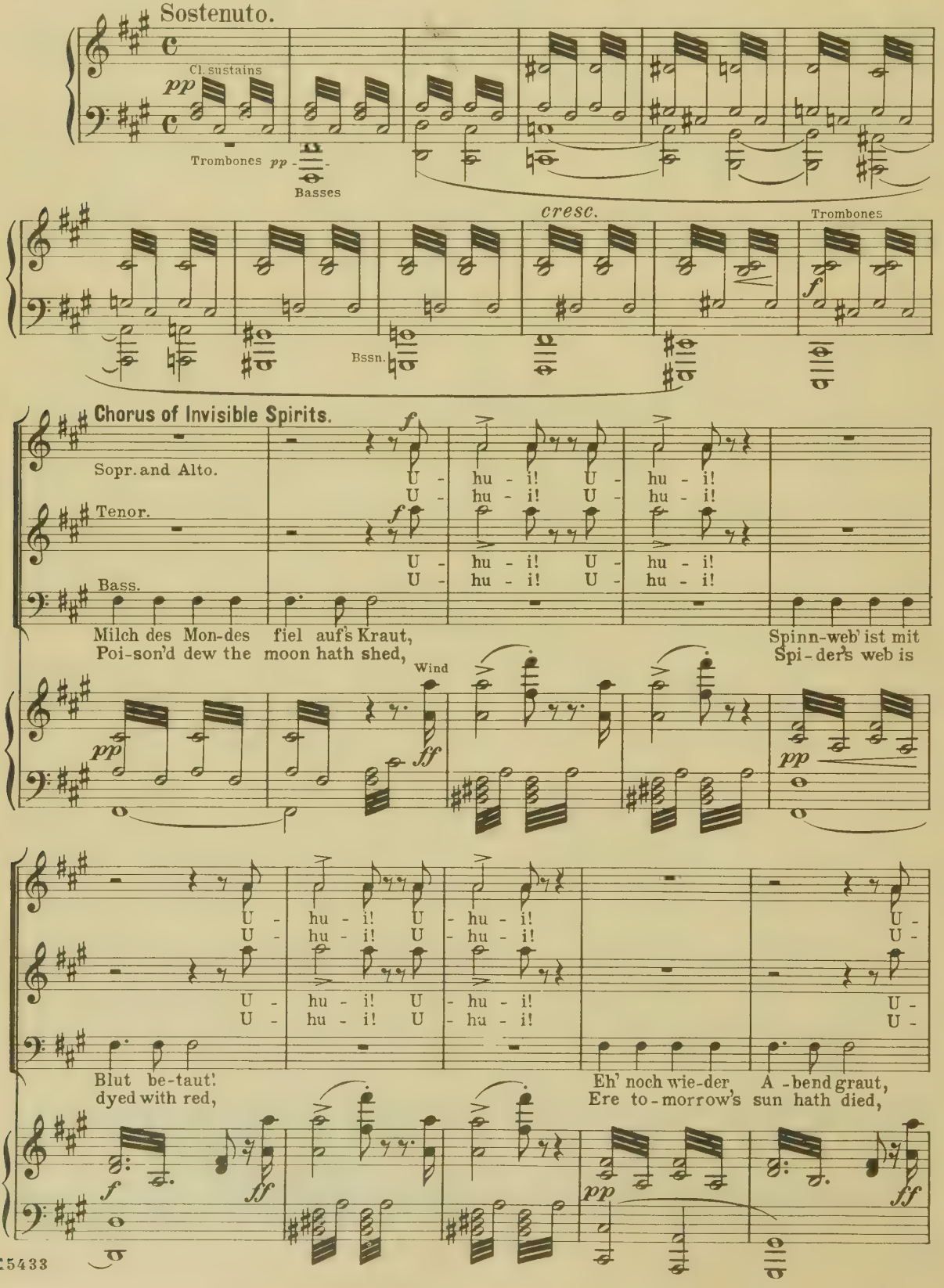
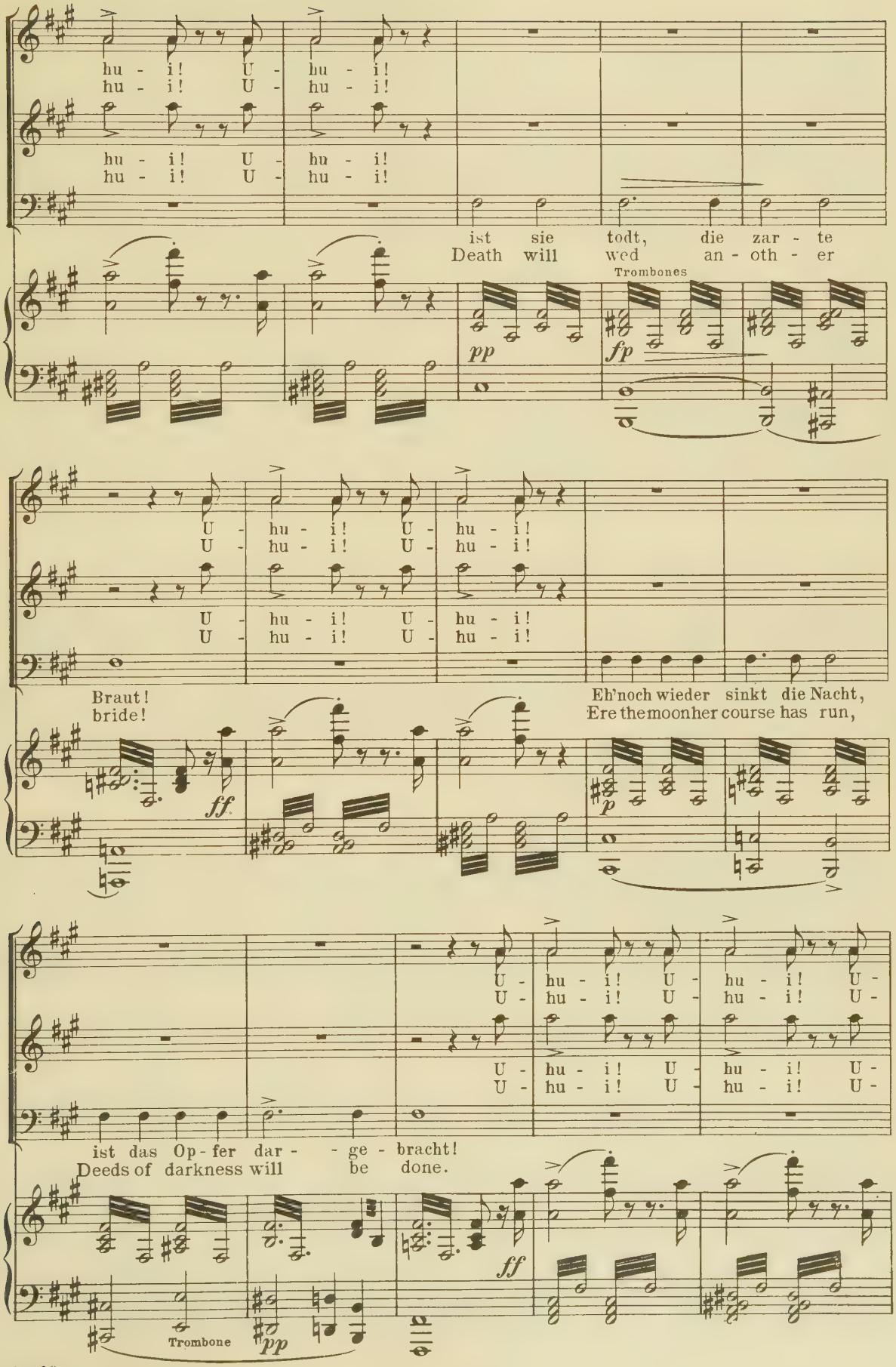

Ag.
An.
M.
nimm mei - ner War - - nung Acht, nimm
nor thou my warn - - ing slight, nor
Ru - he, nie Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht! So ist das Jä - ger - le - ben, nie
rest, no rest by day or night, this is the huntsman's fortune, no
hast du ver - ge - - - - ben den
my hast-y words to - night? my
fp
mei - - ner War - - - - nung Acht, nimm
thou my warn - - - - ing slight, nor
Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht, nie Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht, nie Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht! So
rest by day or night, no rest by day or night, no rest by day or night, this
Vor - - wurf, den Ver - - - dacht?
hast - - y words to - - - night?
Cl.
mei-ner War - nung Acht, nimm mei-ner War - nung Acht!
thou my warn - ing slight, nor thou my warn - ing slight!
ist das Jä - ger - le - ben, nie Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht!
is the huntsman's for - tune, no rest by day or night!
doch hast du auch ver - ge - ben den Ver - dacht?
dost thou for - give my hast - y words to - night?
Strings
morendo
pp
Bssn.


Allegro vivace.
Vlns.
ff
Tutti
Agnes.
Ag.
Weh' mir, ich muss dich las - sen, ich muss dich las - - sen, ich
Ah, if thou yet wilt leave me, my warn - ing words, my
M.
Max.
Bald wird der Mond er -
Dear - est, I would not
Vln.
(mf)
Bssn.
muss dich las - sen! denk' an A - ga - the's
words o - bey, if thou yet wilt leave me,
An.
Annie (to Agnes).
Such', Be - ste, dich zu fas - sen, zu fas - -
Let not this part - ing grieve thee, oh Ag - -
blas-sen, mein Schicksal reisst mich fort, mein Schick - sal reisst mich
grieve thee, 'Tis fate it - self that calls, I must, I must o -
Tutti
cresc.
Wort, denk' an A - ga - the's Wort, denk' an A - ga - the's Wort, denk'
oh, my warn-ing words o - bey, my warn-ing words o - bey, my
(to Max)
sen! Denk' an A - ga - the's Wort, denk' an A - ga - the's Wort, denk'
nes, Her warn-ing words o - bey, her warn-ing words o - bey, her
fort, mein Schicksal reisst mich fort, mein Schicksal reisst mich fort, mein
bey, My fate I must o - bey, my fate I must o - bey, my
ff

Ag.
an A - ga - the's Wort,
warn - ing words o - bey,
denk' an A - ga - the's
my warn-ing words o -
An.
an A - ga - the's Wort,
warn - ing words o - bey,
denk' an A - ga - the's
her warn-ing words o -
M.
Schick - sal reisst mich fort,
fate I must o - bey,
mein Schicksal reisst mich
my fate I must o -
Wort, denk' an A - ga - the's Wort, denk' an A -
bey, my warning words o - - - bey, my warning
Wort, denk' an A - ga - the's Wort, denk' an A -
bey, her warning words o - - - bey, her warning
fort, mein Schicksal reisst mich fort, mein Schicksal
bey, my fate I must o - - - bey, my fate I
(Exeunt.)
ga - the's Wort!
words o - bey!
ga - the's Wort!
words o - bey!
(Exit Max hastily; Agnes and Annie turn to their chamber.)
(Scene changes immediately for Finale.)
reisst mich fort!
must o - bey!

Nº 10. Finale I. „Uhui! Uhui!"

(The Wolf's Glen.)

Flutes & Piccolo, Oboes, Clarinets in A, Bassoons, Horns in D & in C, Trumpets in C, 3 Trombones, Kettledrums & Strings.

A weird, craggy glen, surrounded by high mountains, down the side of one of which falls a cascade. To the left a blasted tree, on the knotty branch of which an owl is sitting. To the right a steep path by which Max comes; below it a great cave. The moon throws a lurid light over all. A few battered pine-trees are scattered here and there. Caspar, in shirt-sleeves, is making a circle of black stones; a skull is in the centre; near by a ladle, a bullet-mould, and an eagle's wing. A thunderstorm is coming on.

hu - i! U - hu - i!
hu - i! U - hu - i!
ist sie todt, die zar - te
Death will wed an - oth - er
Trombones
pp
fp
U - hu - i! U - hu - i!
Braut!
bride!
ff
Eh'noch wieder sinkt die Nacht,
Ere themoonher course has run,
p
ist das Op - fer dar - - ge - bracht!
Deeds of darkness will be done.
Trombone
pp
ff

(A clock in the distance strikes twelve. The circle being finished, Caspar draws his hanger, and at the twelfth stroke strikes it violently into the skull.)

hu - i!
hu - i!

(Caspar raises his hanger, with the skull upon it, aloft, turns round three times and calls:)

hu - i!
hu - i!

Caspar. (gesprochen) Samiel! Samiel! erschein'!
(spoken) Zamiel, Zamiel, appear!

pp *ff*

(He replaces the hanger and skull in the centre of the circle.)

Bei des Zaub'rers Hirngebein! Samiel! Samiel! erschein'!
By the enchanter's skull, oh hear, Zamiel, Zamiel, appear!

Ob., Cl. & Strings

pp

K.-dr. Basses pizz.

Basses arco, & Bssn.

Zamiel (appears from a rock).
(gesprochen) Was rufst du mich?
(spoken) Why call you me?

(Caspar prostrates himself before him.)

Agitato.

Violas

ff *p*

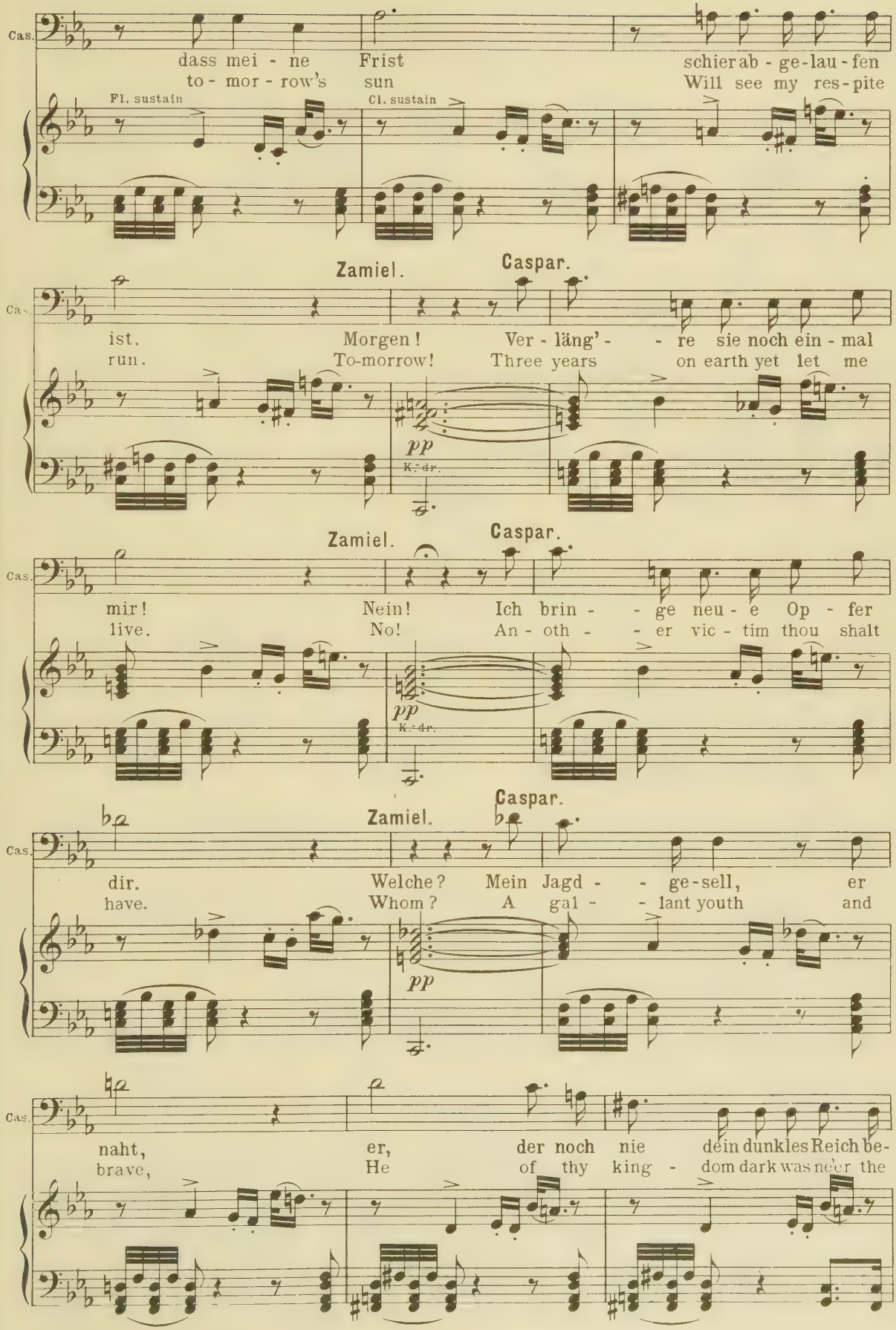
Trombones

Caspar (grovelling).

Du weisst,
Thou know'st,

Vln.

Horn

'Cello pizz.

Cas.
dass mei - ne Frist schier ab - ge-lau - fen
to - mor - row's sun Will see my res - pite
Fl. sustain
Cl. sustain
Zamiel.
Caspar.
ist. Morgen! Ver - läng' - - re sie noch ein - mal
run. To-morrow! Three years on earth yet let me
pp
K. dr.
mir! Nein! Ich brin - - ge neu - e Op - fer
live. No! An - oth - - er vic - tim thou shalt
dir. Welche? Mein Jagd - - ge-sell, er
have. Whom? A gal - - lant youth and
naht, er, der noch nie dein dunkles Reich be-
brave, He of thy king - dom dark was ne'er the

Zamiel. Caspar.

Cas.

trat. Was sein Begehr? Frei - - - - ku - geln
slave. What doth he seek? Naught doth he

pp f

Zamiel.

sind's, auf die er Hoff - nung baut. Sech - se
ask but bul - lets thou shalt guide. Six shall

Ob., Cl. sustain

mp

Caspar.

tref - fen, Sie-ben äf-fen! Die Sie - ben - te sei dein! aus
make him, Seven forsake him! The sev'nth shall be for thee, and

Trombones

f

arco

sei - - nem Rohr lenk' sie nach seiner Braut!
slay his bride! Dark spir-its of the hour,

p

pizz.

arco

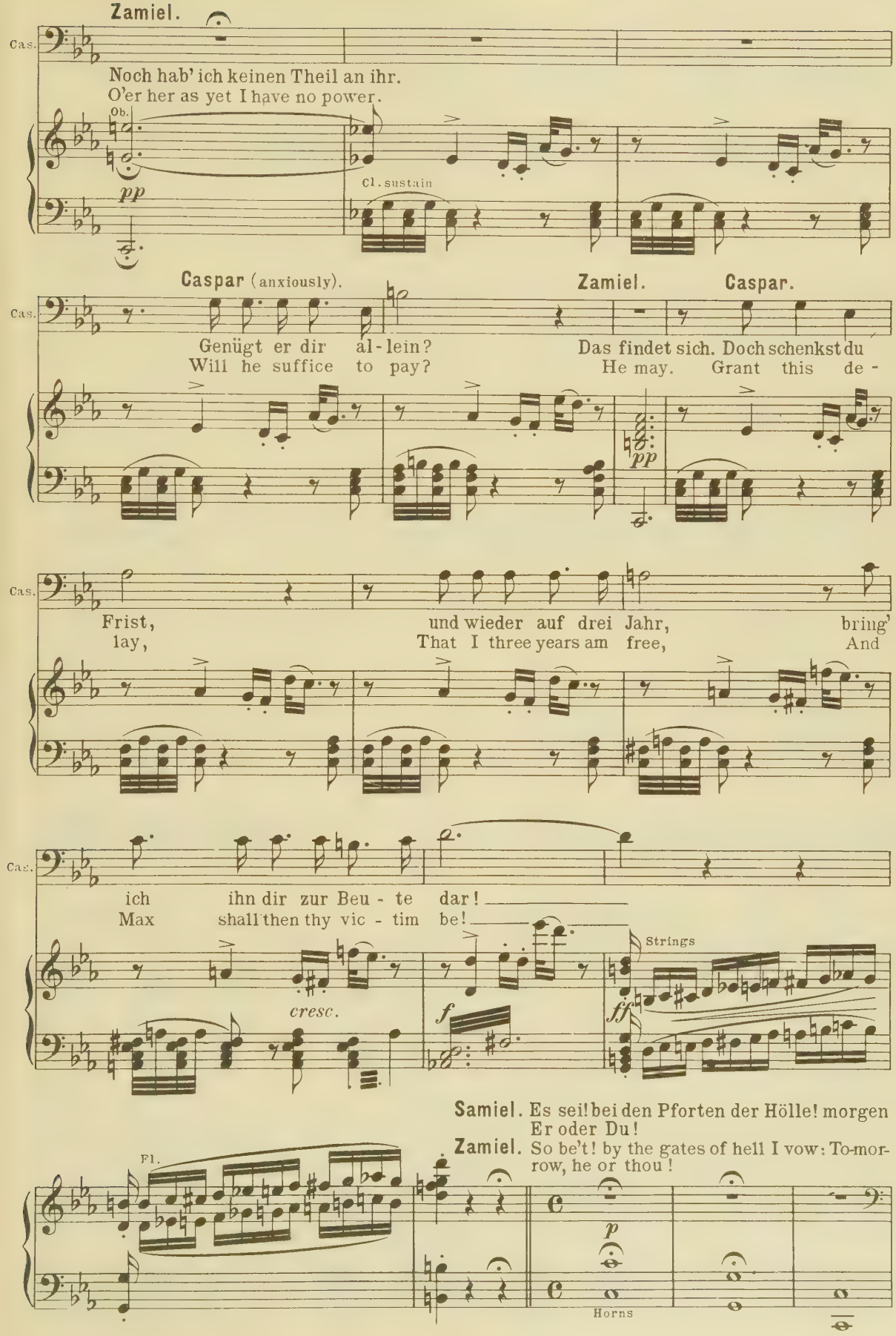
Dies wird ihn der Verzweiflung weih'n, ihn und den Va-ter.
Her death will make him des-pe-rate, Him and her fa-ther!

Oboe sustain

cresc.

Tromb., Bass

f ff


Zamiel.
Cas.
Noch hab' ich keinen Theil an ihr.
O'er her as yet I have no power.
Ob.
pp
Cl. sustain
Caspar (anxiously).
Zamiel.
Caspar.
Genügt er dir al-lein?
Will he suffice to pay?
Das findet sich. Doch schenkst du
He may. Grant this de-
pp
Frist,
lay,
und wieder auf drei Jahr,
That I three years am free,
bring'
And
ich ihn dir zur Beu-te dar!
Max shall then thy vic-tim be!
cresc.
f
Strings
ff
Samiel. Es sei! bei den Pforten der Hölle! morgen Er oder Du!
Zamiel. So be't! by the gates of hell I vow: To-morrow, he or thou!
Fl.
p
Horns

(vanishes with low thunder)

(Caspar, exhausted, raises himself slowly, and wipes his forehead.)

Allegro.

Strings

ff

p

Tutti

(The hanger and skull disappear, and in their place a small hearth with

Wind

glowing coals, and some faggots, rise out of the earth.)

Strings & Horns

mf

cresc.

f

Caspar (perceiving them). Trefflich bedient! Well served!

(Takes a draught from his hunting-flask.)

Gesegn'es Samiel! Speed it, Zamiel! (drinks)

Tutti.

ff

Strings

f

stringendo

Fl. & Strings

Er hat mir warm gemacht! That was hot work!

f

Aber wo bleibt denn Max? But where can Max be?

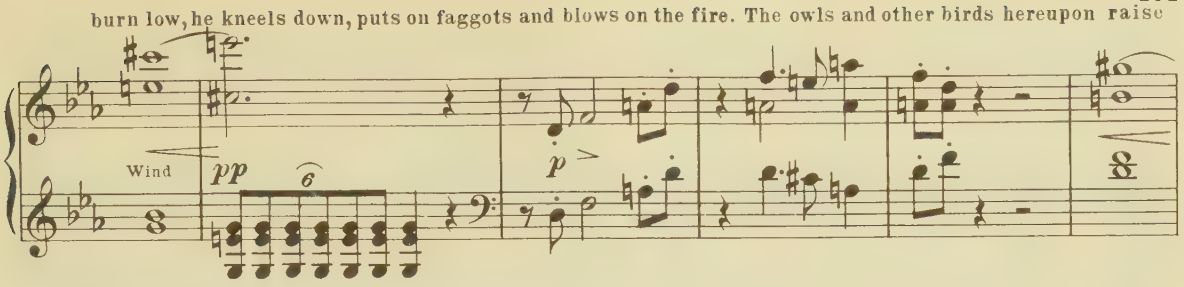
Sollte er wortbrüchig werden? He'd never break his word!

Samiel, hilf! Help, Zamiel!

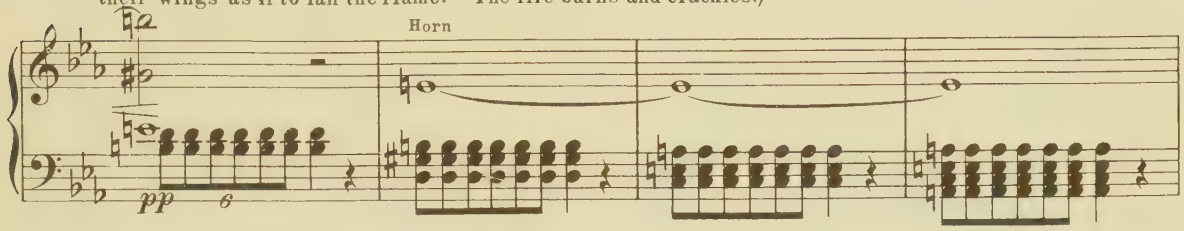
(Caspar walks anxiously back and forth within the circle; the coals

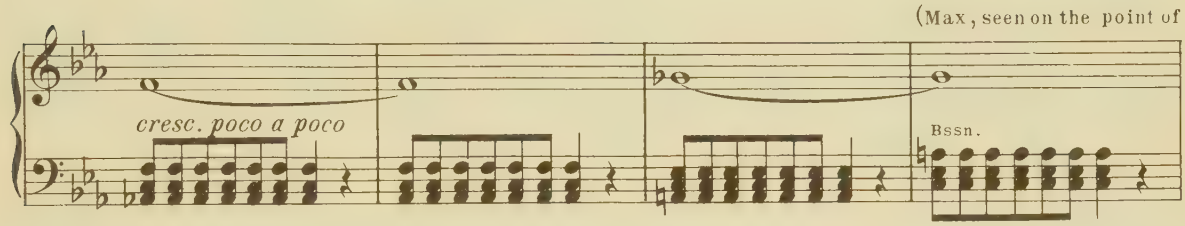
p

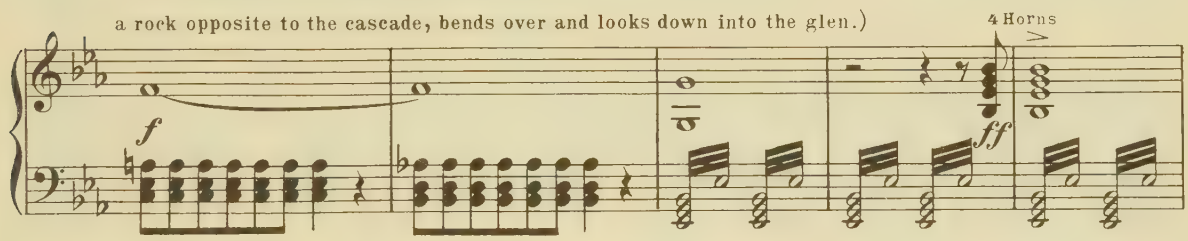
burn low, he kneels down, puts on faggots and blows on the fire. The owls and other birds hereupon raise

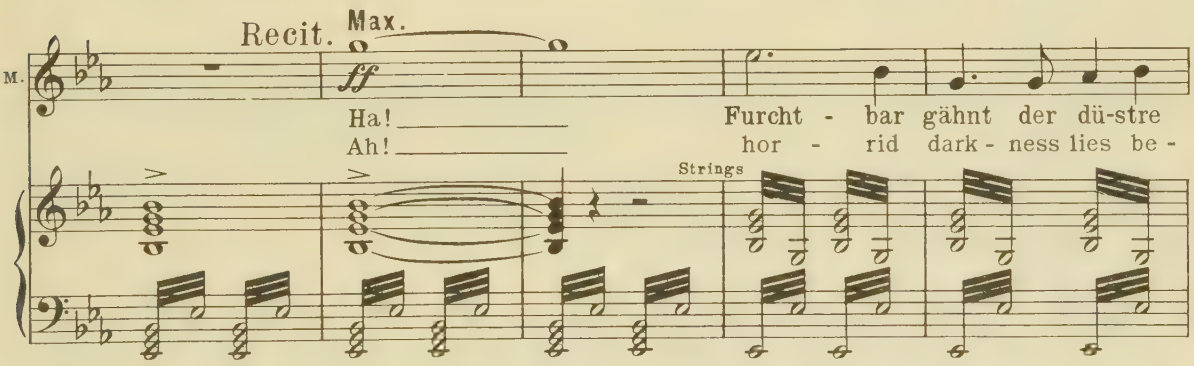
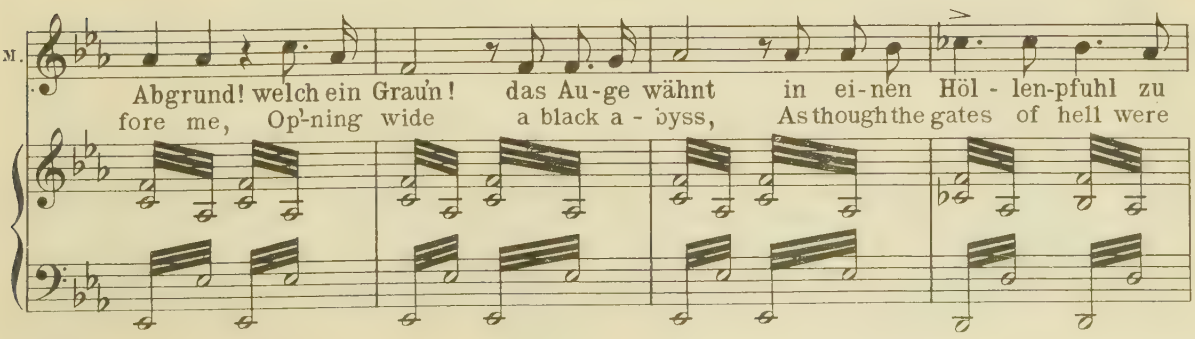


their wings as if to fan the flame. The fire burns and crackles.)

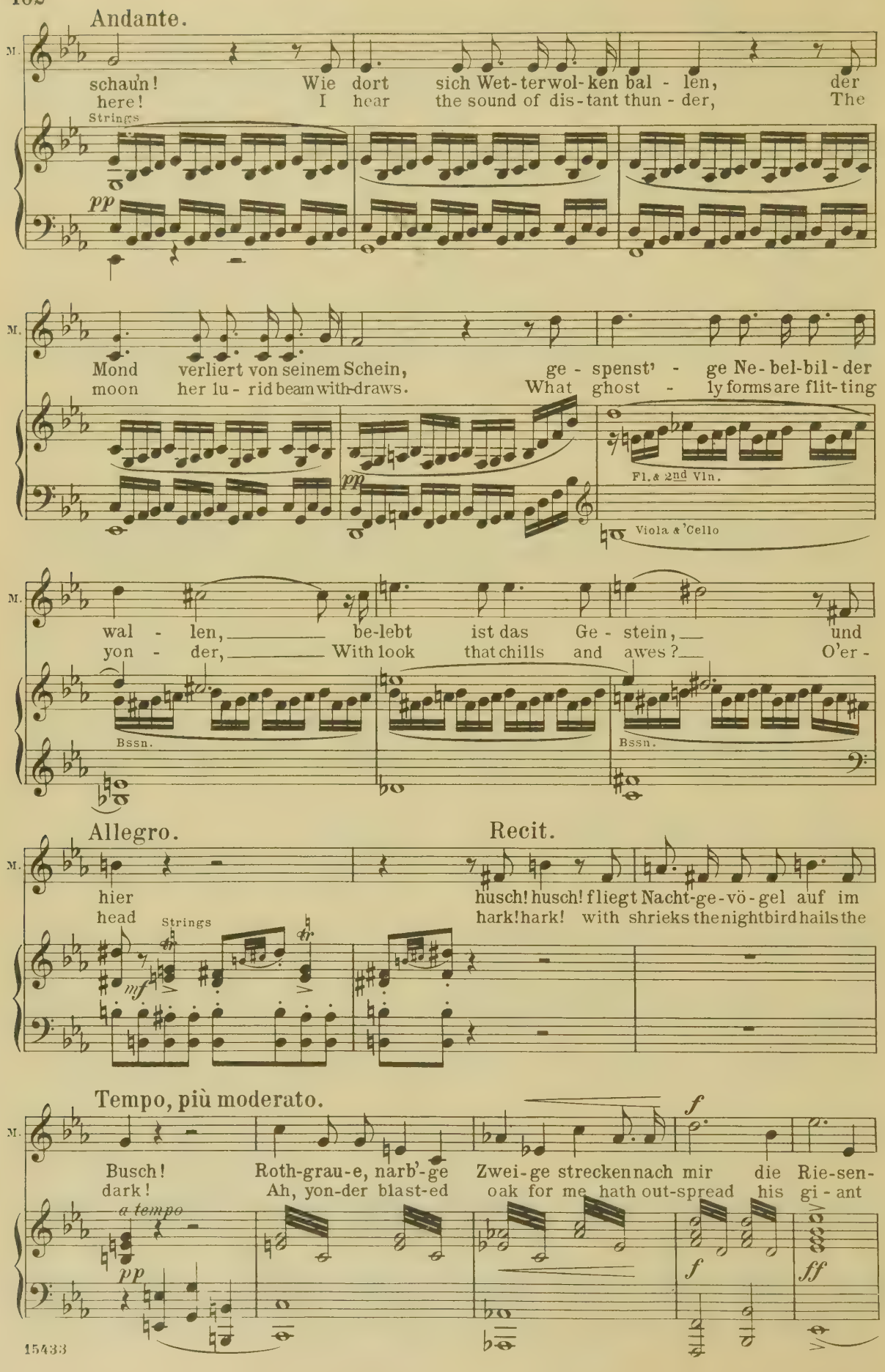
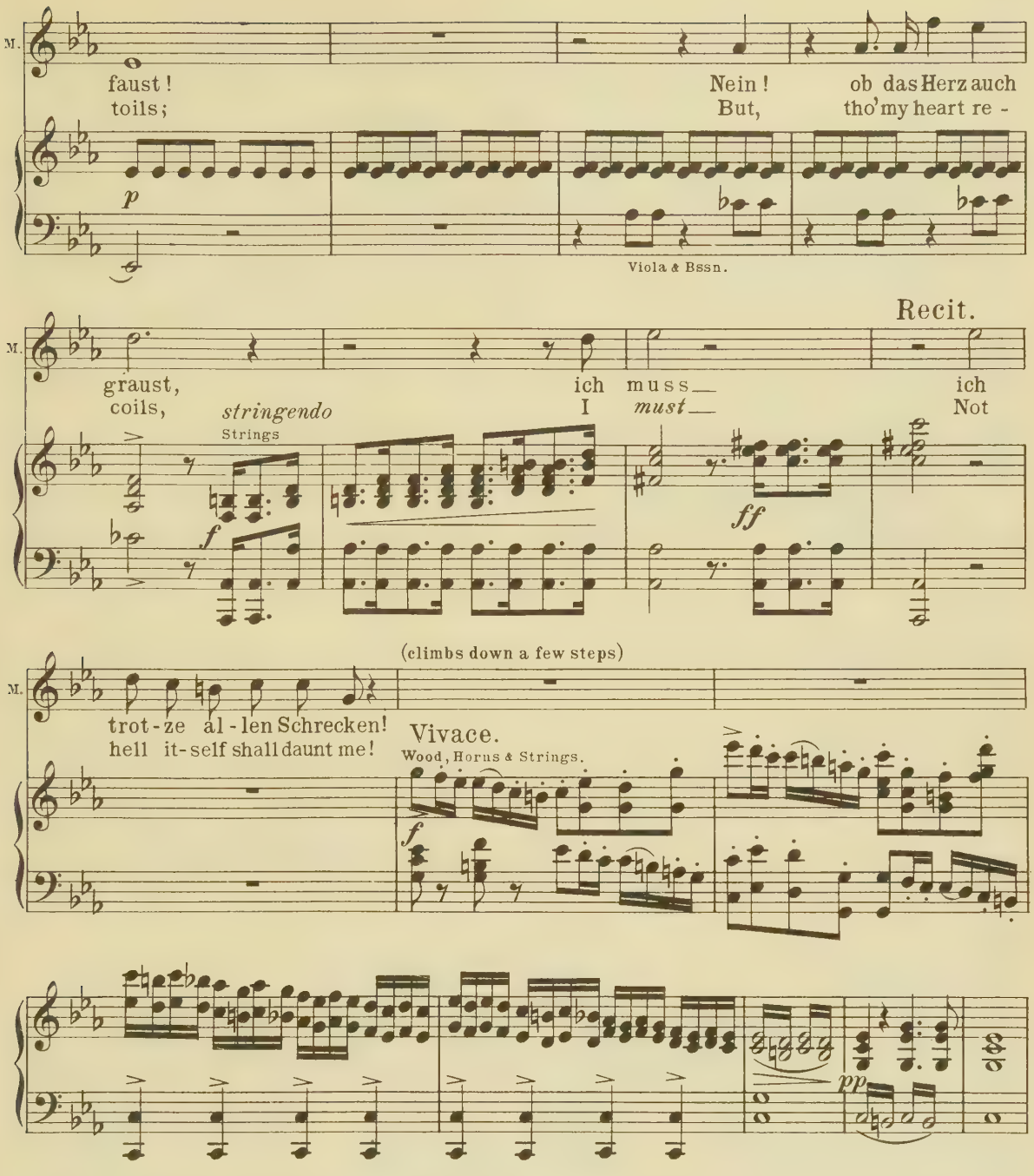


(Max, seen on the point of

a rock opposite to the cascade, bends over and looks down into the glen.)



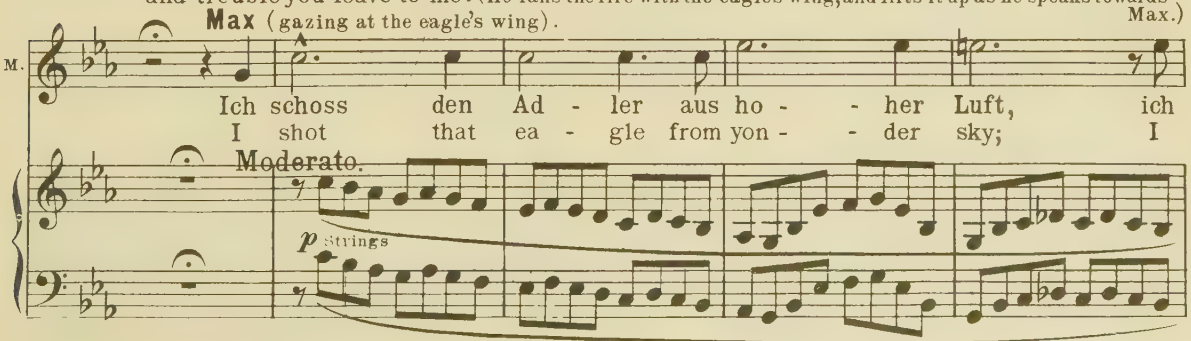


M.
Abgrund! welch ein Grau'n! das Au-ge wähnt in ei-nen Höl - len-pfuhl zu
fore me, Op'-ning wide a black a - byss, As though the gates of hell were


Andante.
M.
schaun! Wie dort sich Wet-terwol-ken bal - len, der
here! I hear the sound of dis-tant thun - der, The
Strings
pp
Mond verliert von seinem Schein, ge - spenst' - ge Ne-bel-bil-der
moon her lu - rid beam with-draws. What ghost - ly forms are flit-ting
Fl. & 2nd Vln.
Viola & 'Cello
wal - len, be-lebt ist das Ge - stein, und
yon - der, With look that chills and awes? O'er -
Bssn.
Bssn.
Allegro.
Recit.
hier husch! husch! fliegt Nacht-ge-vö-gel auf im
head hark! hark! with shrieks the night bird hails the
Strings
mf
Tempo, più moderato.
f
Busch! Roth-grau-e, narb'-ge Zwei-ge strecken nach mir die Rie-sen-
dark! Ah, yon-der blast-ed oak for me hath out-spread his gi - ant
a tempo
pp
f
ff

Caspar. Dank, Samiel, die Frist ist gewonnen! Kommst du endlich, Kamerad? Ist das auch recht, mich so allein zu lassen? Siehst du nicht, wie mir's sauer wird?

Caspar. Thanks, Zamiel, my respite is won. (to Max) Well, comrade, you've come at last! the toil and trouble you leave to me! (He fans the fire with the eagle's wing, and lifts it up as he speaks towards Max.)

Max (gazing at the eagle's wing).



Recit.

M.

kann nicht rückwärts, mein Schicksal
dare not tar - ry, I can - not

f

Vivace. (He climbs down a little further, then stands still and gazes fixedly at the opposite

M.

ruft!
fly.

ff

rock, where the spirit of his mother appears.)

Recit.

M.

Weh' mir!
Woe's me!

Wood only

ff

p

Caspar. So komm' doch, die Zeit eilt.
Caspar. Come down, make haste, the time is pressing.

Caspar. Hasenherz! klimmst ja sonst wie eine Gemse.
Caspar. Coward! at other times you climb like any chamois.

M.

Ich kann nicht hin - ab!
I can - not de - scend!

Sieh' dort-hin, sieh'!
Look yon - der, look!

f

(He points at the opposite rock, where a white veiled figure is visible, who raises her hand.)

M.

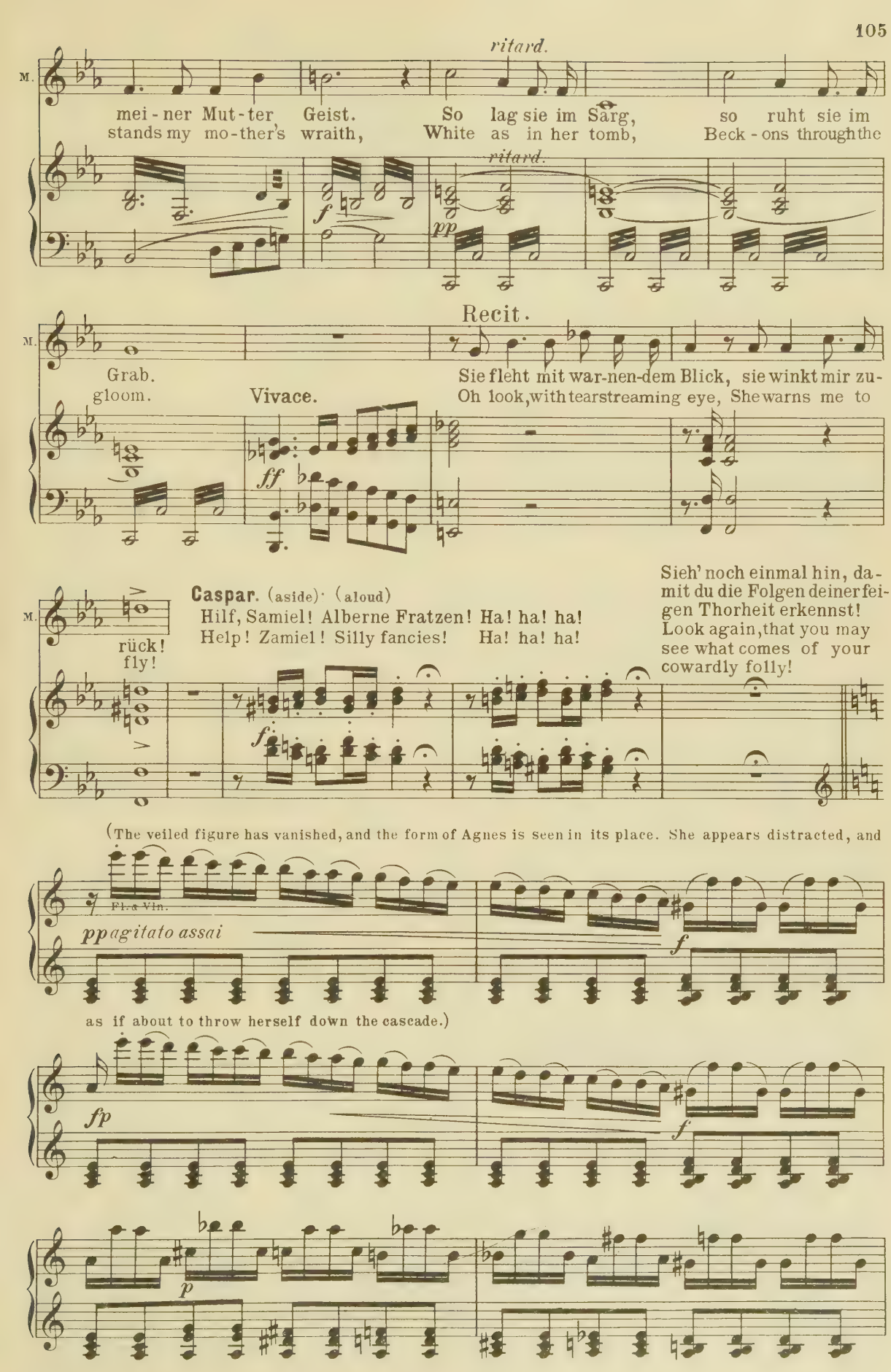
a tempo poco ritenuto

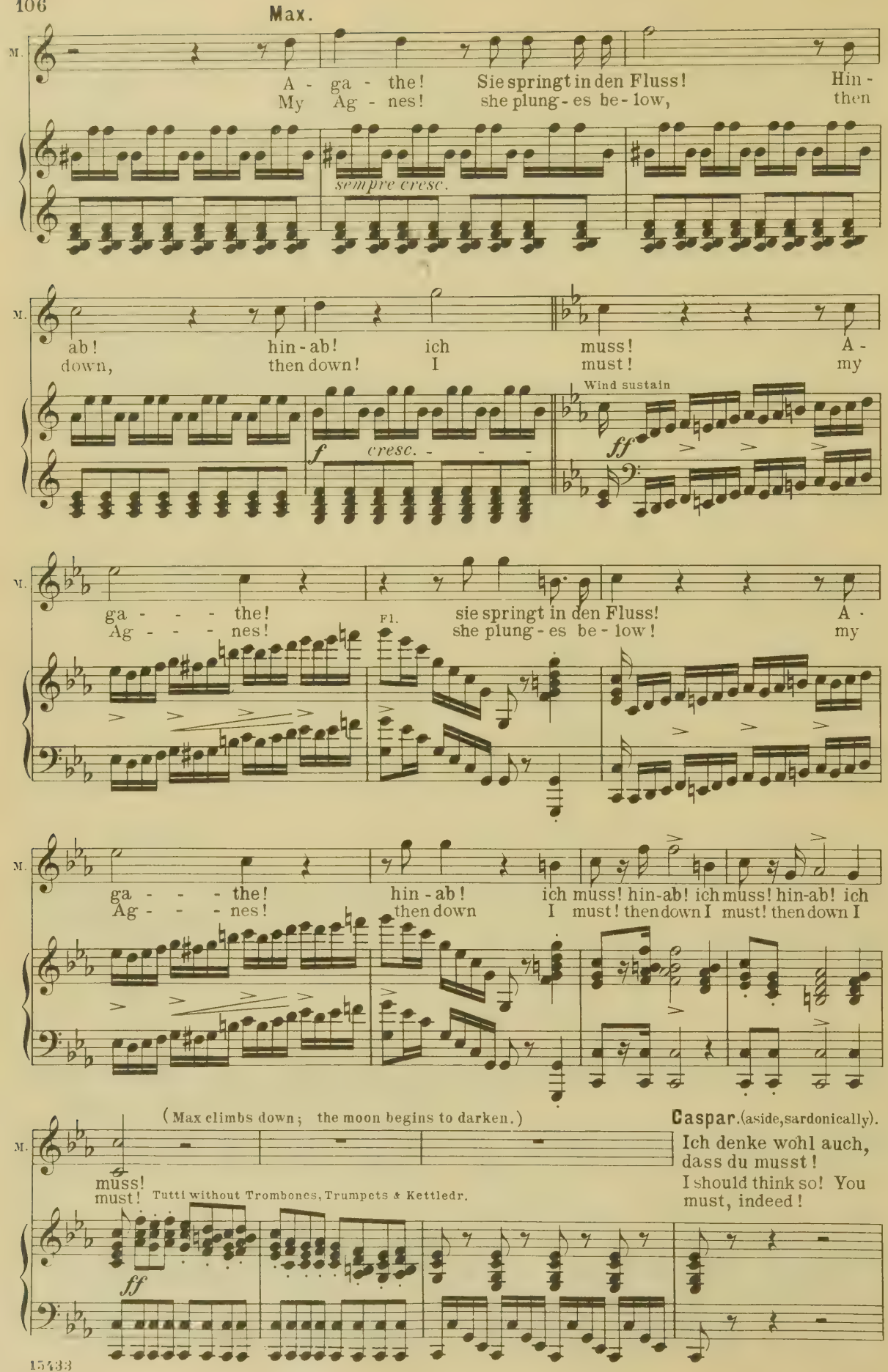
Strings

Was dort sich weist, ist
In robe of death There

f

pp

Bssn. with Basses

ritard.
M.
mei - ner Mut - ter Geist.
stands my mo - ther's wraith,
So lag sie im Sarg,
White as in her tomb,
so ruht sie im
Beck - ons through the
ritard.
f
pp
Recit.
M.
Grab.
gloom.
Vivace.
ff
Sie fleht mit war-nen-dem Blick, sie winkt mir zu-
Oh look, with tear streaming eye, She warns me to
M.
rück!
fly!
Caspar. (aside) (aloud)
Hilf, Samiel! Alberne Fratzen! Ha! ha! ha!
Help! Zamiel! Silly fancies! Ha! ha! ha!
Sieh' noch einmal hin, damit du die Folgen deiner feigen Thorheit erkennst!
Look again, that you may see what comes of your cowardly folly!
f
(The veiled figure has vanished, and the form of Agnes is seen in its place. She appears distracted, and
Fl. & Vln.
pp agitato assai
f
as if about to throw herself down the cascade.)
fp
f
p


Max.
M.
A - ga - the! Sie springt in den Fluss! Hin -
My Ag - nes! she plung - es be - low, then
sempre cresc.
ab! hin - ab! ich muss! A -
down, then down! I must! my
f cresc. - - -
Wind sustain
ff
ga - - - the! Fl. sie springt in den Fluss! A -
Ag - - - nes! she plung - es be - low! my
ga - - - the! hin - ab! ich muss! hin-ab! ich muss! hin-ab! ich
Ag - - - nes! then down I must! then down I must! then down I
(Max climbs down; the moon begins to darken.)
Caspar. (aside, sardonically).
Ich denke wohl auch,
dass du musst!
I should think so! You
must, indeed!
muss!
must!
Tutti without Trombones, Trumpets & Kettledr.
ff

Caspar (wirft ihm die Jagdflasche zu, die Max weglegt). Zuerst trink' einmal! Die Nachtluft ist kühl und feucht. Willst du selbst giessen?

Max. Nein, das ist wider die Abrede.

Caspar. [Nicht? So bleib' ausser dem Kreise, sonst kostet's dein Leben!

Max. Was hab' ich zu thun, Hexenmeister?]

Caspar. Fasse Muth! Was du auch hören und sehen magst, verhalte dich ruhig. (Mit eigenem heimlichen Grausen.) Käme vielleicht ein Unbekannter, uns zu helfen, was kümmert's dich? Kommt was anders, was thut's? So etwas sieht ein Gescheidter gar nicht!

Max. O, wie wird das enden!

Caspar. Umsonst ist der Tod! Nicht ohne Widerstand schenken verborgene Naturen den Sterblichen ihre Schätze. Nur wenn du mich selbst zittern siehst, dann komme mir zu Hülfe und rufe, was ich rufen werde, sonst sind wir beide verloren.

Max (macht eine Bewegung des Einwurfs).

Caspar. Still! Die Augenblicke sind kostbar! (Der Mond ist bis auf einen schmalen Streif verfinstert. Caspar nimmt die Giesskelle.) Merk' auf, [was ich hinein werfen werde,] damit du die Kunst lernst! (Er nimmt die Ingredienzen aus der Jagdtasche und wirft sie nach und nach hinein.)

Caspar (tosses him the hunting-flask, which Max lays aside). First take a drink! The night air is cool and damp. Will you mould the bullets yourself?

Max. No, our agreement was different.

Caspar. [No? Then stay outside the circle; 'twill cost your life else!

Max. What have I to do, Master Warlock?]

Caspar. Take heart! Whatever you see or hear, keep quiet. (With a secret shudder.) Should a stranger come to help us, what need you care? If anything else comes, what of it? A clever fellow doesn't notice such things!

Max. Oh, how will this end?!

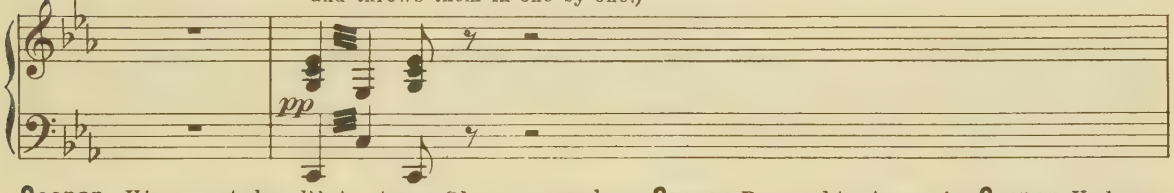
Caspar. Nothing venture, nothing win! Nature does not yield her secret treasures without resistance. Come to my aid only when you see that I myself, am trembling, and then call out what I call, otherwise we are both lost!

Max (makes as if he would object).

Caspar. Hush! The moments are precious! (The moon is wholly obscured, save a narrow strip. Caspar takes the ladle.) Now mark what I throw in, that you may learn the art! (Takes the ingredients out of his hunting-pouch, and throws them in one by one.)

Max. Hier bin ich! was hab' ich zu thun?

Max (sharply to Caspar). Here I am! what must I do?



Caspar. Hier, erst das Blei: etwas Glas von zerbrochenen Kirchenfenstern, das findet sich. Etwas Quecksilber. Drei Kugeln, die schon einmal getroffen.

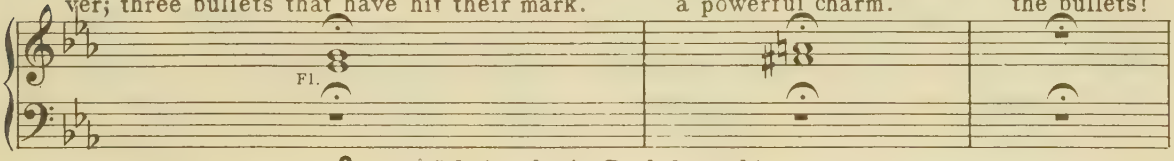
Caspar. Das rechte Auge eines Wiedehopfs; das linke eines Luchses. Probatum est!

Caspar. Und nun den Kugelsegen!

Caspar. First the lead; some broken glass of church-windows, that can always be got; some quicksilver; three bullets that have hit their mark.

Caspar. The right eye of a lapwing, the left of a lynx; a powerful charm.

Caspar. And now a blessing on the bullets!

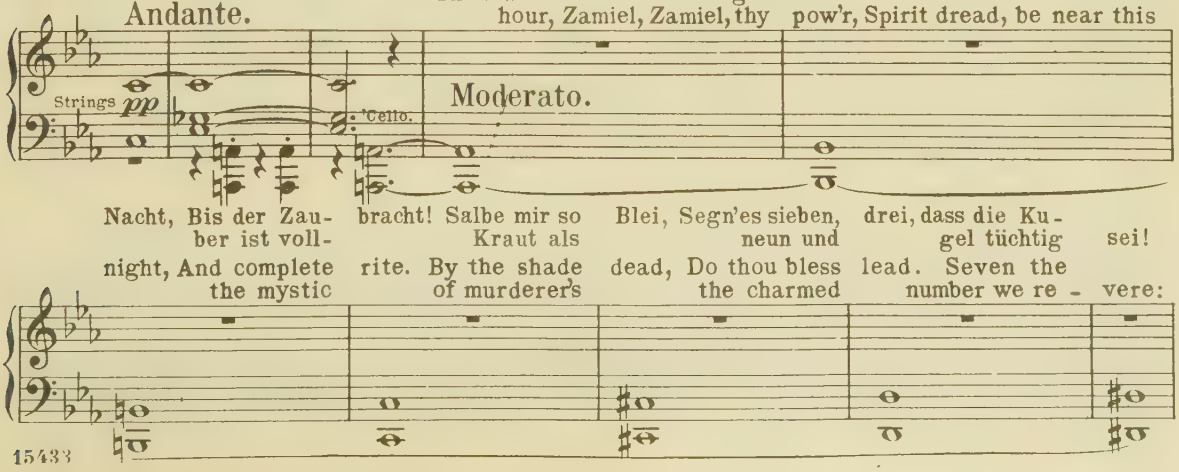


(At the three rests he prostrates himself three times to the earth.)

Caspar. Schütze, der im Dunkeln wacht, Samiel! Samiel! hab' acht! Steh mir bei in dieser Nacht, Bis der Zauber ist vollbracht! Salbe mir so Blei, Segn'es sieben, drei, dass die Kugel tüchtig sei!

Thou who roam'st at midnight hour, Zamiel, Zamiel, thy pow'r, Spirit dread, be near this night, And complete the mystic rite. By the shade of murderer's dead, Do thou bless the charmed lead. Seven the number we revere:

Andante.



(The contents of the ladle ferment and hiss, with a greenish flame. A cloud passes entirely over the moon. The scene is now lighted only by the fire on the hearth, the owl's eyes, and the decayed wood of the oak-tree.)

Samiel! Samiel! herbei!
Zamiel! Zamiel! ap-pear!

Allegro moderato.

Horns, Cl., & Strings

pp

'Cello

(Caspar casts the bullet, drops it out of the mould and calls:)

Eins!
One!

(echo repeats)
Eins!
One!

Fl.

(Night-birds come flying out of the forest; they gather round the fire, flapping their wings and hopping about.)

Ob., 3 Fl. & Cl. 3

(Caspar casts another bullet and calls:)

Zwei!
Two!

(echo)

Zwei!
Two!

Poco più mosso.

(A black

f

Cl. & B. Trombone

Basses & Bssn.

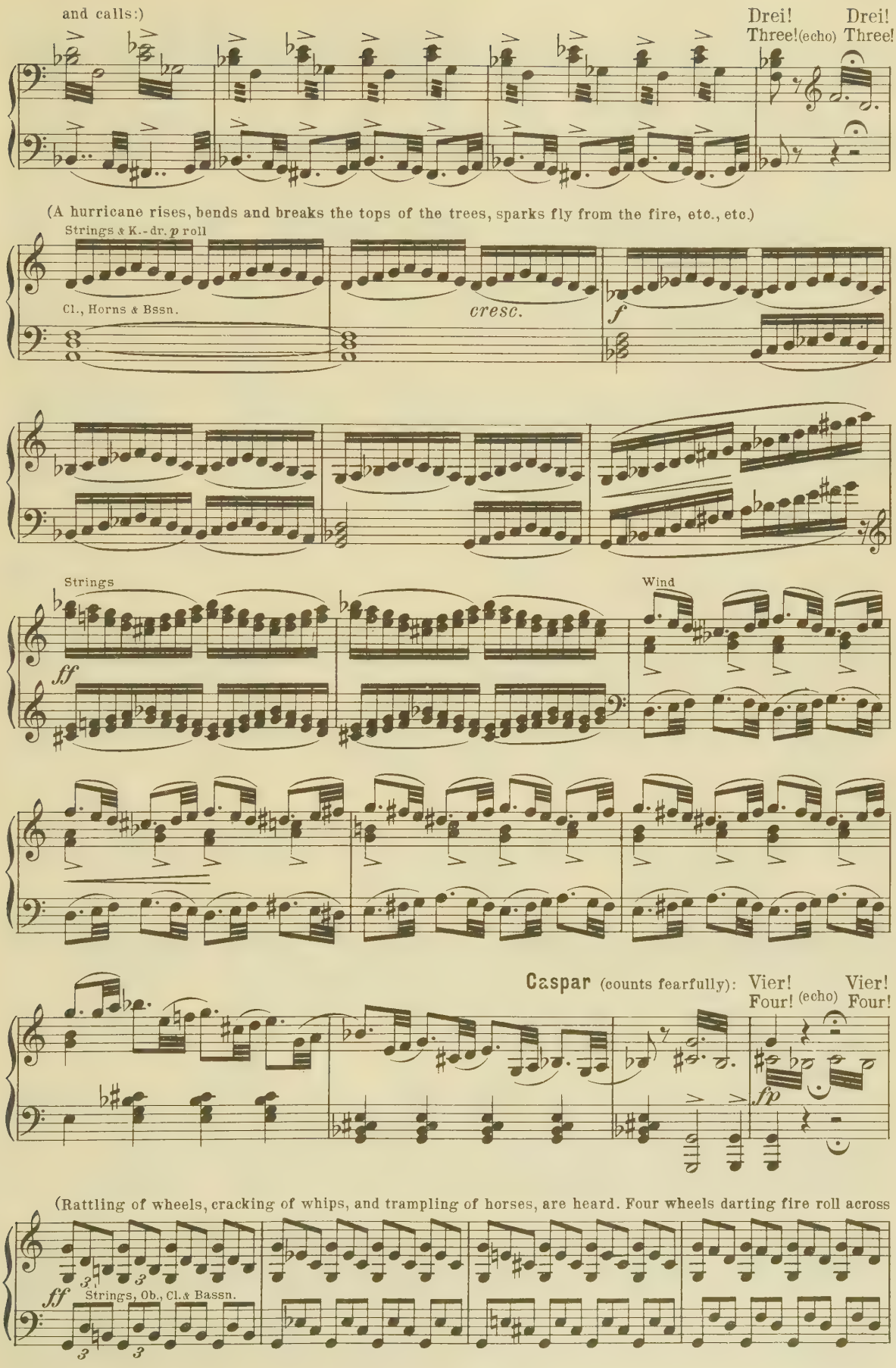
boar comes crashing through the bushes, and darts wildly across.)

ff

f

(Caspar becomes agitated

ff


and calls:)
Drei! Drei!
Three!(echo) Three!
(A hurricane rises, bends and breaks the tops of the trees, sparks fly from the fire, etc., etc.)
Strings & K.-dr. p roll
Cl., Horns & Bssn.
cresc.
f
Strings
ff
Wind
Caspar (counts fearfully): Vier! Vier!
Four! (echo) Four!
fp
(Rattling of wheels, cracking of whips, and trampling of horses, are heard. Four wheels darting fire roll across
ff
Strings, Ob., Cl.& Bassn.

the stage.)

Fl.

ff

Caspar (becoming more and more agitated): Fünf! Fünf!
Five! (echo) Five!

fp

(Neighing and barking are heard in the air; misty forms of hunters

Caspar. Wehe! das wilde Heer!
Ah! The Wild Huntsman!

4 Horns (in E, F, and B flat alti).

ff

Bssn. & Trombone

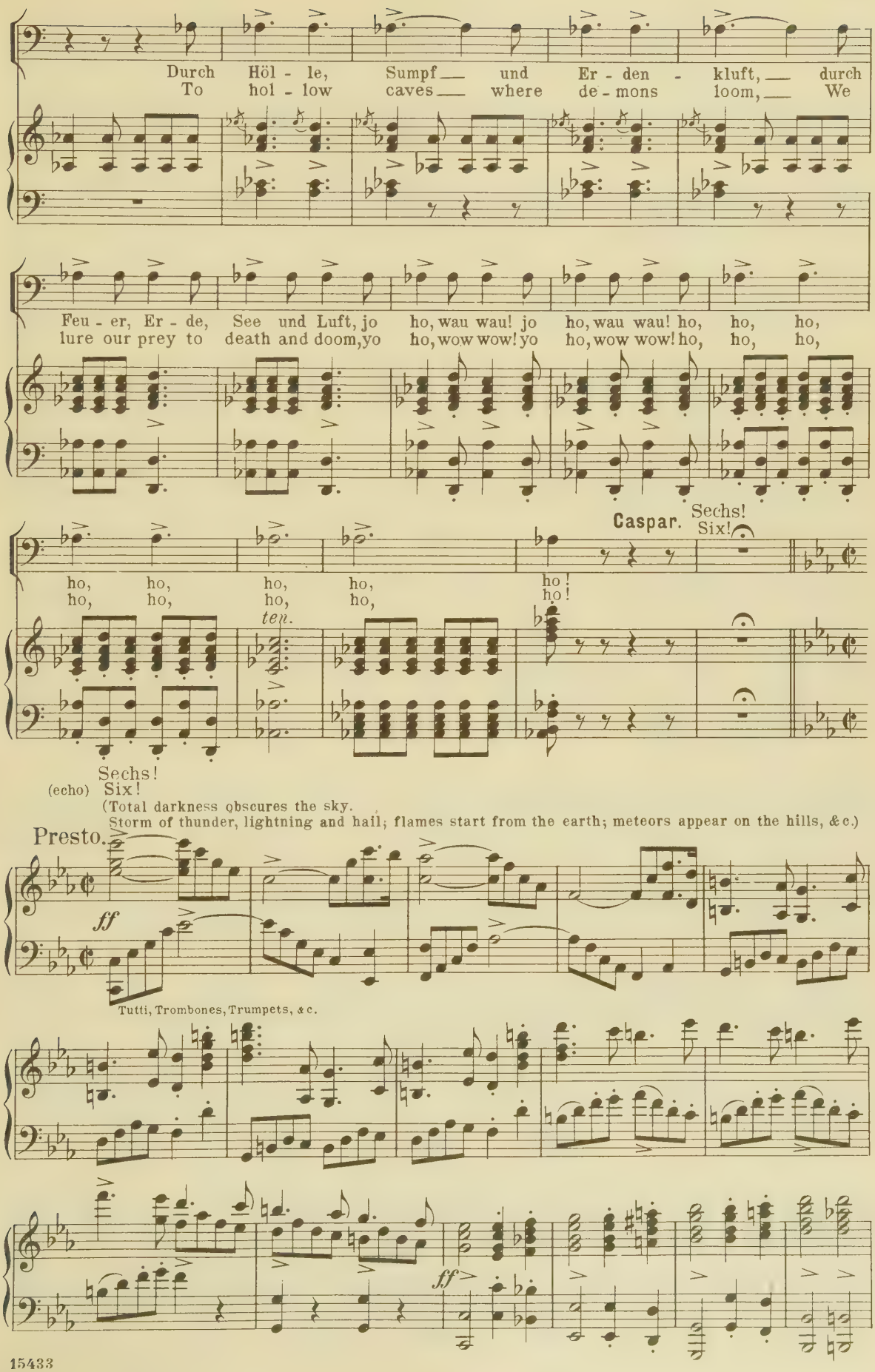
on foot and on horseback, with stags and hounds, rush through the air.)

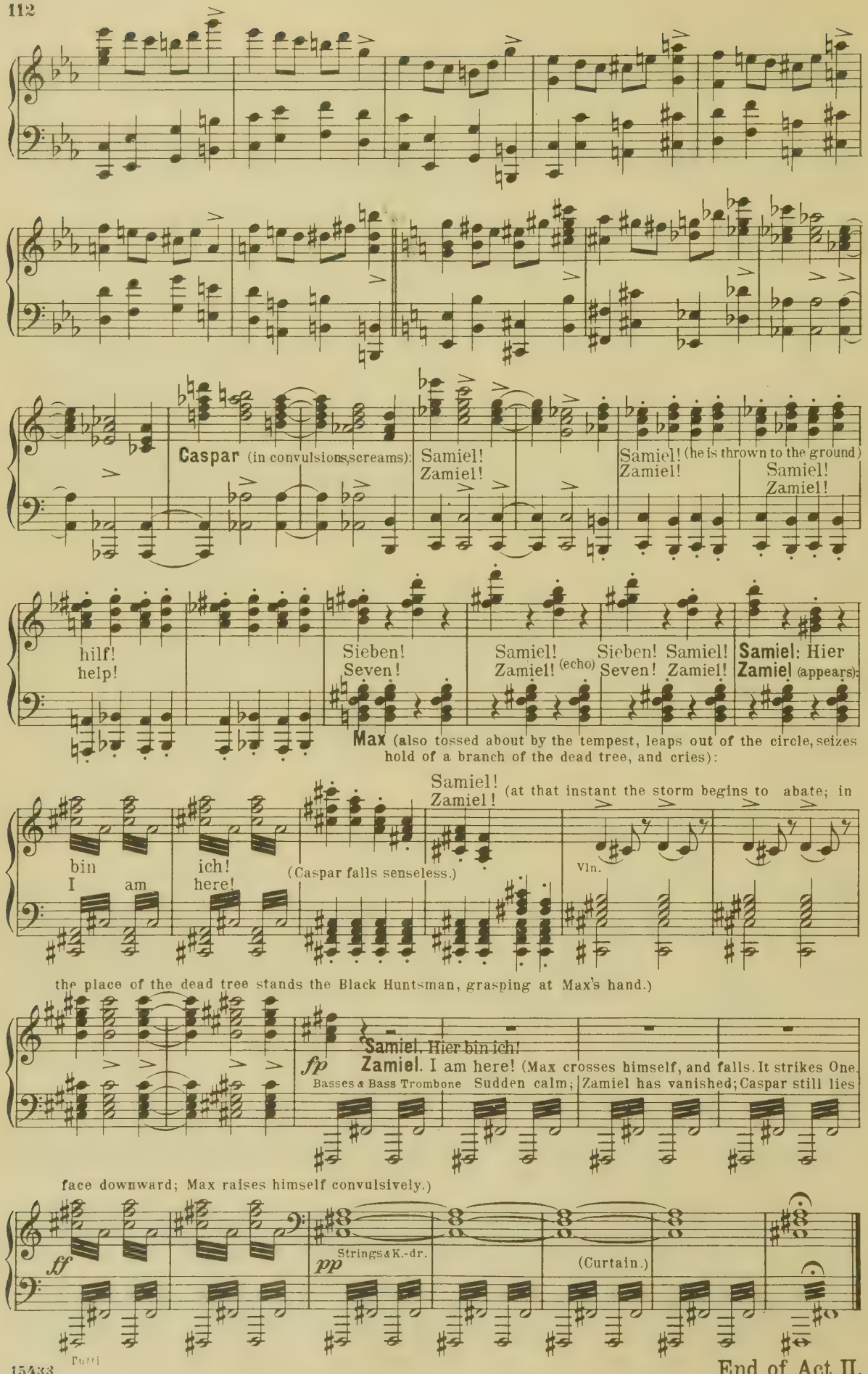
Invisible Chorus. Tenor and Bass.

ff

Durch Berg und Thal, durch Schlucht und Schacht, durch Thau und Wol-ken,
Thro' hill and dale, Thro' glen and mire,— Thro' dew and cloud, thro'

Sturm und Nacht, durch Thau und Wol-ken, Sturm und Nacht! ___
storm and fire, Thro' dew and cloud, thro' storm and fire! ___

ff Strings

Durch Höl - le, Sumpf — und Er - den - kluft, — durch
To hol - low caves — where de - mons loom, — We
Feu - er, Er - de, See und Luft, jo ho, wau wau! jo ho, wau wau! ho, ho, ho,
lure our prey to death and doom, yo ho, wow wow! yo ho, wow wow! ho, ho, ho,
Caspar. Sechs! Six!
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
ten.
Sechs!
(echo) Six!
(Total darkness obscures the sky.
Storm of thunder, lightning and hail; flames start from the earth; meteors appear on the hills, &c.)
Presto.
ff
Tutti, Trombones, Trumpets, &c.
ff

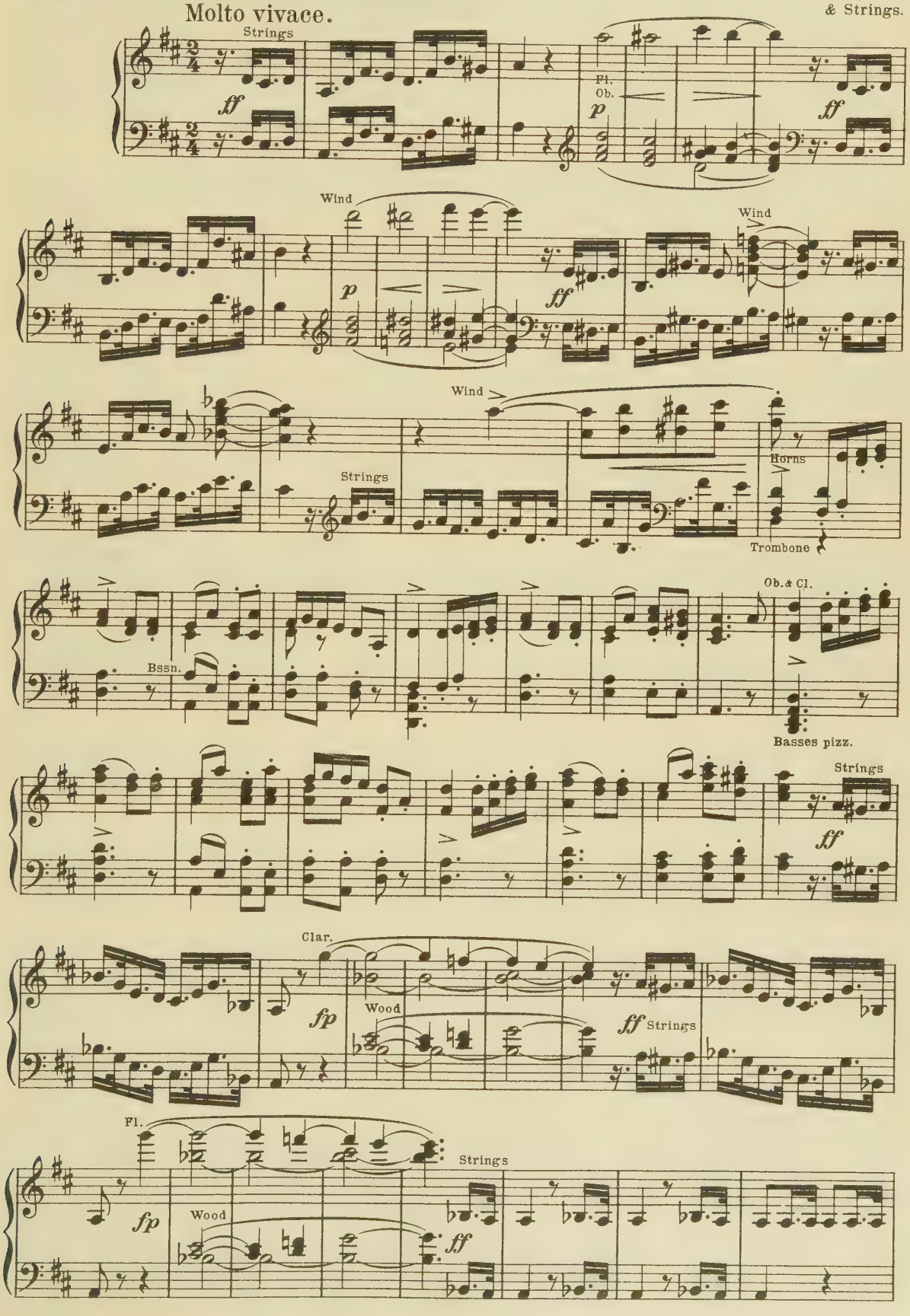

Caspar (in convulsions, screams):
Samiel!
Zamiel!
Samiel! (he is thrown to the ground)
Zamiel!
Samiel!
Zamiel!
hilf!
help!
Sieben!
Seven!
Samiel!
Zamiel! (echo)
Sieben! Samiel!
Seven! Zamiel!
Samiel: Hier
Zamiel (appears):
Max (also tossed about by the tempest, leaps out of the circle, seizes hold of a branch of the dead tree, and cries):
Samiel!
Zamiel!
(at that instant the storm begins to abate; in
bin
I am
ich!
here!
(Caspar falls senseless.)
Vln.
the place of the dead tree stands the Black Huntsman, grasping at Max's hand.)
Samiel. Hier bin ich!
fp
Zamiel. I am here! (Max crosses himself, and falls. It strikes One.
Basses & Bass Trombone
Sudden calm; Zamiel has vanished; Caspar still lies
face downward; Max raises himself convulsively.)
ff
pp
Strings & K.-dr.
(Curtain.)
Tutti

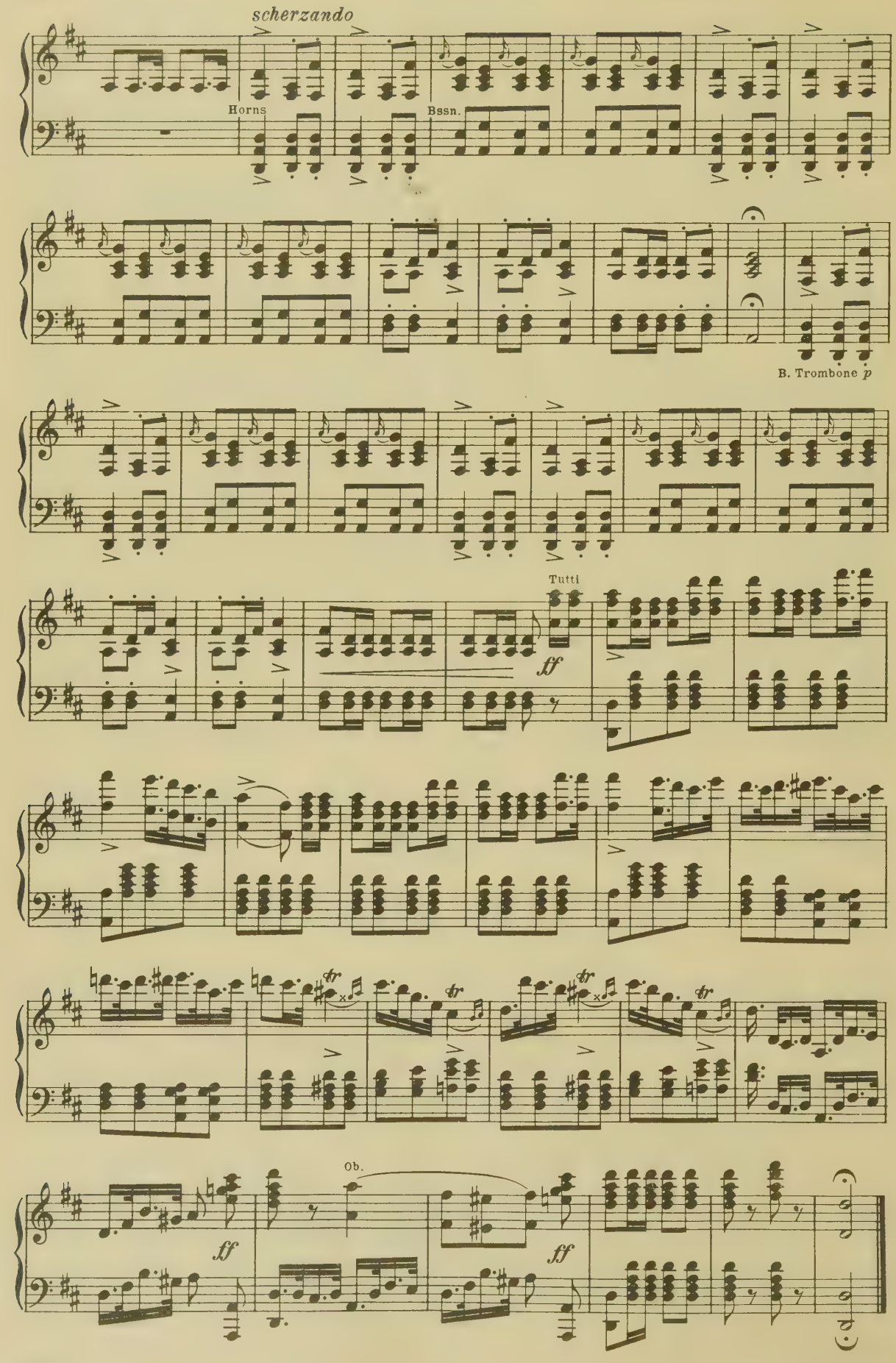
End of Act II.

Act III.

Nº 11. Entr'acte.

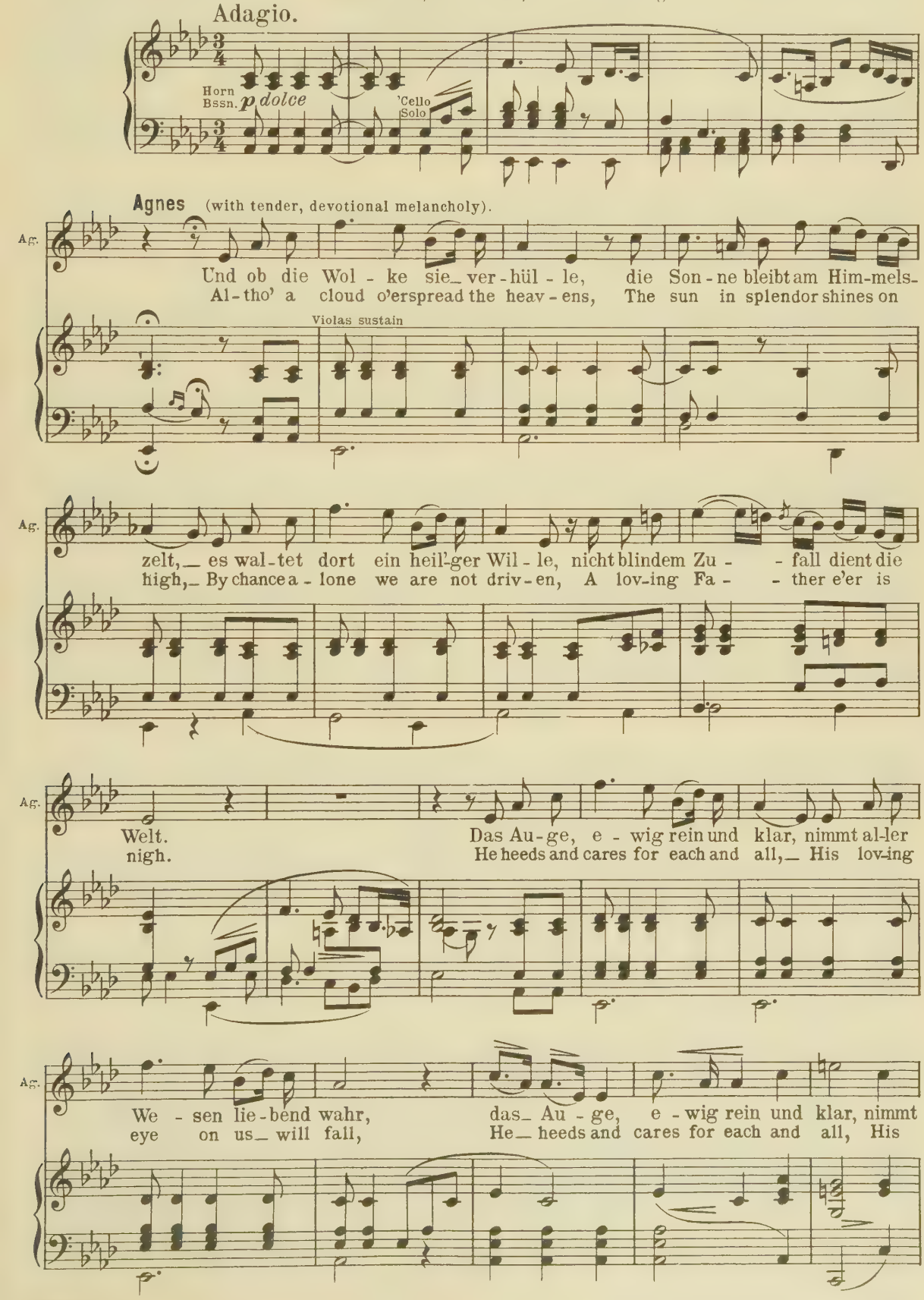
Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets in A, Bassoons, 3 Horns in D, Horn in A, Trumpets in D, Kettledrums, Bass Trombone, & Strings.

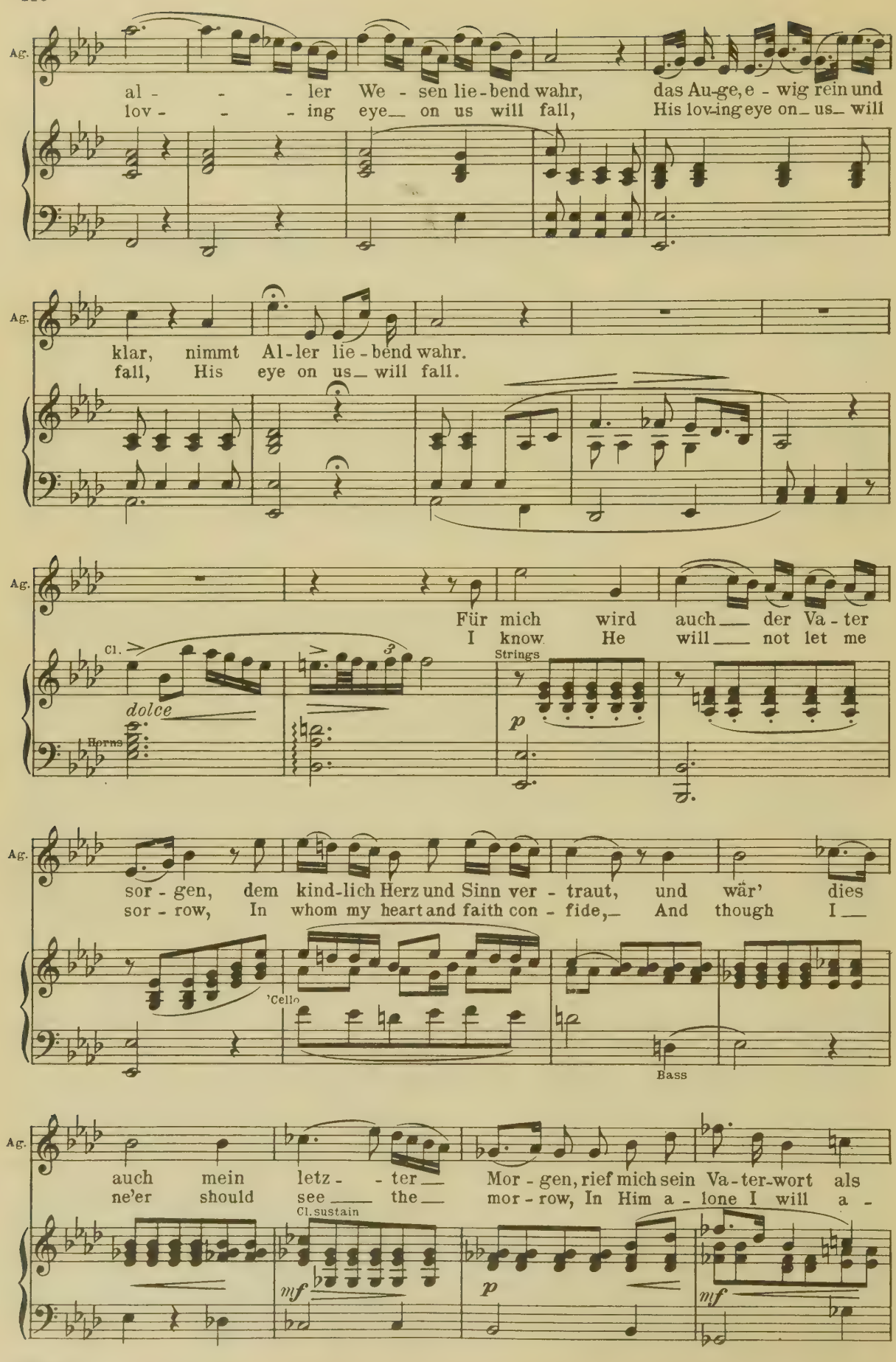


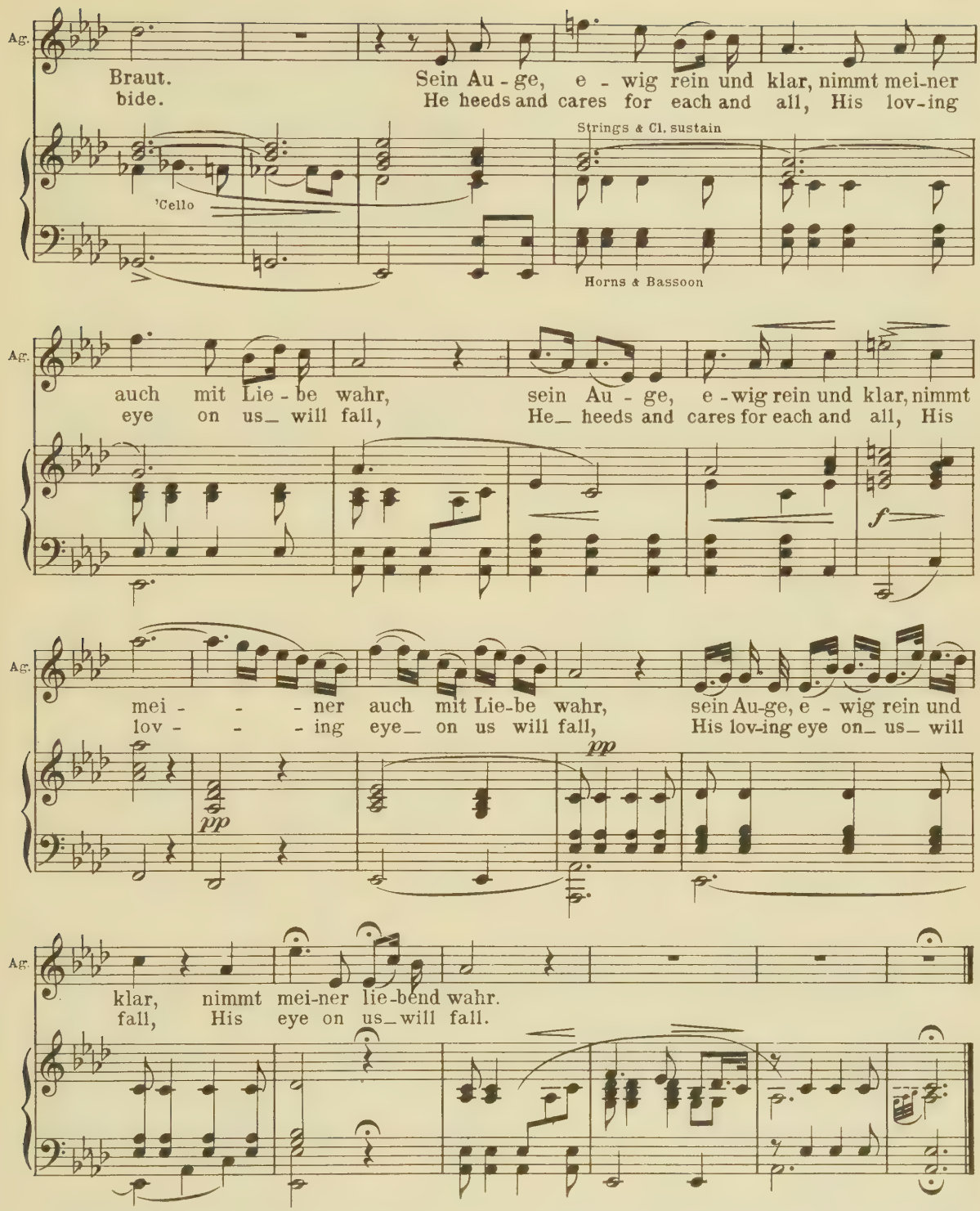

scherzando
Horns
Bssn.
B. Trombone p
Tutti
ff
tr
Ob.
ff
ff

Nº 12. Cavatina._ „Und ob die Wolke sie verhülle."

Agnes' chamber, an antique apartment, prettily furnished. On one side an altar, on which is a vase containing white roses. Agnes, alone, in a bridal dress, kneeling before the altar; she then rises.

Clarinets in B♭, Horns in E♭, Bassoons & Strings.

Adagio.
Horn
Bssn.
p dolce
'Cello
Solo
Agnes (with tender, devotional melancholy).
Ag.
Und ob die Wol - ke sie_ ver - hül - le, die Son - ne bleibt am Him-mels-
Al - tho' a cloud o'erspread the heav - ens, The sun in splendor shines on
Violas sustain
zelt,_ es wal - tet dort ein heil-ger Wil - le, nicht blindem Zu - - fall dient die
high,_ By chance a - lone we are not driv - en, A lov-ing Fa - - ther e'er is
Welt.
nigh.
Das Au-ge, e - wig rein und klar, nimmt al-ler
He heeds and cares for each and all,_ His lov-ing
We - sen lie - bend wahr,
eye on us_ will fall,
das_ Au - ge, e - wig rein und klar, nimmt
He_ heeds and cares for each and all, His


Ag.
al - - - ler We - sen lie - bend wahr, das Au-ge, e - wig rein und
lov - - - ing eye on us will fall, His lov-ing eye on us will
klar, nimmt Al-ler lie - bend wahr.
fall, His eye on us will fall.
Für mich wird auch der Va - ter
I know He will not let me
Cl.
dolce
Horns
Strings
p
sor - gen, dem kind-lich Herz und Sinn ver - traut, und wär' dies
sor - row, In whom my heart and faith con - fide, And though I
'Cello
Bass
auch mein letz - - ter Mor - gen, rief mich sein Va-ter-wort als
ne'er should see the mor - row, In Him a - lone I will a -
Cl. sustain
mf
p
mf


Ag.
Braut.
bide.
Sein Au - ge, e - wig rein und klar, nimmt mei-ner
He heeds and cares for each and all, His lov-ing
'Cello
Strings & Cl. sustain
Horns & Bassoon
Ag.
auch mit Lie - be wahr,
eye on us_ will fall,
sein Au - ge, e - wig rein und klar, nimmt
He_ heeds and cares for each and all, His
f
Ag.
mei - - - ner auch mit Lie-be wahr,
lov - - - ing eye_ on us will fall,
sein Au-ge, e - wig rein und
His lov-ing eye on_ us_ will
pp
pp
Ag.
klar, nimmt mei-ner lie-bend wahr.
fall, His eye on us_ will fall.

Ännchen. Ei, du hast dich dazu gehalten! Aber du bist ja so wehmüthig! Ich glaube gar, du hast geweint? Brautthränen und Frühregen wahren nicht lange, sagt das Sprichwort. Nun, das weiss der Himmel, Regen genug hat's gegeben. Oft dacht' ich, der Sturm würde das alte Jagdschlösschen ganz über den Haufen blasen.

Agathe. Und Max war in diesem schrecklichen Wetter im Walde! _ Zudem habe ich so quälende Träume gehabt.

Annie (enters in festival attire). Well! you are ready in good time! But you look so sad! I do believe you have been crying! Bride's tears and morning showers are soon over, says the proverb. Heaven knows we have had rain enough! I often thought the storm would carry the old hunting-lodge away.

Agnes. And Max was out in the woods in that terrible weather! _ Besides, I had such dreadful dreams.

Ännchen. Träume? Ich habe immer gehört, was Einem vor dem Hochzeitstage träumt, muss man sich merken. Solche Träume sollen wie Laubfrösche das ganze liebe Ehestandswetter verkündigen. Was träumtest du denn?

Agathe. Es klingt wunderbar. Mir träumte, ich sei in eine weisse Taube verwandelt und fliege von Ast zu Ast; Max zielte nach mir, ich stürzte; aber nun war die weisse Taube verschwunden, ich war wieder Agathe und ein grosser schwarzer Raubvogel wälzte sich in seinem Blute.

Ännchen (klatscht in die Hände). Allerliebst! allerliebst!

Agathe. Wie kannst du dich nur über so etwas freuen?

Ännchen. Nun der schwarze Raubvogel – da hast du ja die ganze Bescherung: du arbeitetest noch spät an dem weissen Brautkleide und dachtest gewiss vor dem Einschlafen an deinen heutigen Staat. Da hast du die weisse Taube! Du erschrackst vor den Adlerfedern auf Maxens Hut, es schauert dir überhaupt vor Raubvögeln; da hast du den schwarzen Vogel! Bin ich nicht eine geschickte Traumdeuterin?

Agathe. Deine Liebe zu mir macht dich dazu, liebes, fröhliches Kind! Gleichwohl – hast du nie gehört, dass Träume in Erfüllung gingen?

Ännchen (für sich). Fällt mir denn nichts ein, sie zu zerstreuen? (Laut mit scheinbarer Ernsthaftigkeit und Furcht.) Freilich, Alles kann man nicht verwerfen! Ich selbst weiss ein grausenerregendes Beispiel.

Annie. Dreams? I have always heard that one should remember what one dreams the night before the wedding. They say that such dreams, like tree-frogs, foretell the livelong weather of matrimony. What did you dream about?

Agnes. It sounds strange: – I dreamt I had been changed into a white dove, and was flying from bough to bough. Max aimed at me, and I fell – but now the white dove vanished, and I was Agnes again, while a great black bird of prey was weltering in its blood.

Annie (clapping her hands). Charming! charming!

Agnes. What can you find charming in that?

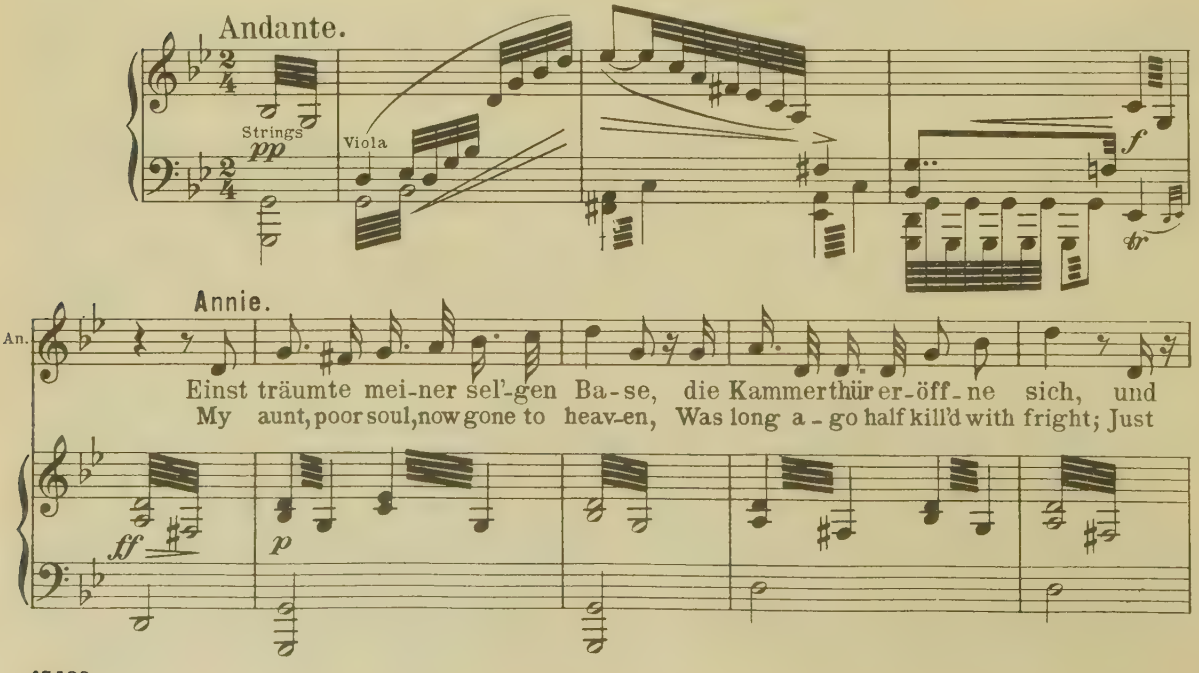
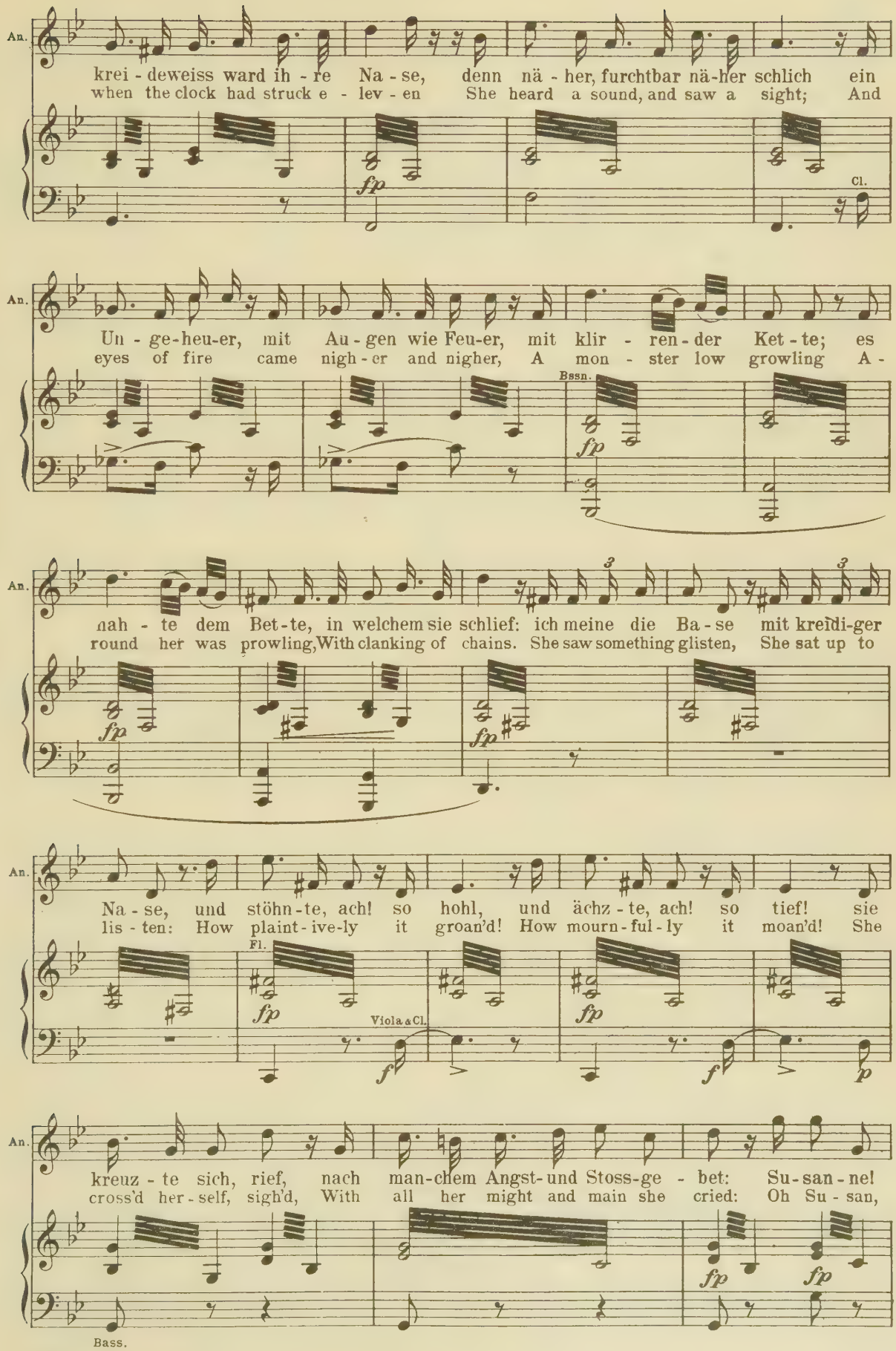
Annie. Why, the black bird of prey – there you have the whole affair! You sat up late working on your white wedding-dress, and it was surely still on your mind before you went to sleep; – there you have the white dove! You were frightened by the eagle's feathers on Max's hat, – and fear all birds of prey; there you have the black bird! Am I not a skilful interpreter of dreams?

Agnes. Your love for me makes you one, you dear, happy child! – However – have you never heard that dreams come true?

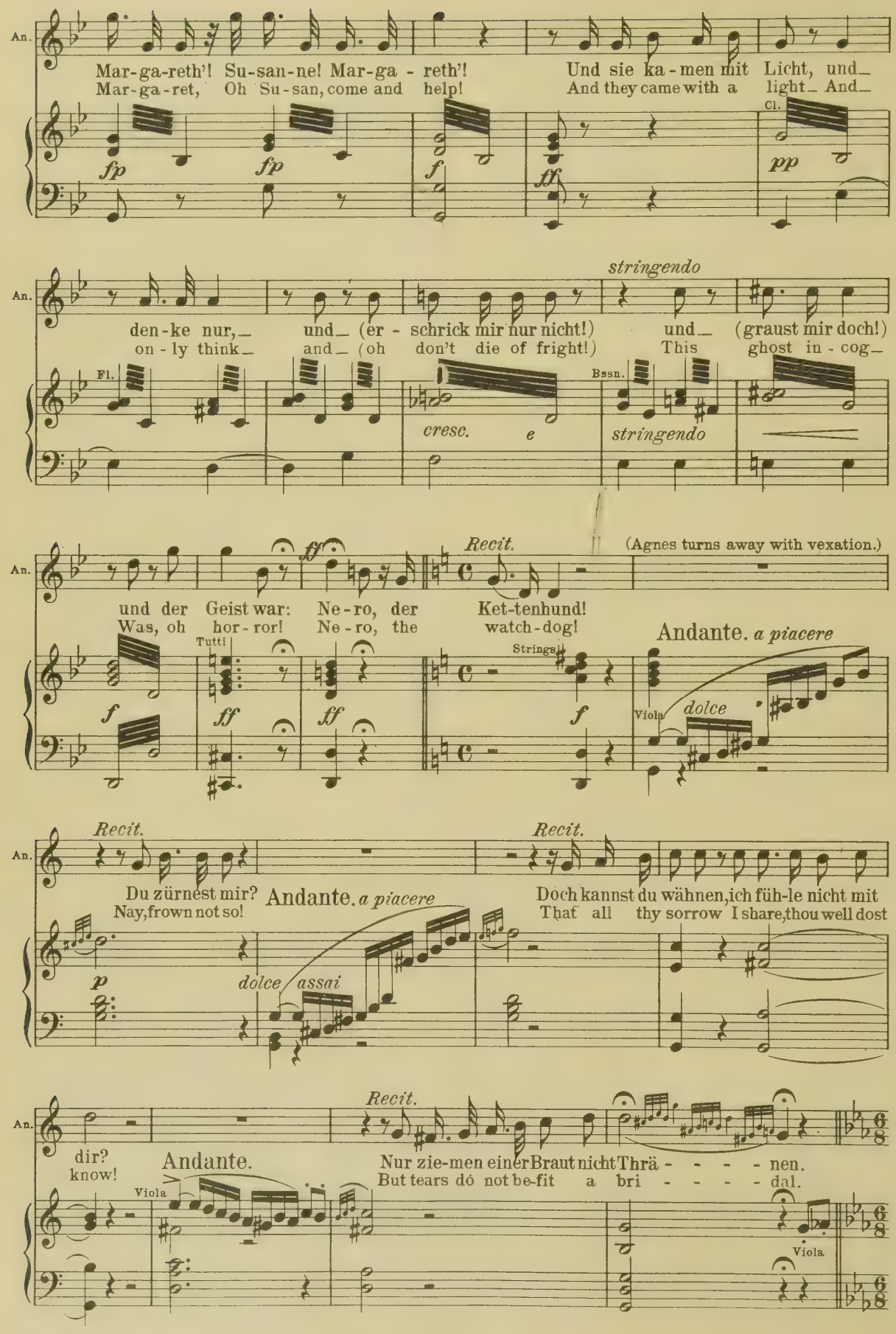
Annie (aside). Can't I think of anything to divert her? (Aloud, with pretended seriousness and anxiety.) Indeed one cannot disbelieve everything! I myself know of a dreadful instance.

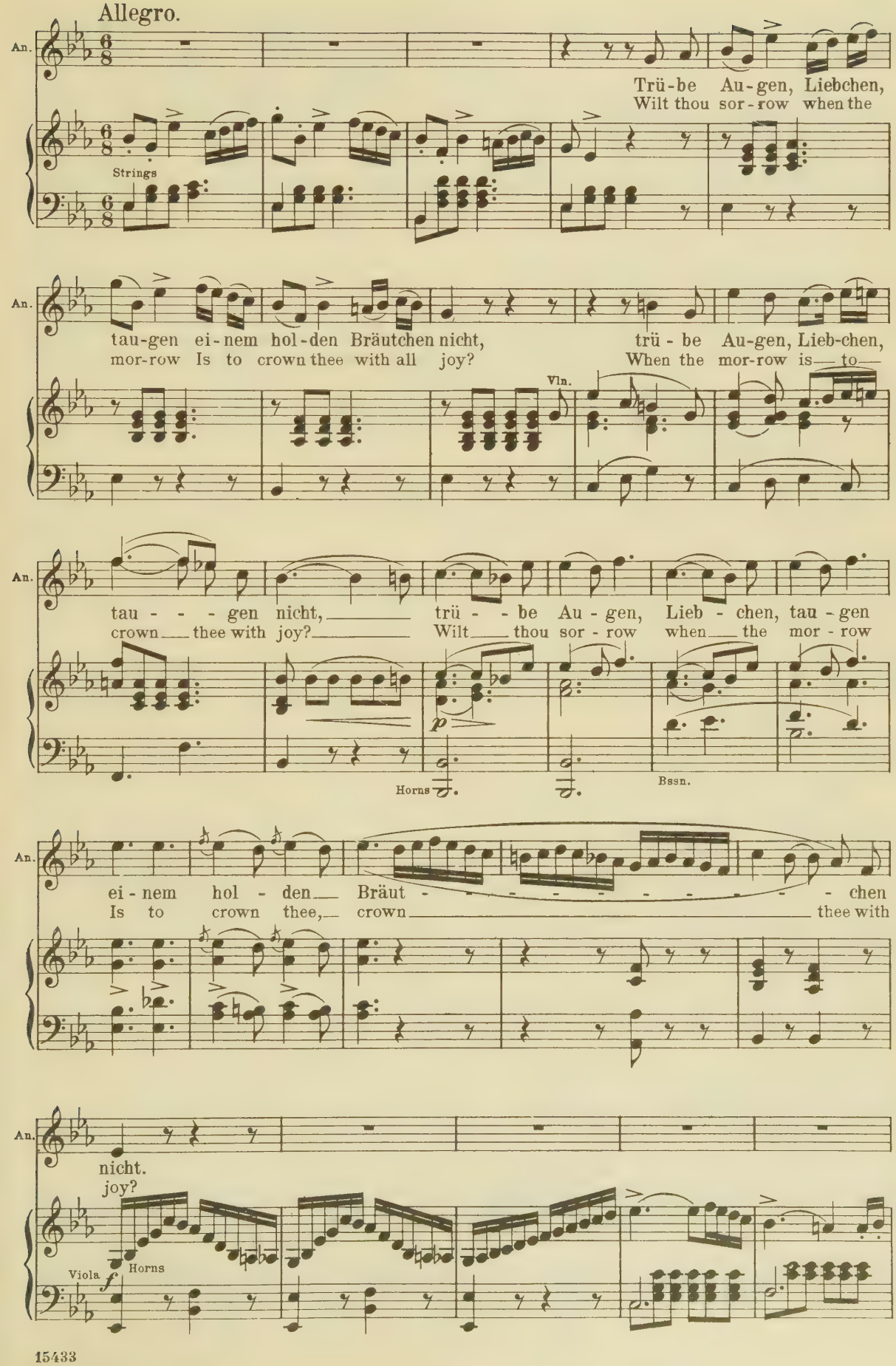
№ 13. Romance and Song. – „Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base."

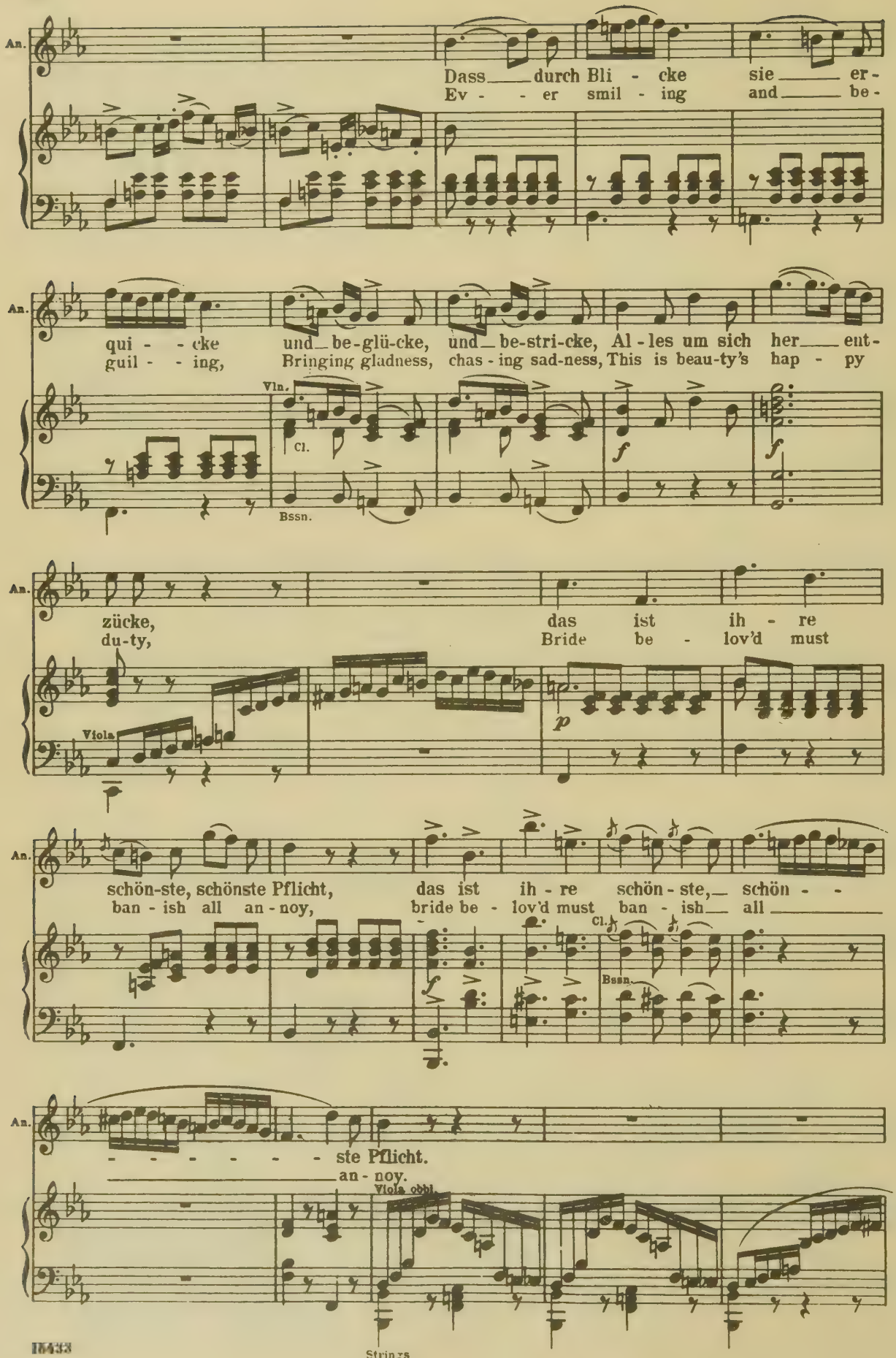
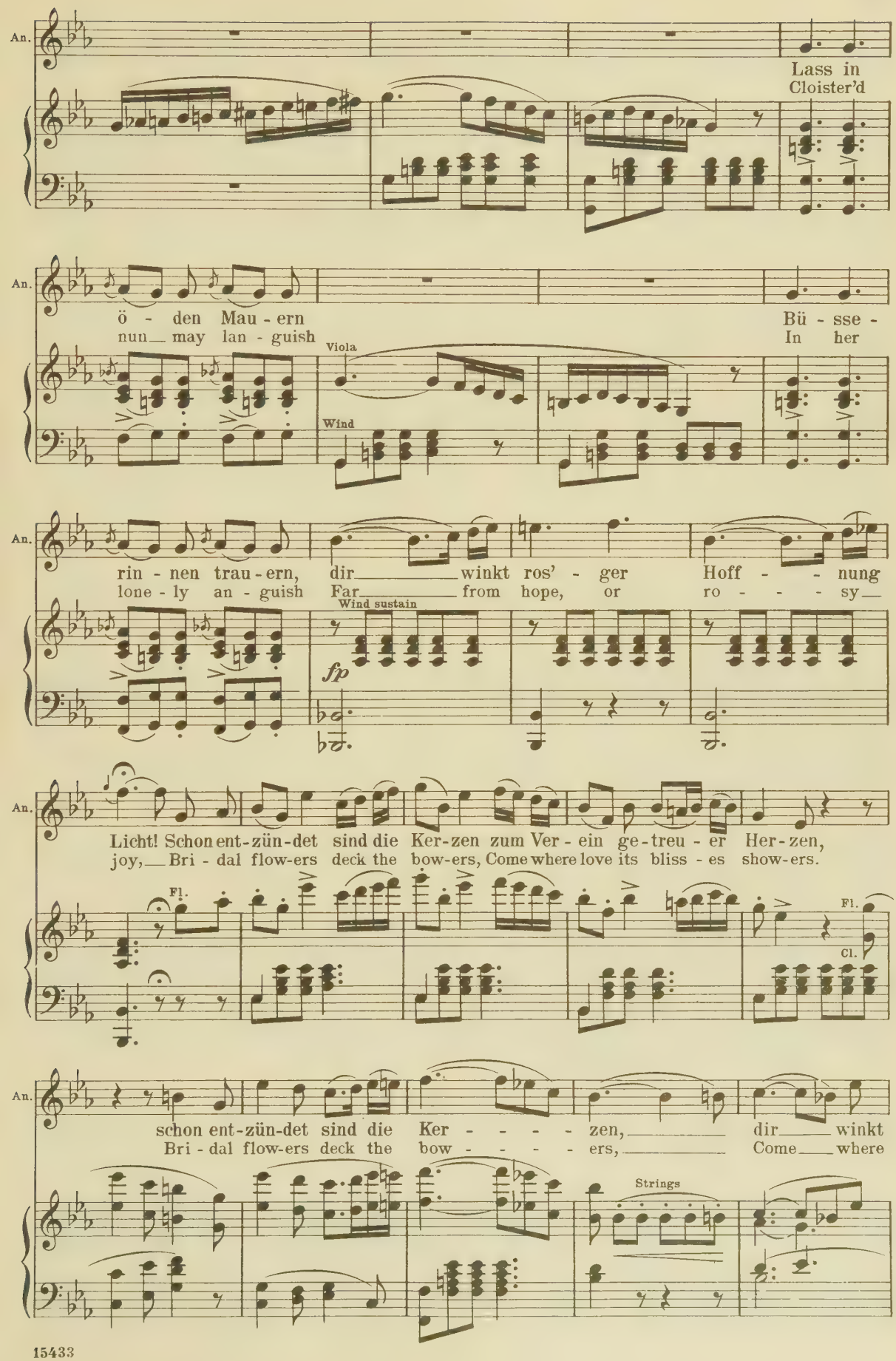
Flutes, Clarinets in B♭, Horns in E♭, Bassoons, Viola obbligata, and Strings.

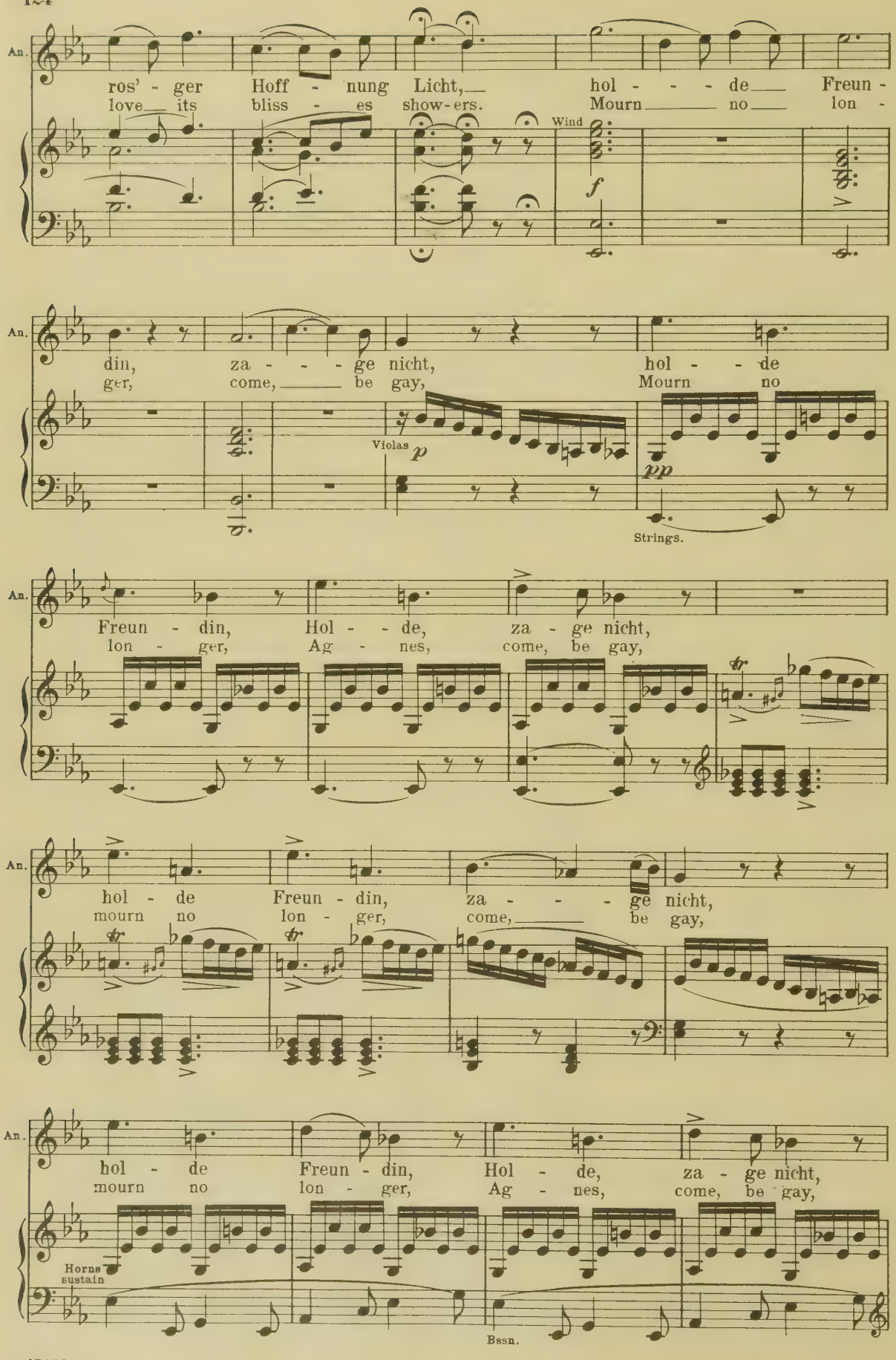
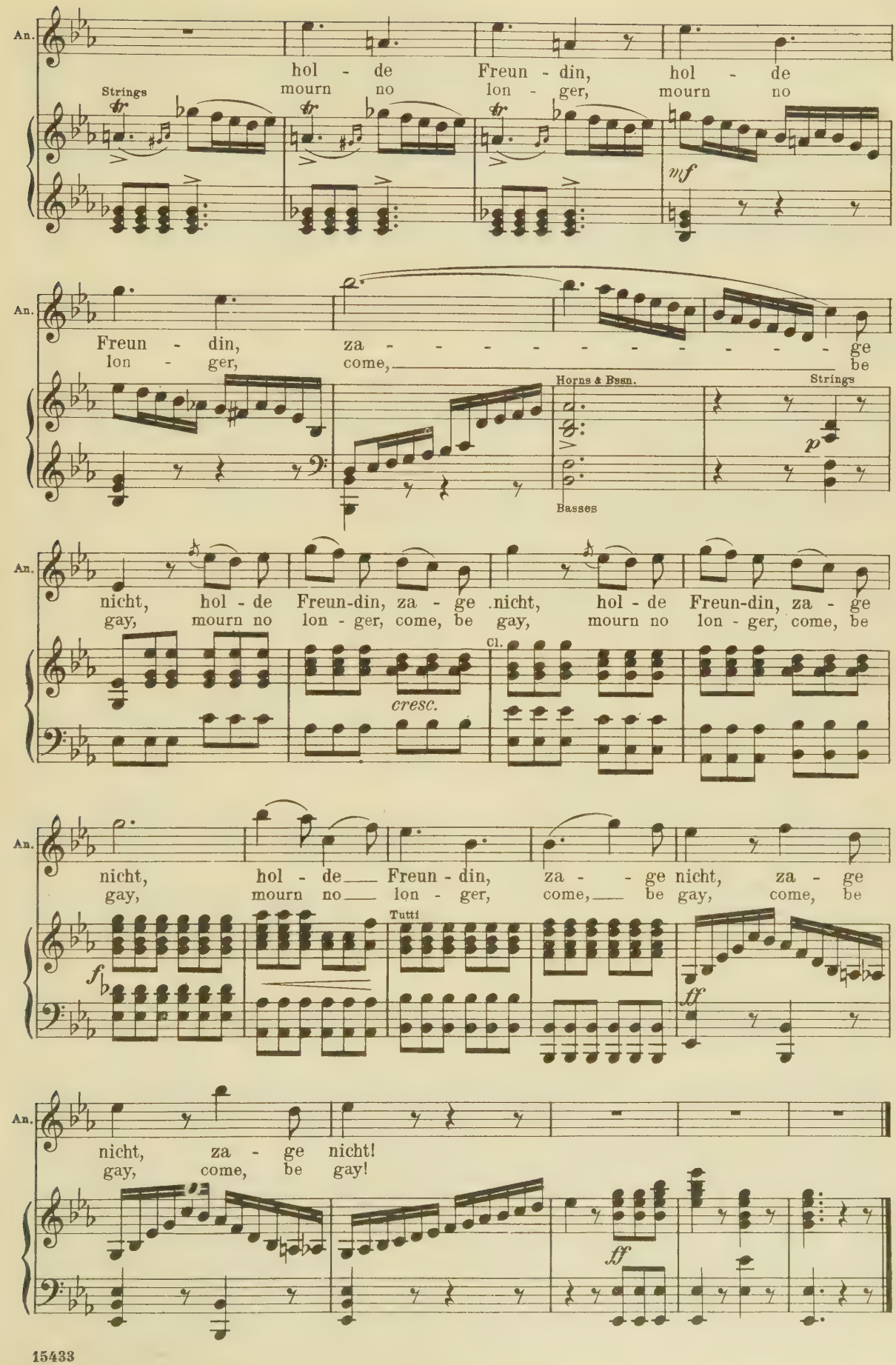


An.
krei - deweiss ward ih - re Na - se, denn nä - her, furchtbar nä-her schlich ein
when the clock had struck e - lev - en She heard a sound, and saw a sight; And
fp
Cl.
An.
Un - ge-heu-er, mit Au - gen wie Feu-er, mit klir - ren - der Ket - te; es
eyes of fire came nigh - er and nigher, A mon - ster low growling A -
Bssn.
fp
An.
nah - te dem Bet - te, in welchem sie schlief: ich meine die Ba - se mit kreidi-ger
round her was prowling, With clanking of chains. She saw something glisten, She sat up to
fp
fp
An.
Na - se, und stöhn - te, ach! so hohl, und ächz - te, ach! so tief! sie
lis - ten: How plaint - ive-ly it groan'd! How mourn - ful - ly it moan'd! She
Fl.
fp
Viola & Cl.
f
fp
f
p
An.
kreuz - te sich, rief, nach man-chem Angst- und Stoss-ge - bet: Su - san - ne!
cross'd her - self, sigh'd, With all her might and main she cried: Oh Su - san,
fp
fp
Bass.


An.
Mar-ga-reth'! Su-san-ne! Mar-ga - reth'!
Mar-ga-ret, Oh Su-san, come and help!
Und sie ka-men mit Licht, und_
And they came with a light_ And_
fp fp f ff
Cl. pp
stringendo
den-ke nur,_ und_ (er - schrick mir nur nicht!) und_ (graust mir doch!)
on-ly think_ and_ (oh don't die of fright!) This ghost in-cog_
Fl. Bssn.
cresc. e stringendo
ff Recit. (Agnes turns away with vexation.)
und der Geist war: Ne-ro, der Ket-tenhund!
Was, oh hor-ror! Ne-ro, the watch-dog!
Tutti Strings
f ff ff f
Andante. a piacere
Viola dolce
Recit. Recit.
Du zürnest mir? Andante. a piacere Doch kannst du wähnen, ich füh-le nicht mit
Nay, frown not so! That all thy sorrow I share, thou well dost
p dolce assai
Recit.
dir? Andante. Nur zie-men einer Braut nicht Thrä - - - - nen.
know! But tears do not be-fit a bri - - - - dal.
Viola Viola


Allegro.
An.
Trü-be Au-gen, Liebchen,
Wilt thou sor-row when the
Strings
tau-gen ei-nem hol-den Bräutchen nicht,
mor-row Is to crown thee with all joy?
trü-be Au-gen, Lieb-chen,
When the mor-row is to
Vln.
tau - - - gen nicht,
crown thee with joy?
trü - - be Au - gen, Lieb - chen, tau - gen
Wilt thou sor - row when the mor - row
p
Horns
Bssn.
ei - nem hol - den Bräut - - - - - - - - - chen
Is to crown thee, crown thee with
nicht.
joy?
Viola
f
Horns


An.
Dass durch Bli - cke sie er-
Ev - er smil - ing and be-
An.
qui - cke und be-glü-cke, und be-stri-cke, Al - les um sich her ent-
guil - ing, Bringing gladness, chas - ing sad-ness, This is beau-ty's hap - py
Vln.
Cl.
Bssn.
An.
zücke, das ist ih - re
du-ty, Bride be - lov'd must
Viola
An.
schön-ste, schönste Pflicht, das ist ih - re schön - ste, schön -
ban - ish all an - noy, bride be - lov'd must ban - ish all
Cl.
Bssn.
An.
- - - - - - - ste Pflicht.
an - noy.
Viola obbl.
Strings

An.
Lass in
Cloister'd
An.
ö - den Mau - ern
nun may lan - guish
Bü - sse -
In her
Viola
Wind
An.
rin - nen trau - ern,
lone - ly an - guish
dir winkt ros' - ger Hoff - - nung
Far from hope, or ro - - - - sy
Wind sustain
fp
An.
Licht! Schon ent-zün-det sind die Ker-zen zum Ver - ein ge-treu - er Her-zen,
joy, Bri - dal flow-ers deck the bow-ers, Come where love its bliss - es show-ers.
Fl.
Fl.
Cl.
An.
schon ent-zün-det sind die Ker - - - - - zen, dir winkt
Bri - dal flow-ers deck the bow - - - - - ers, Come where
Strings

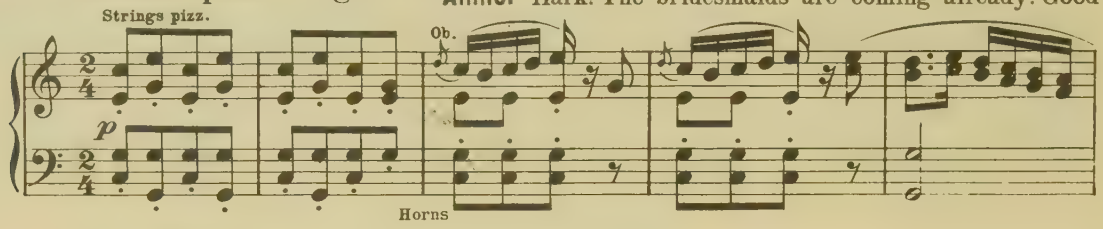

An.
ros' - ger Hoff - nung Licht, hol - - - de Freun -
love its bliss - es show-ers. Mourn no lon -
Wind
f
din, za - - - ge nicht, hol - - de
ger, come, be gay, Mourn no
Violas
p
pp
Strings.
Freun - din, Hol - de, za - ge nicht,
lon - ger, Ag - nes, come, be gay,
hol - de Freun - din, za - - - ge nicht,
mourn no lon - ger, come, be gay,
hol - de Freun - din, Hol - de, za - ge nicht,
mourn no lon - ger, Ag - nes, come, be gay,
Horns sustain
Bssn.

An.
hol - de Freun - din, hol - de
mourn no lon - ger, mourn no
Strings
mf
An.
Freun - din, za - - - - - - - - - - ge
lon - ger, come, be
Horns & Bssn.
Strings
p
Basses
An.
nicht, hol - de Freun-din, za - ge nicht, hol - de Freun-din, za - ge
gay, mourn no lon - ger, come, be gay, mourn no lon - ger, come, be
cl.
cresc.
An.
nicht, hol - de Freun - din, za - ge nicht, za - ge
gay, mourn no lon - ger, come, be gay, come, be
Tutti
f
ff
An.
nicht, za - ge nicht!
gay, come, be gay!
ff

№ 14. Chorus of Bridesmaids.— „Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz."

Flutes, Oboes, Horns in C, Bassoons & Strings.

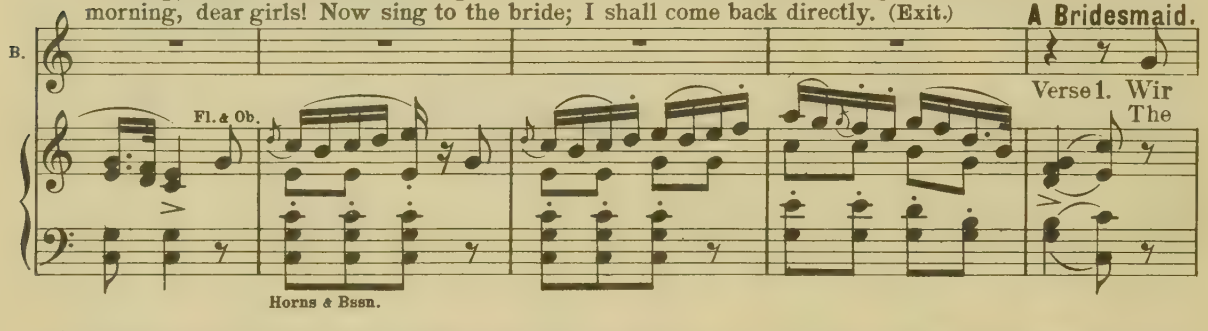
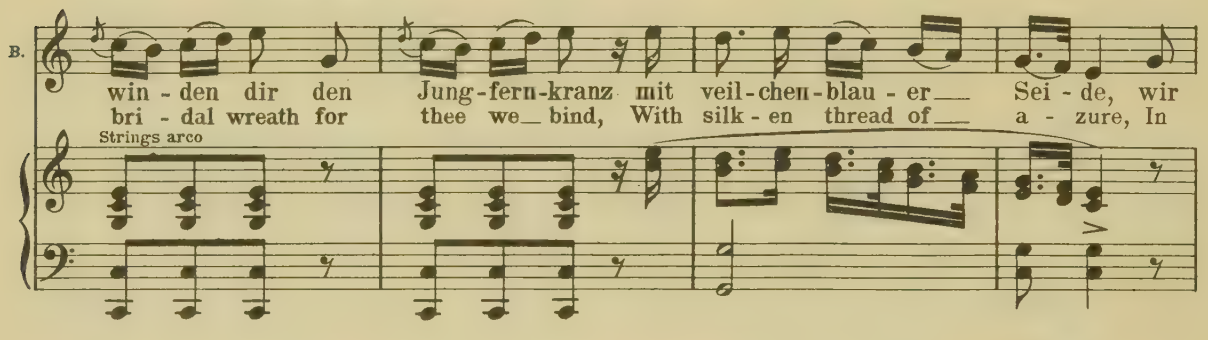
Andante quasi Allegretto.

Ännchen. Annie. Horch, da kommen die Brautjungfern schon. Gu- Hark! The bridesmaids are coming already! Good

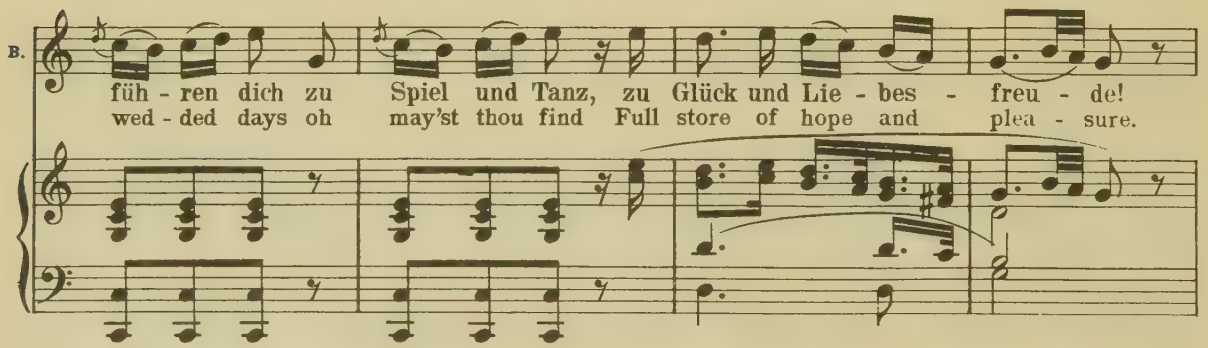


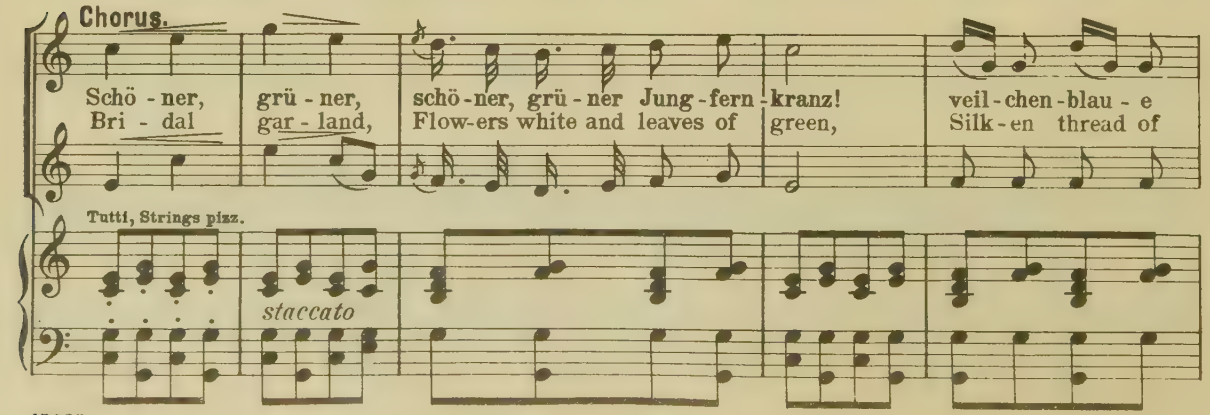
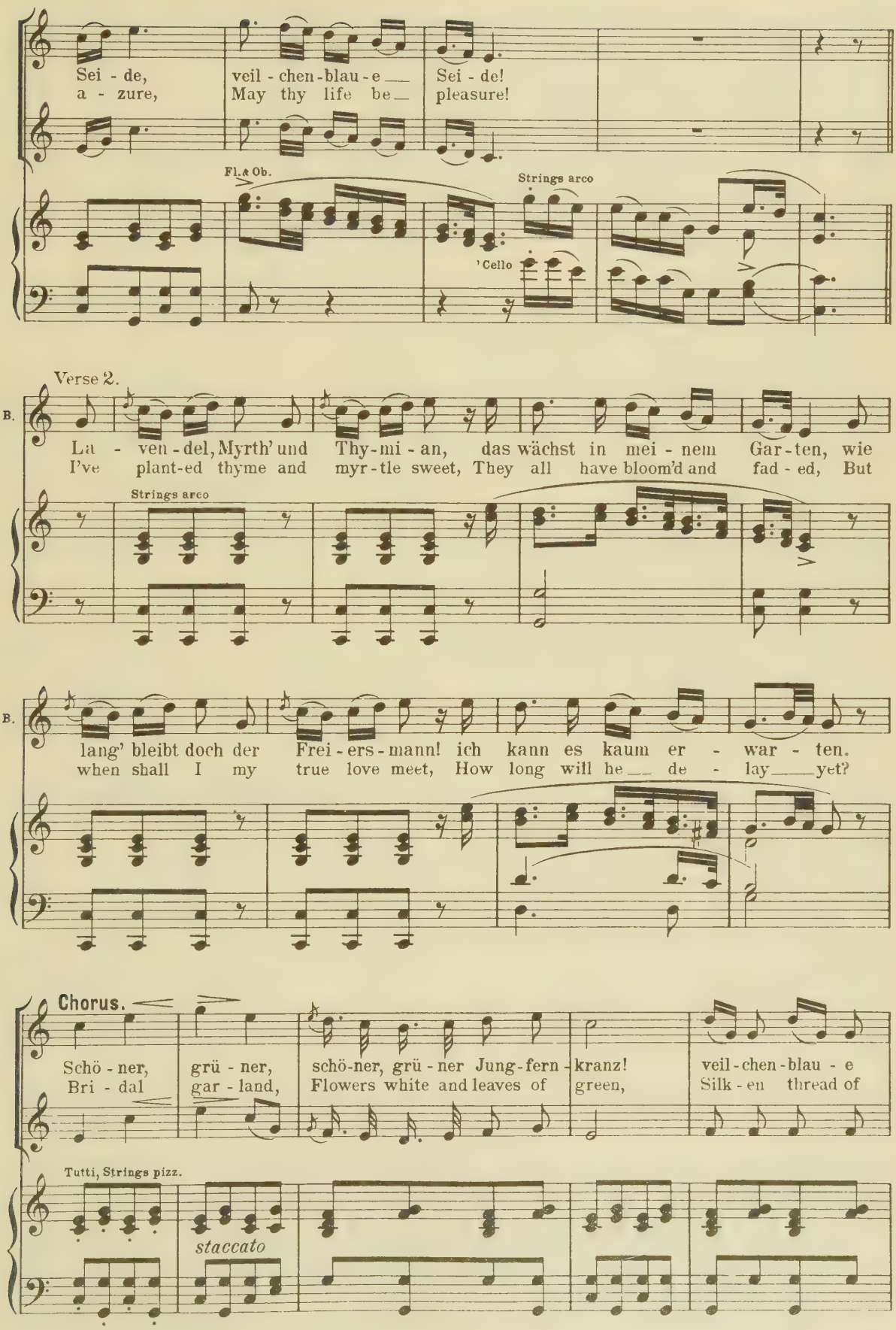
ten Tag, liebe Mädchen! Da singt immer die Braut an! Ich komme gleich wieder. (Ab.)
morning, dear girls! Now sing to the bride; I shall come back directly. (Exit.)

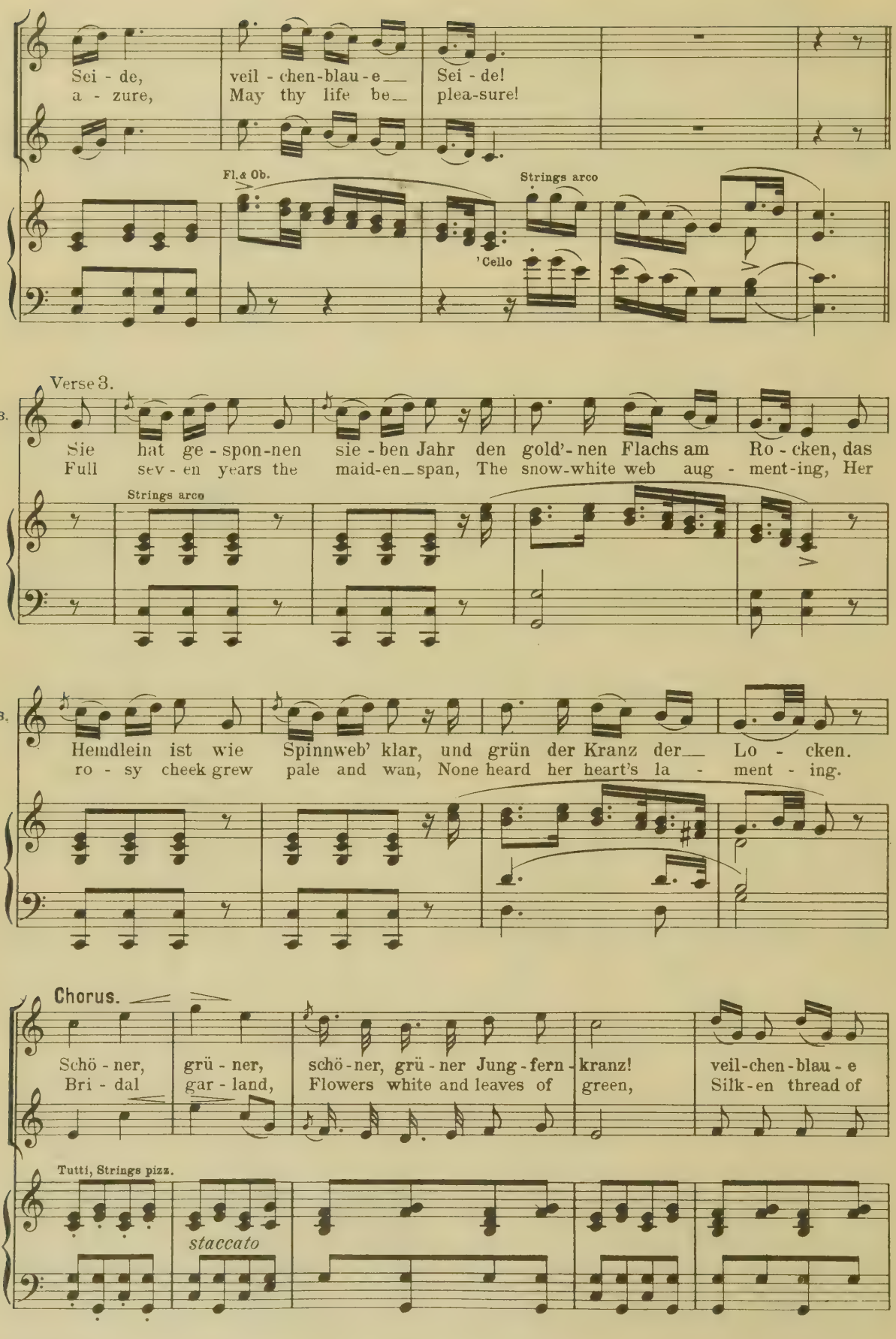
A Bridesmaid.

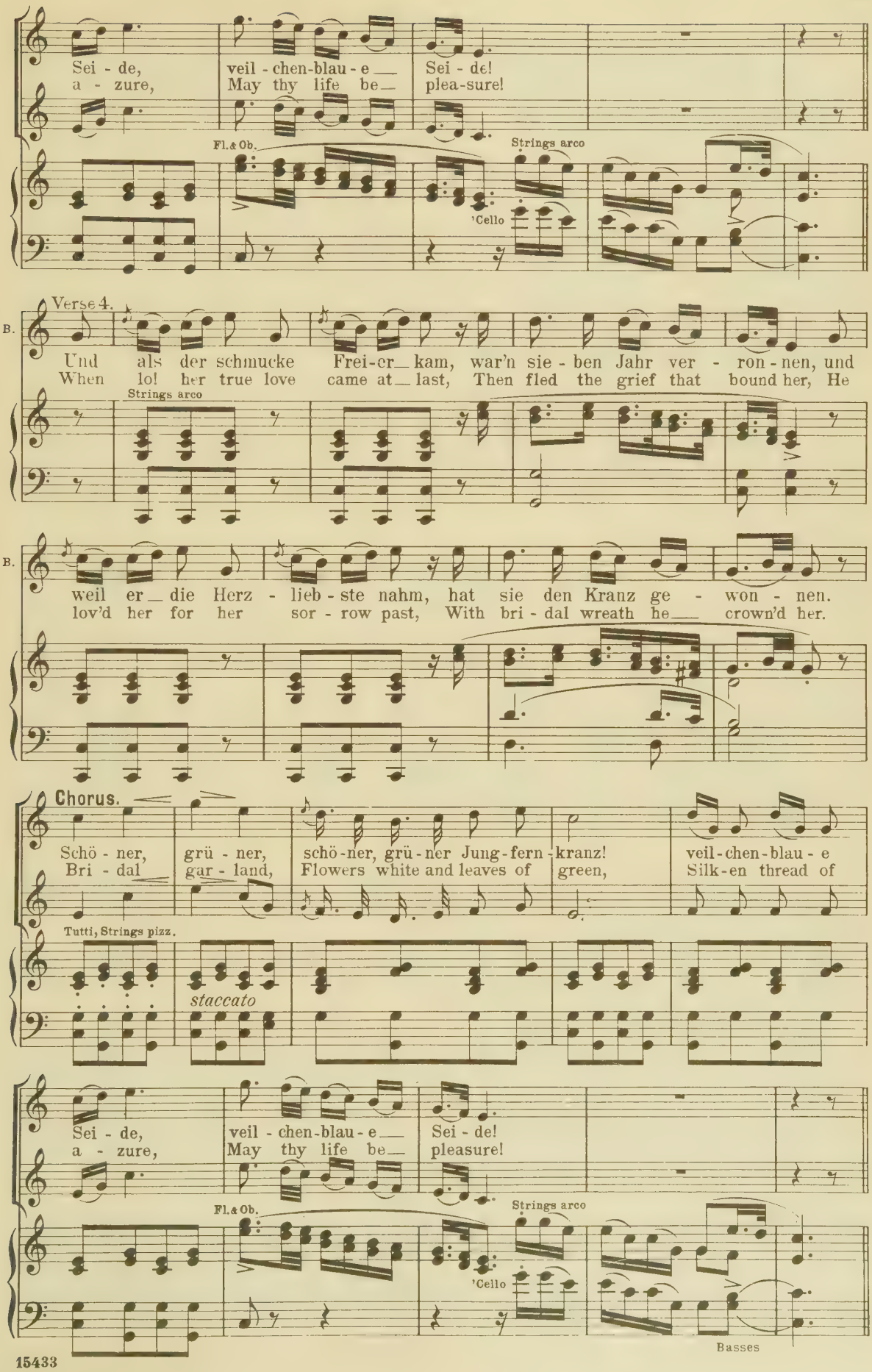


B.
win - den dir den Jung - fern - kranz mit veil - chen - blau - er Sei - de, wir
bri - dal wreath for thee we bind, With silk - en thread of a - zure, In
Strings arco




Chorus.
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jung - fern - kranz! veil - chen - blau - e
Bri - dal gar - land, Flow-ers white and leaves of green, Silk - en thread of
Tutti, Strings pizz.
staccato

Sei - de,
a - zure,
veil - chen - blau - e
May thy life be
Sei - de!
pleasure!
Fl. & Ob.
Strings arco
'Cello
Verse 2.
B.
La - ven - del, Myrth' und Thy - mi - an, das wächst in mei - nem Gar - ten, wie
I've plant-ed thyme and myr-tle sweet, They all have bloom'd and fad - ed, But
Strings arco
B.
lang' bleibt doch der Frei - ers - mann! ich kann es kaum er - war - ten.
when shall I my true love meet, How long will he de - lay yet?
Chorus.
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö-ner, grü - ner Jung-fern - kranz! veil - chen - blau - e
Bri - dal gar - land, Flowers white and leaves of green, Silk - en thread of
Tutti, Strings pizz.
staccato


Sei - de,
a - zure,
veil - chen-blau - e
May thy life be
Sei - de!
plea-sure!
Fl. & Ob.
Strings arco
'Cello
Verse 3.
B.
Sie hat ge - spon-nen sie - ben Jahr den gold'-nen Flachs am Ro - cken, das
Full sev - en years the maid-en span, The snow-white web aug - ment-ing, Her
Strings arco
B.
Hemdlein ist wie Spinnweb' klar, und grün der Kranz der Lo - cken.
ro - sy cheek grew pale and wan, None heard her heart's la - ment - ing.
Chorus.
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jung - fern - kranz! veil-chen-blau - e
Bri - dal gar - land, Flowers white and leaves of green, Silk-en thread of
Tutti, Strings pizz.
staccato


Sei - de, veil - chen-blau - e Sei - de!
a - zure, May thy life be plea-sure!
Fl. & Ob.
Strings arco
'Cello
Verse 4.
B.
Und als der schmucke Frei-er kam, war'n sie - ben Jahr ver - ron - nen, und
When lo! her true love came at last, Then fled the grief that bound her, He
Strings arco
B.
weil er die Herz - lieb - ste nahm, hat sie den Kranz ge - won - nen.
lov'd her for her sor - row past, With bri - dal wreath he crown'd her.
Chorus.
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jung - fern - kranz!
Bri - dal gar - land, Flowers white and leaves of green,
veil - chen - blau - e
Silk - en thread of
Tutti, Strings pizz.
staccato
Sei - de, veil - chen-blau - e Sei - de!
a - zure, May thy life be pleasure!
Fl. & Ob.
Strings arco
'Cello
Basses

Ännchen (mit einer zugebundenen runden Schachtel, die sie in die Höhe hält). Nun, da bin ich wieder. Aber fast wär' ich auf die Nase gefallen. Kannst du dir's denken, Agathe! Der alte Herr Cuno hat schon wieder gespukt!

Agathe (beklommen). Was sagst du?

Ännchen. Dass ich über das alte Bild fast die Beine gebrochen hätte. Es ist diese Nacht zum zweiten Male von der Wand gefallen und hat ein tüchtiges Stück Kalk mit herunter gebracht. Der ganze Rahmen ist zertrümmert.

Agathe. Fast könnte es mich ängstigen. Er war der Urvater unseres Stammes_

Ännchen. Du zitterst auch vor einer Spinne! In einer so tollen Nacht, wo alle Pfosten zittern und krachen, ist's da zu verwundern? [Auch führ' ich wohl nicht sonderlich den Hammer, und der alte Nagel war ganz verrostet.] Nun frisch, noch einmal das Ende des Liedchens! (Sie schneidet den Bindfaden entzwei, kniet tändelnd vor Agathen nieder und überreicht ihr die Schachtel.)

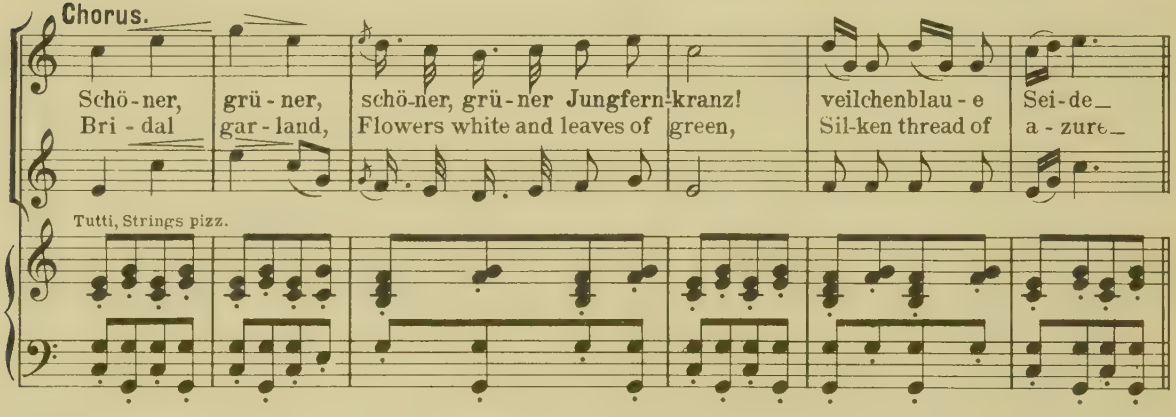
Annie (with a round box, tied up, holding it high). So, here I am again. But I almost fell flat on my face. Just imagine, Agnes! Father Cuno has been walking again!

Agnes (uneasily). What did you say?

Annie. That I nearly broke my neck falling over the old picture. Last night it fell from the wall a second time, and brought down a great piece of plaster with it. The whole frame is smashed.

Agnes. It almost makes me feel afraid. He was the founder of our family.

Annie. Yes, you are afraid of a spider, too! In such a wild night, when all the beams tremble and creak, is it a wonder? [Besides, may be I am not very skilful in wielding a hammer, and the old nail was quite rusty._] Come, quick! Repeat the chorus once more! (She cuts the string, kneels playfully before Agnes, and hands her the box.)


Chorus.
Schö-ner, grü-ner, schö-ner, grü-ner Jungfern-kranz! veilchenblau-e Sei-de_
Bri-dal gar-land, Flowers white and leaves of green, Sil-ken thread of a-zure_
Tutti, Strings pizz.

Agathe (öffnet und fährt zurück). Ach! (Alle ausser Ännchen, die noch kniet, fahren gleichfalls erblassend zurück.)

Ännchen. Nun? Was ist denn?

Agathe (nimmt den Kranz heraus, es ist ein silberner Todtenkranz).

Ännchen (sehr erschrocken). Eine Todtenkrone?_ Himmel, das ist_ (aufspringend und ihre Verlegenheit verbergend) Nein, das ist nicht zum Aushalten! Da hat die alte, halbblinde Botenfrau, oder die Verkäuferin gewiss die Schachteln vertauscht_ (Die Brautjungfern sehen einander bedenklich an. Agathe blickt still vor sich nieder und faltet die Hände.) Aber was fangen wir nun an? (Sie macht die Schachtel zu und verbirgt sie schnell.) Weg damit!_ Einen Kranz müssen wir haben.

Agathe. Vielleicht ist dies ein Wink von oben; der fromme Eremit gab mir die Rosen so ernst und bedeutend_ windet mir daraus die Brautkrone. Vor dem Altar und im Sarge mag die Jungfrau weisse Rosen tragen.

Agnes (opens it, and starts back). Ah! (All except Annie, who still kneels, also draw back, turning pale.)

Annie. Now, what *is* the matter?

Agnes (takes out the wreath. It is a silver wreath for the dead).

Annie (terrified). A burial-wreath?_ Heavens! that is_ (springing up and concealing her distress) No, that is outrageous! The old purblind errand-woman, or the shopgirl, must have taken the wrong box!_ (The bridesmaids exchange doubtful glances. Agnes looks down silently, and folds her hands.) But what shall we do now? (closing the box and hiding it quickly). Off with it_ We must have a wreath.

Agnes. This may be a sign from above. The pious hermit gave me the roses with such an earnest, meaning look_ twine *them* for my bridal wreath. At the altar and in her coffin alike the maiden wears white roses.

Ännchen (nimmt die Rosen aus dem Blumentopfe, schüttelt das Wasser ab, verschlingt sie zu einem Kranze und setzt ihn Agathen auf). Ein herrlicher Einfall! Sie verschlingen sich wie von selbst und stehen dir allerliebst.— Doch nun lasst uns auch gehen, unsere Begleiter werden schon ungeduldig! Singt! Singt!

Annie (takes the roses from the vase, shakes off the water, twines them into a wreath, and puts it on Agnes' head). A splendid idea! They fairly twine themselves, and look beautifully on you.— But now let us go; our attendants are growing impatient! Sing! sing!

(Exit Agnes, escorted by Annie and Bridesmaids, singing with subdued voices.)

Chorus.

pp

Schö - ner, grü - - ner, schö-ner, grü - ner Jung-fern-kranz, veilchen-blau-e
Bri - dal gar - - land, Flowers white and leaves of green, Silk-en thread of

pp

Tutti. Strings pizz.

pp staccato

Viola

Sei - de, veil - chen-blau-e— Sei - de!
a - zure, May thy life be— plea - sure!

Vlns. arco

sempre pp

Viola

Bssn.

arco

Fl.

Strings

pp

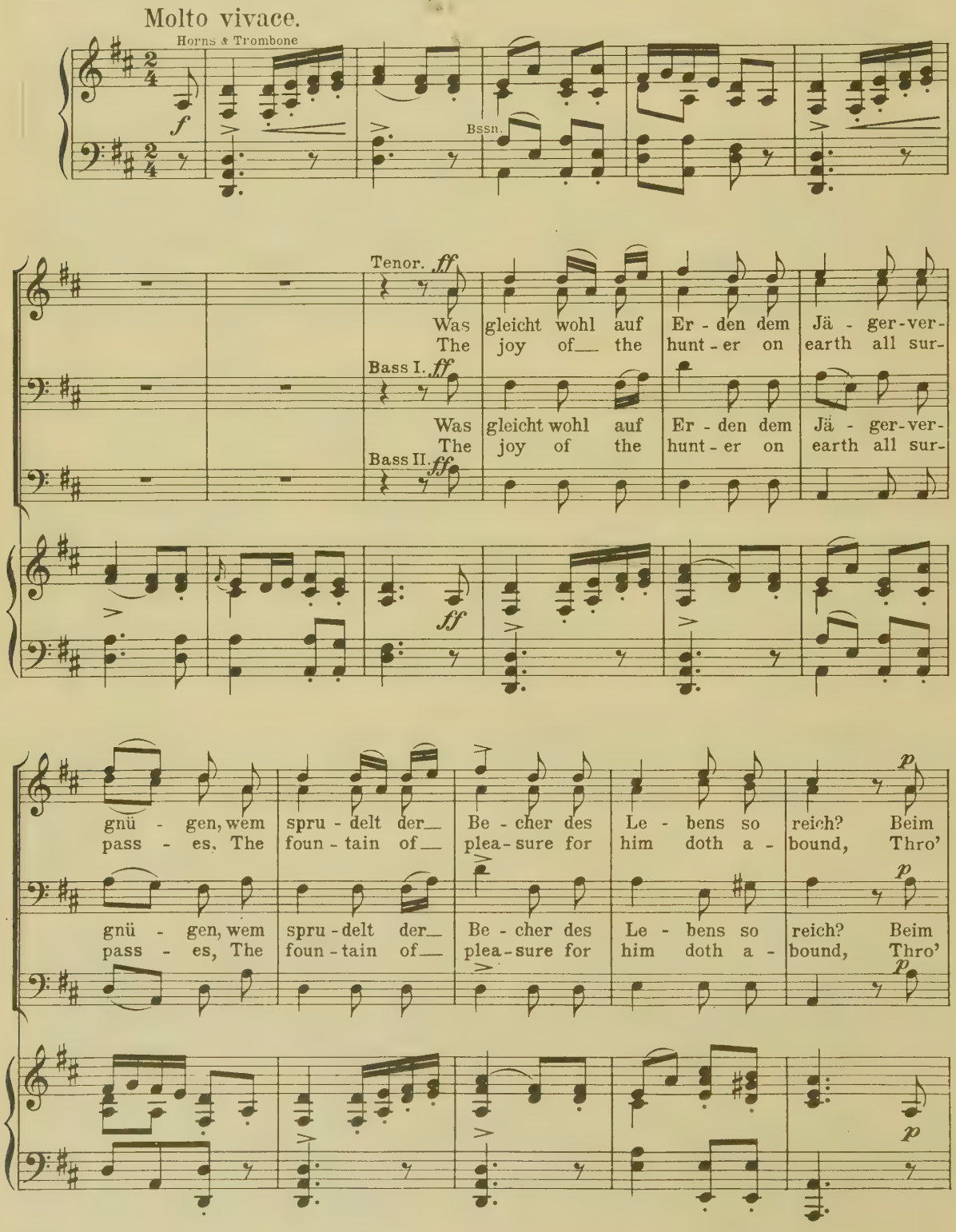
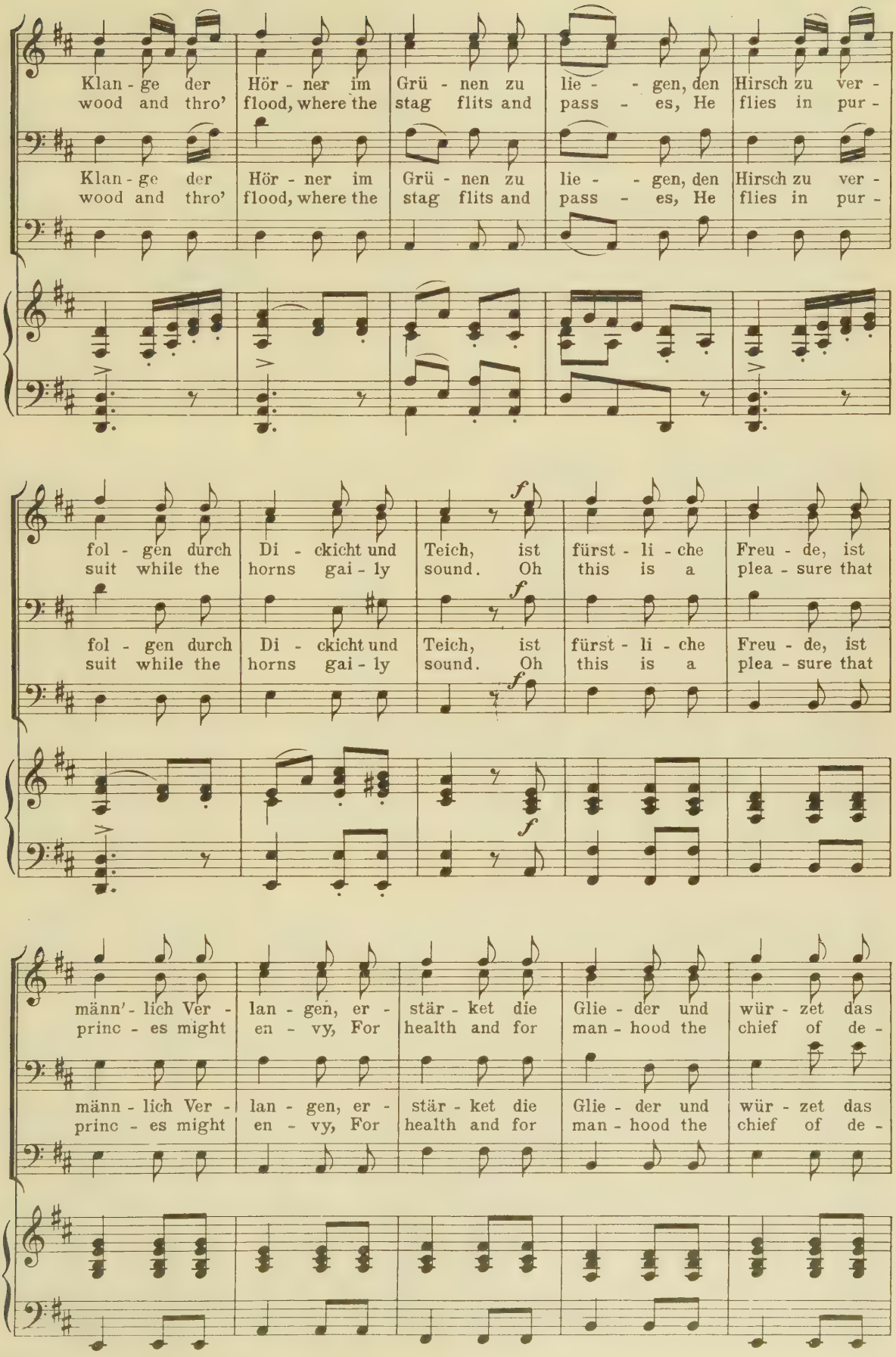
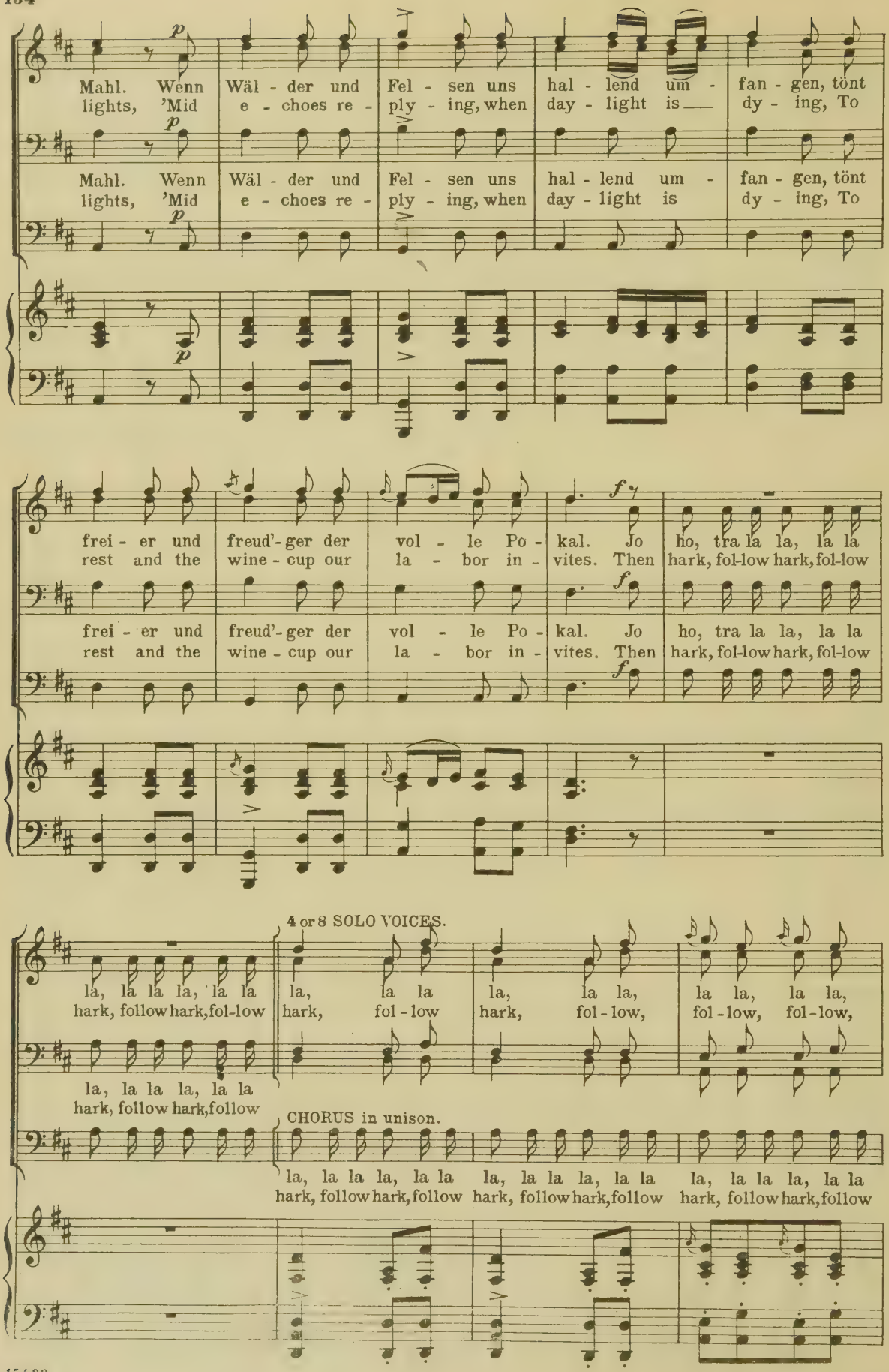
pp ritard.

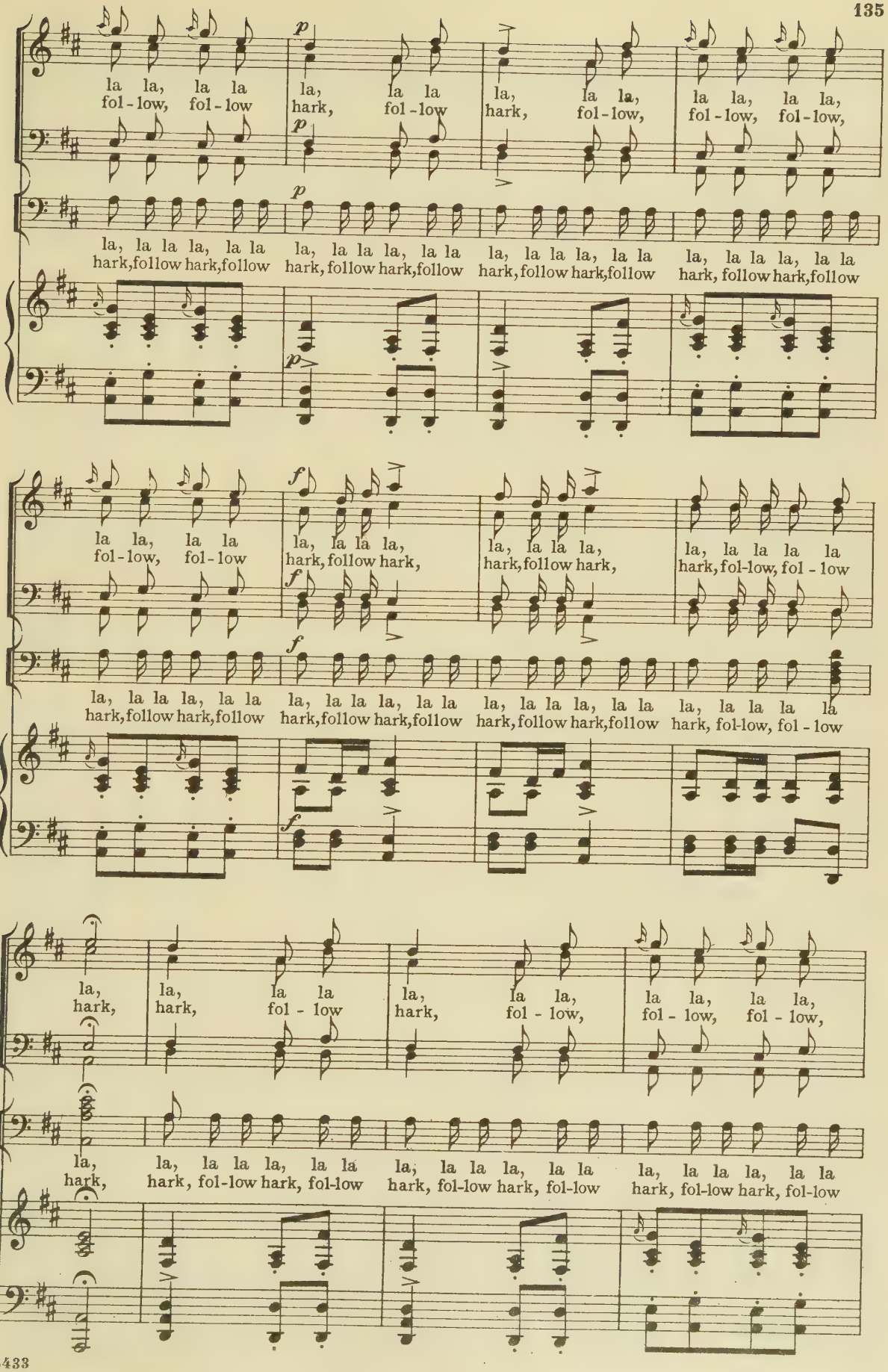
Scene changes. *Attacca* **№ 15**

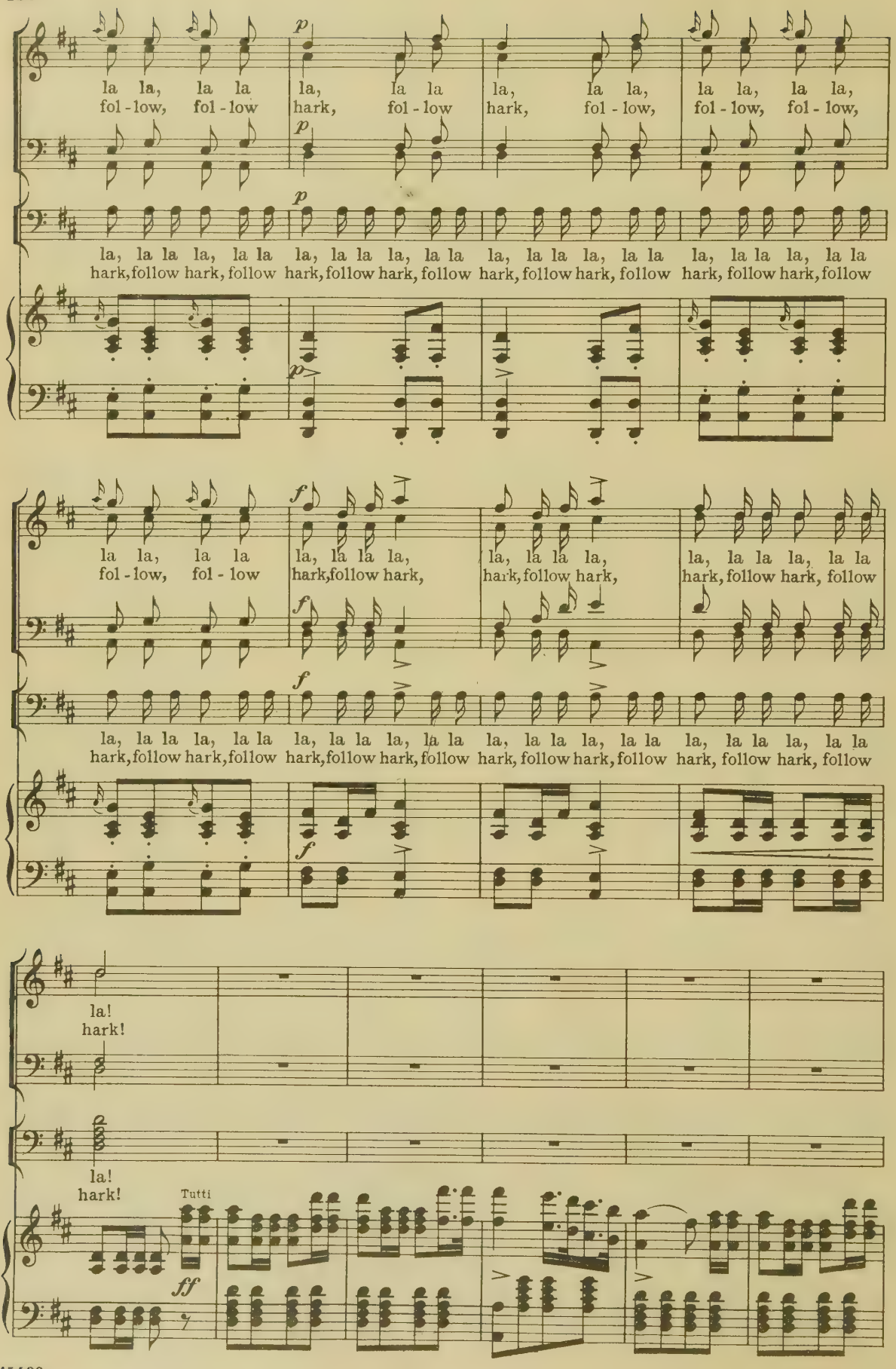
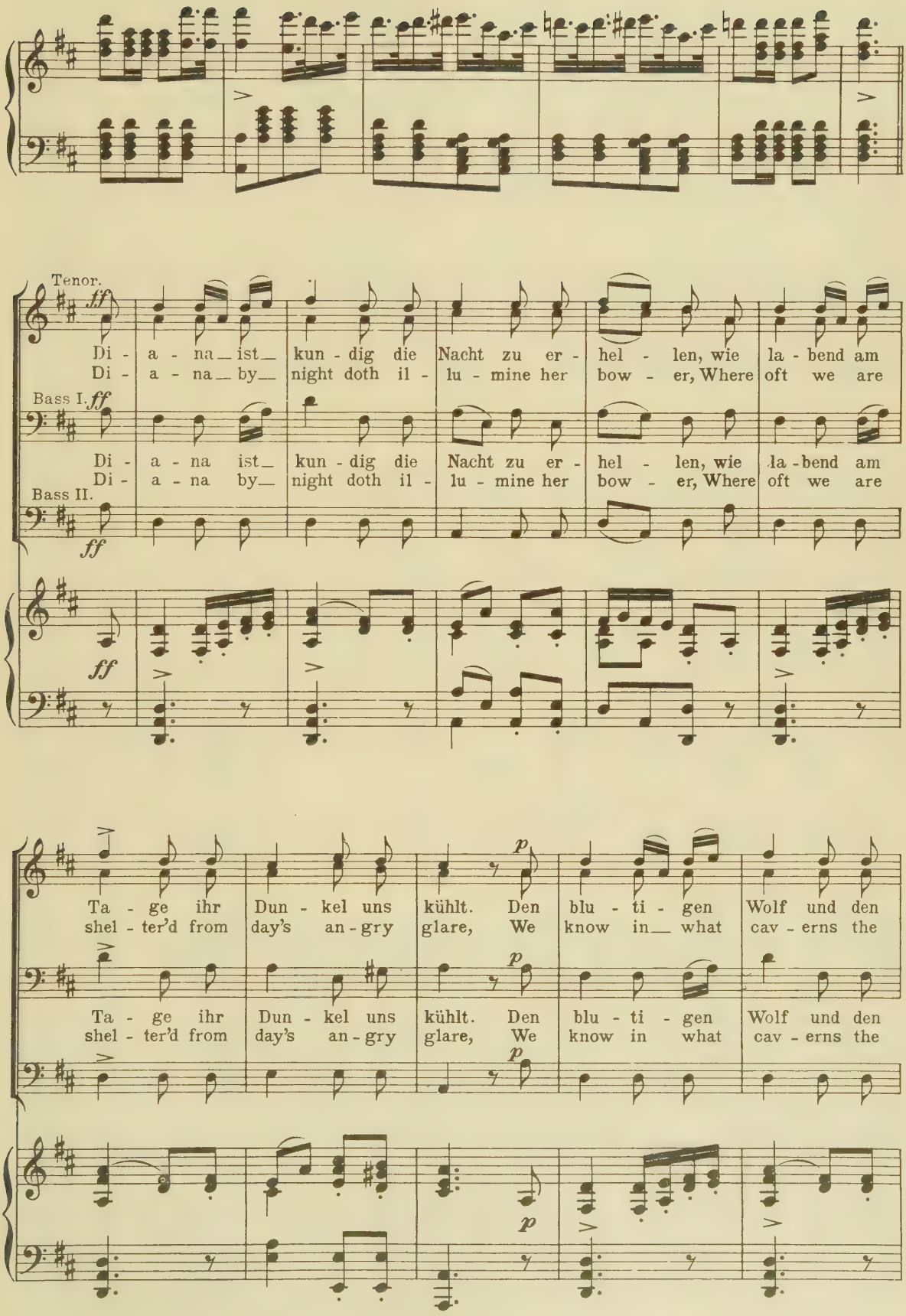
Nº 15. Huntsmen's Chorus. „Was gleicht wohl auf Erden."

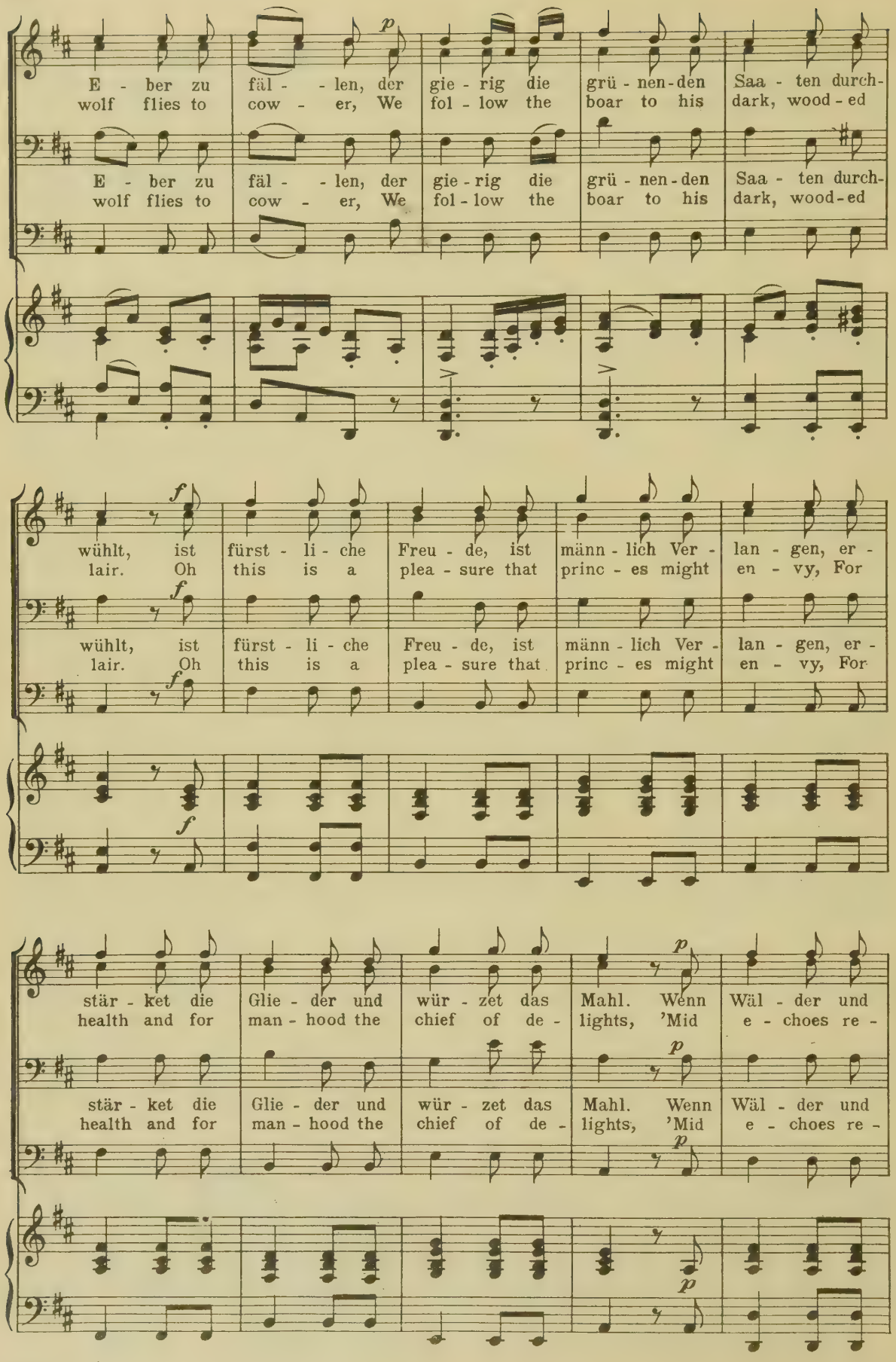
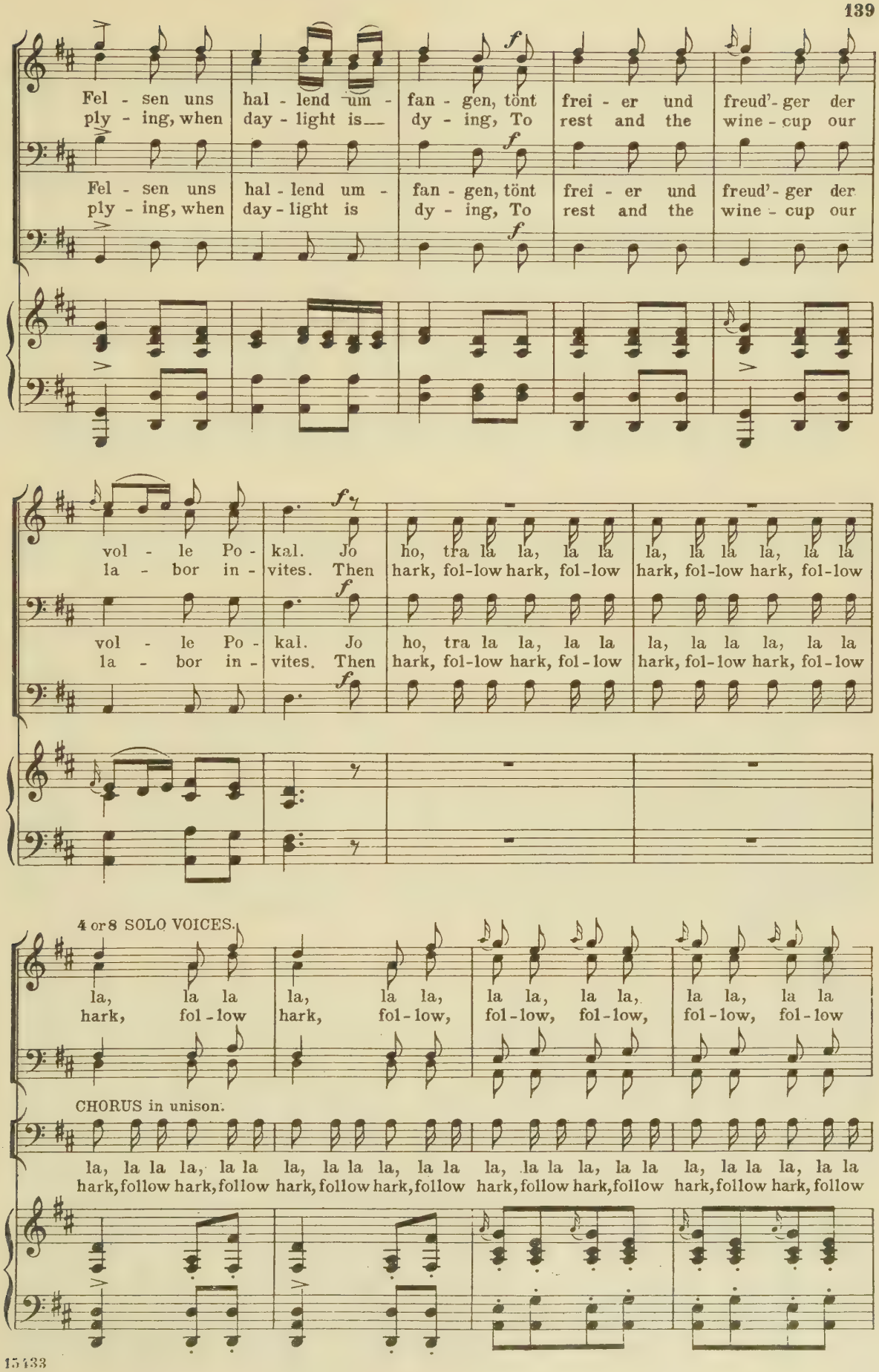
A romantic landscape. On one side the tents of Prince Ottokar, where lords of the Court, Hunters and Retainers are carousing. Prince Ottokar seated at table in the principal tent; at the bottom of the table, Cuno. Max is standing near him, outside the tent, leaning upon his rifle. On the opposite side, Caspar, watching behind a tree. Later, enter Agnes, Annie, the Hermit, Bridesmaids, and a train of country-people.

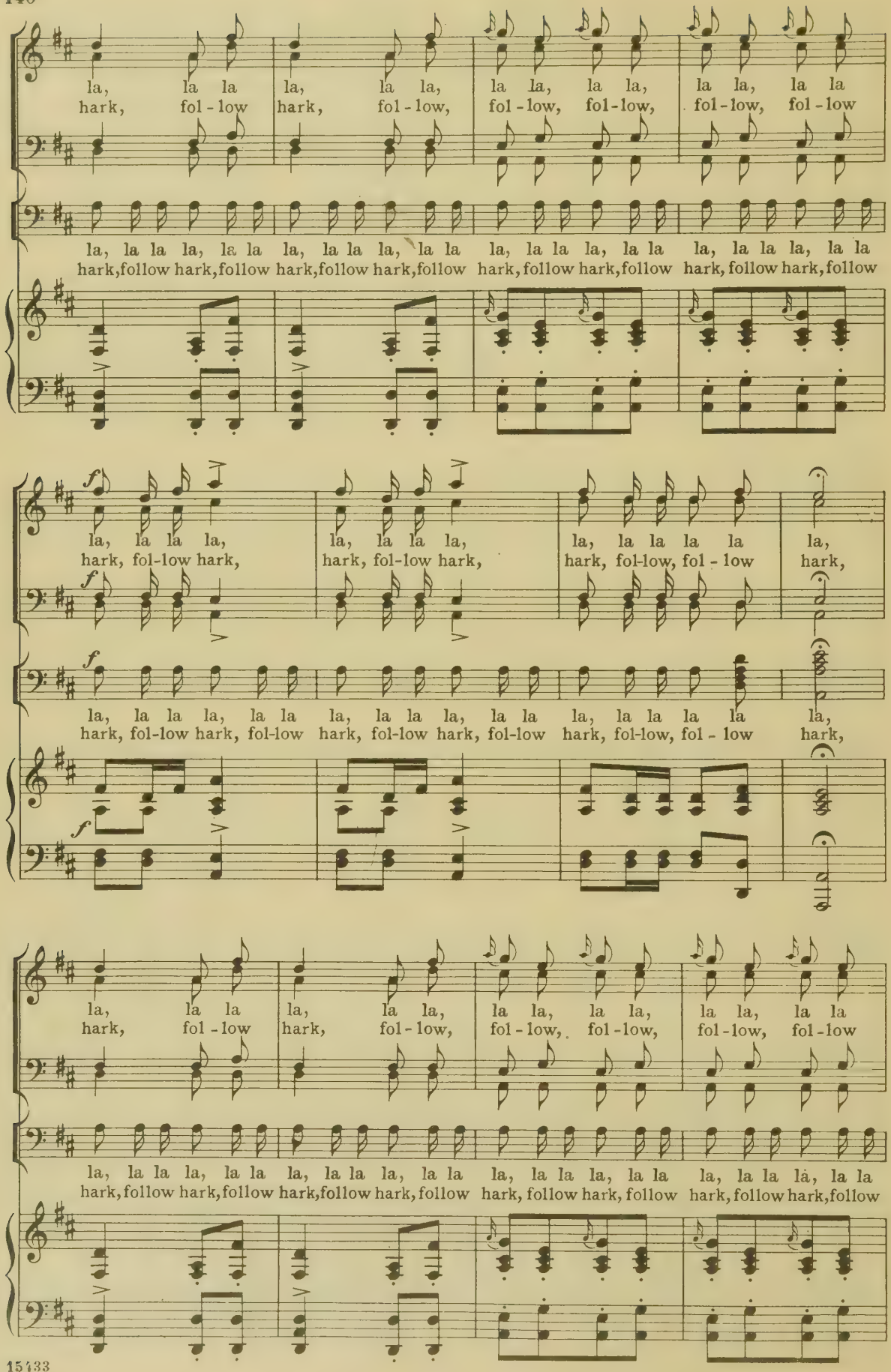
Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets in B♭, Bassoons, 3 Horns in D, Horn in A, Trumpets in D, Kettledrums, Bass Trombone & Strings.

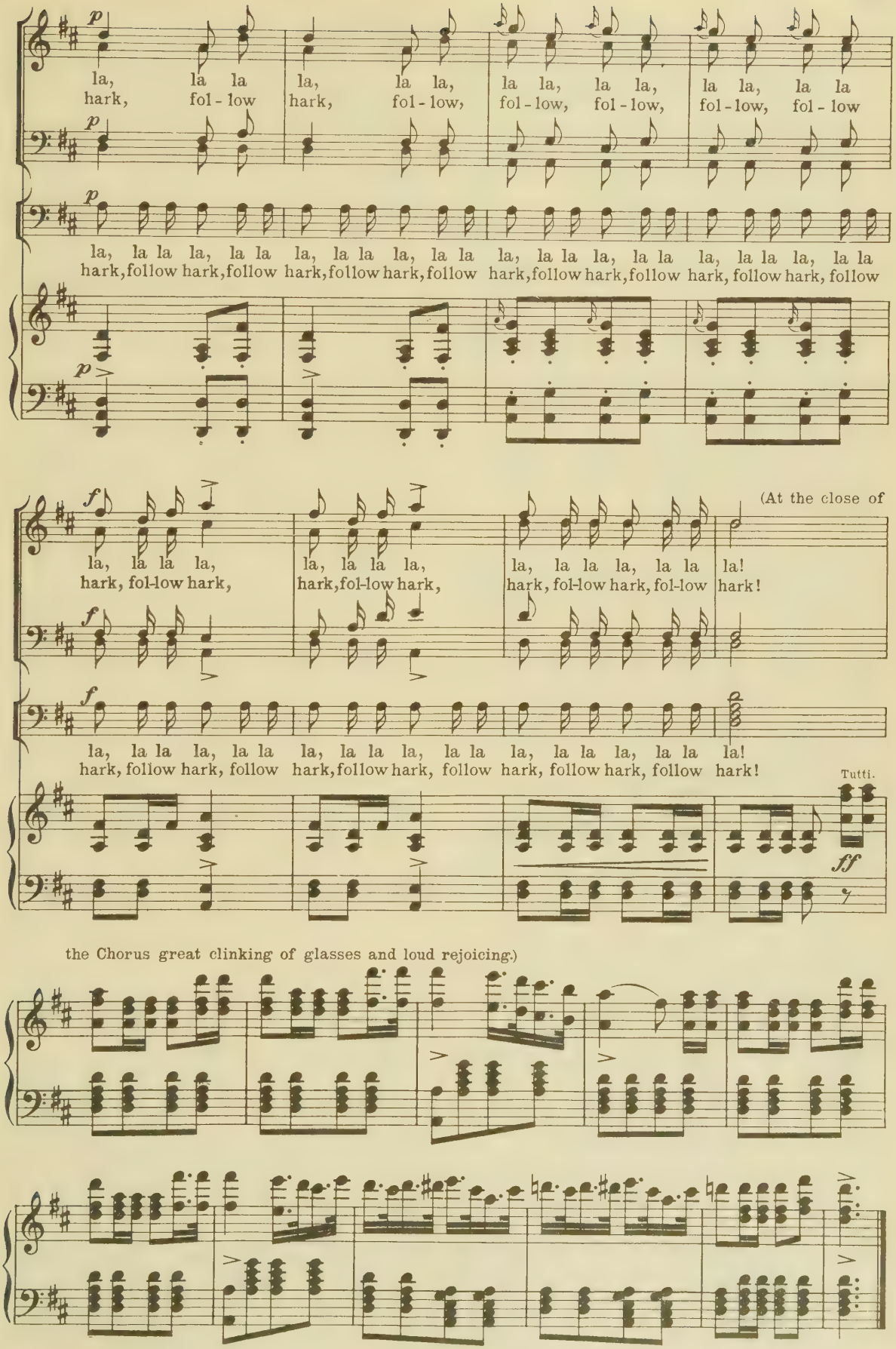

Molto vivace.
Horns & Trombone
f
Bssn.
Tenor. ff
Was gleicht wohl auf Er - den dem Jä - ger-ver-
The joy of the hunt - er on earth all sur-
Bass I. ff
Was gleicht wohl auf Er - den dem Jä - ger-ver-
The joy of the hunt - er on earth all sur-
Bass II. ff
ff
gnü - gen, wem spru - delt der Be - cher des Le - bens so reich? Beim
pass - es, The foun - tain of plea - sure for him doth a - bound, Thro'
p
gnü - gen, wem spru - delt der Be - cher des Le - bens so reich? Beim
pass - es, The foun - tain of plea - sure for him doth a - bound, Thro'
p
p

Klan - ge der Hör - ner im Grü - nen zu lie - - gen, den Hirsch zu ver -
wood and thro' flood, where the stag flits and pass - es, He flies in pur -
Klan - ge der Hör - ner im Grü - nen zu lie - - gen, den Hirsch zu ver -
wood and thro' flood, where the stag flits and pass - es, He flies in pur -
fol - gen durch Di - ckicht und Teich, ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist
suit while the horns gai - ly sound. Oh this is a plea - sure that
fol - gen durch Di - ckicht und Teich, ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist
suit while the horns gai - ly sound. Oh this is a plea - sure that
männ' - lich Ver - lan - gen, er - stär - ket die Glie - der und wür - zet das
princ - es might en - vy, For health and for man - hood the chief of de -
männ - lich Ver - lan - gen, er - stär - ket die Glie - der und wür - zet das
princ - es might en - vy, For health and for man - hood the chief of de -

Mahl. Wenn Wäl - der und Fel - sen uns hal - lend um - fan - gen, tönt
lights, 'Mid e - choes re - ply - ing, when day - light is dy - ing, To
Mahl. Wenn Wäl - der und Fel - sen uns hal - lend um - fan - gen, tönt
lights, 'Mid e - choes re - ply - ing, when day - light is dy - ing, To
frei - er und freud'-ger der vol - le Po - kal. Jo ho, tra la la, la la
rest and the wine - cup our la - bor in - vites. Then hark, fol-low hark, fol-low
frei - er und freud'-ger der vol - le Po - kal. Jo ho, tra la la, la la
rest and the wine - cup our la - bor in - vites. Then hark, fol-low hark, fol-low
4 or 8 SOLO VOICES.
la, la la la, la la la, la la, la la, la la,
hark, follow hark, fol-low hark, fol - low hark, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
CHORUS in unison.
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow


la la, la la
fol-low, fol-low
la, la la
hark, fol-low
la, la la,
hark, fol-low,
la la, la la,
fol-low, fol-low,
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
la la, la la
fol-low, fol-low
la, la la la,
hark, follow hark,
la, la la la,
hark, follow hark,
la, la la la la
hark, fol-low, fol-low
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
la, la la la la
hark, fol-low, fol-low
la, hark,
la, hark,
la la
fol-low
la, hark,
la la,
fol-low,
la la, la la,
fol-low, fol-low,
la, hark,
la, la la la, la la
hark, fol-low hark, fol-low
la, la la la, la la
hark, fol-low hark, fol-low
la, la la la, la la
hark, fol-low hark, fol-low
la, la la la, la la
hark, fol-low hark, fol-low


la la, la la
fol - low, fol - low
la, la la
hark, fol - low
la, la la,
hark, fol - low,
la la, la la,
fol - low, fol - low,
p
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la,
hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow
la la, la la
fol - low, fol - low
la, la la la,
hark, follow hark,
la, la la la,
hark, follow hark,
la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow
f
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la,
hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow
la!
hark!
la!
hark!
Tutti
ff

Tenor.
ff
Di - a - na_ist_ kun - dig die Nacht zu er - hel - len, wie la - bend am
Di - a - na_by_ night doth il - lu - mine her bow - er, Where oft we are
Bass I.
ff
Di - a - na ist_ kun - dig die Nacht zu er - hel - len, wie la - bend am
Di - a - na by_ night doth il - lu - mine her bow - er, Where oft we are
Bass II.
ff
ff
p
Ta - ge ihr Dun - kel uns kühlt. Den blu - ti - gen Wolf und den
shel - ter'd from day's an - gry glare, We know in_ what cav - erns the
p
Ta - ge ihr Dun - kel uns kühlt. Den blu - ti - gen Wolf und den
shel - ter'd from day's an - gry glare, We know in what cav - erns the
p
p


E - ber zu fäl - - len, der gie - rig die grü - nen - den Saa - ten durch-
wolf flies to cow - er, We fol - low the boar to his dark, wood - ed
wühlt, ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist männ - lich Ver - lan - gen, er -
lair. Oh this is a plea - sure that princ - es might en - vy, For
stär - ket die Glie - der und wür - zet das Mahl. Wenn Wäl - der und
health and for man - hood the chief of de - lights, 'Mid e - choes re -

Fel - sen uns hal - lend um - fan - gen, tönt frei - er und freud'-ger der
ply - ing, when day - light is dy - ing, To rest and the wine - cup our
Fel - sen uns hal - lend um - fan - gen, tönt frei - er und freud'-ger der
ply - ing, when day - light is dy - ing, To rest and the wine - cup our
vol - le Po - kal. Jo ho, tra la la, la la la, la la la, la la
la - bor in - vites. Then hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low
vol - le Po - kal. Jo ho, tra la la, la la la, la la la, la la
la - bor in - vites. Then hark, fol-low hark, fol - low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low
4 or 8 SOLO VOICES.
la, la la la, la la, la la, la la, la la, la la
hark, fol - low hark, fol - low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low
CHORUS in unison.
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow


la, la la la, la la, la la, la la, la la
hark, fol - low hark, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow
f
la, la la la, la, la la la, la, la la la la la,
hark, fol-low hark, hark, fol-low hark, hark, fol-low, fol - low hark,
f
f
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la la la,
hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low, fol - low hark,
f
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la la la,
hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark, fol-low, fol - low hark,
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la
hark, fol - low hark, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow


p
la, la la la, la la, la la la, la la la, la la
hark, fol - low hark, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la
hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow
f
(At the close of
la, la la la, la, la la la, la, la la la, la la la!
hark, fol-low hark, hark, fol-low hark, hark, fol-low hark, fol-low hark!
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la!
hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, follow hark!
Tutti.
ff
the Chorus great clinking of glasses and loud rejoicing.)

Ottokar. Genug nun der Freuden des Mahles, werthe Freunde und Jagdgenossen! Und nun noch zu etwas Ernstem. Ich genehmige sehr gern die Wahl, welche ihr, mein alter wackerer Cuno, getroffen; der von euch erwählte Eidam gefällt mir.

Cuno. Ich kann ihm in Allem das beste Zeugniss geben, gewiss wird er sich stets bemühen, Eurer Gnade würdig zu sein.

Ottokar. Das hoff' ich, sagt ihm, dass er sich bereit halte.

Cuno (geht aus dem Zelte, spricht mit Max und geht dann wieder hinein).

Caspar (für sich). Wo bleibt nur das Püppchen? Hilf, Samiel! (Klettert auf den Baum und sieht sich um.)

Ottokar. Wo ist die Braut? Ich habe [mich nach ihr erkundigt und] so viel zu ihrem Lobe gehört, dass ich auf ihre Bekanntschaft recht neugierig bin.

Cuno. Nach dem Beispiel Eurer erlauchten Ahnen waret ihr immer sehr huldreich gegen mich und mein Haus.

Max (hält die Kugel in der hohlen Hand und blickt starr auf sie hin). Dich sparte ich auf, unfehlbare Glückskugel! Aber du lastest jetzt centnerschwer in meiner Hand.

Cuno. Der Zeit nach muss meine Tochter bald hier sein. Doch wollt Ihr mir gnädig Gehör schenken, Herr Fürst, so lasst den Probeschuss vor ihrer Ankunft ablegen. Der gute Bursch hat seit einiger Zeit [— wo freilich die Entscheidung seines Glückes immermehr herannahte —] ganz besonderen Unstern gehabt, und ich fürchte, die Gegenwart der Braut könnte ihn in Verwirrung setzen.

Ottokar. Er scheint mir allerdings für einen Waidmann noch nicht kaltes Blut genug zu besitzen. So lang' ich ihn nur aus der Ferne beobachtete, that er drei Meisterschüsse; aber seit dem Augenblicke, da ich ihn rufen liess, hat er stets gefehlt.

Cuno. Das steht nicht zu leugnen, und doch war er früher stets der Geschickteste.

Ottokar. Wer weiss, Alter, ob es uns Beiden am Hochzeitstage besser gegangen wäre! [Indess altes Herkommen muss man ehren, zu dem (lächelnd und laut, dass Max es vernehmen soll) habt ihr ja noch einen älteren Jägerburschen, dem — wenigstens den Jahren nach — der Vorzug gebührte.

Cuno. Dieser — gnädigster Herr — erlaubt mir —

Max (für sich). Caspar hat vielleicht noch seine letzte Freikugel; er könnte wohl gar — (Ladet hastig und stösst die Kugel in den Lauf). Noch einmal und nimmer wieder.

Ottokar. Nun, es ist bloss um das Herkommen zu beobachten und meine Gunst zu rechtfertigen.] (Tritt aus dem Gezelt. Gäste und Hofleute folgen.) Wohl auf, junger Schütz! Einen Schuss, wie heute früh deine drei ersten und du bist geborgen — siehst du dort auf dem Zweige die weisse Taube? Die Aufgabe ist leicht — Schiess'!

Max (legt an. In dem Augenblick, da er losdrücken will, tritt Agathe mit Ännchen und den Übrigen zwischen den Bäumen heraus, wo die weisse Taube sitzt).

Agathe (schreit). Schiess' nicht, Max! Ich bin die Taube! (Die Taube flattert auf und nach dem Baume, von welchem Caspar eilig herabklettert. Max folgt mit dem Gewehr, der Schuss fällt. Die Taube fliegt fort. Sowohl Agathe als Caspar schreien und sinken. Hinter der ersten tritt der Eremit hervor, fasst sie auf und verliert sich dann wieder unter dem Volke. — Dies Alles ist das Werk eines Augenblicks. Sobald der Schuss fällt, beginnt das Finale.)

Ottokar. Enough of feasting for now, worthy friends and fellow-huntsmen! Let us turn to a serious matter. I gladly approve the choice you have made, my brave old Cuno; your intended son-in-law pleases me.

Cuno. I can speak only the best of him in every way, and he, assuredly, will always endeavor to prove worthy of your favor.

Ottokar I hope so. Tell him to make ready.

Cuno (goes out of the tent, speaks to Max, and returns).

Caspar (aside). But where's the dolly? Help, Zamiel! (Climbs the tree and looks around.)

Ottokar. Where is the bride? I [have made inquiries about her, and] hear so much in her praise that I am eager to become acquainted with her.

Cuno. Like your illustrious ancestors, your Royal Highness has ever been gracious to me and mine.

Max (holding the bullet in the palm of his hand, and gazing fixedly at it). I saved you till the last, you sure and lucky bullet! But now my hand can hardly bear your weight.

Cuno. To judge by the time, my daughter should soon be here. But if your Royal Highness will grant me the favor, let the trial-shot be fired before she comes. The good lad has had remarkably bad luck of late; [to be sure, the happy day was drawing nearer all the while;] and I fear that the presence of the bride might disturb him.

Ottokar. Indeed, for a forester he hardly seems to be cool-blooded enough. As long as I watched him from a distance, he made three masterly shots; but since the moment that I had him called, he has missed.

Cuno. That cannot be denied; yet a while ago he was the best of the marksmen.

Ottokar. Who knows, old friend, whether either of us would have done better on his wedding-day! [Still, old customs should be honored; besides (laughingly and raising his voice, so that Max may hear), you have another, older ranger, who should take precedence — at least as far as years go.

Cuno. The one you mean — Sire — permit me —

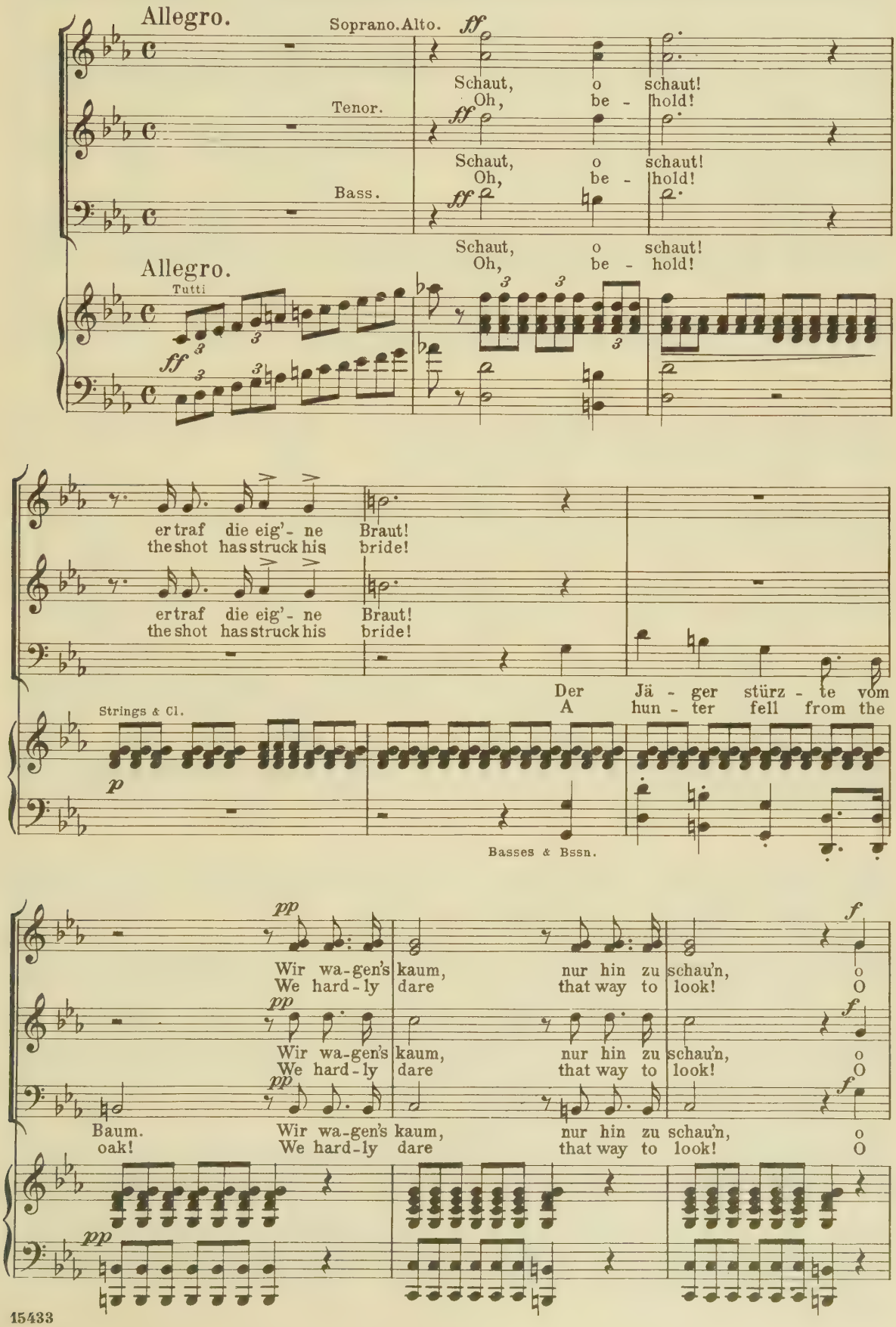
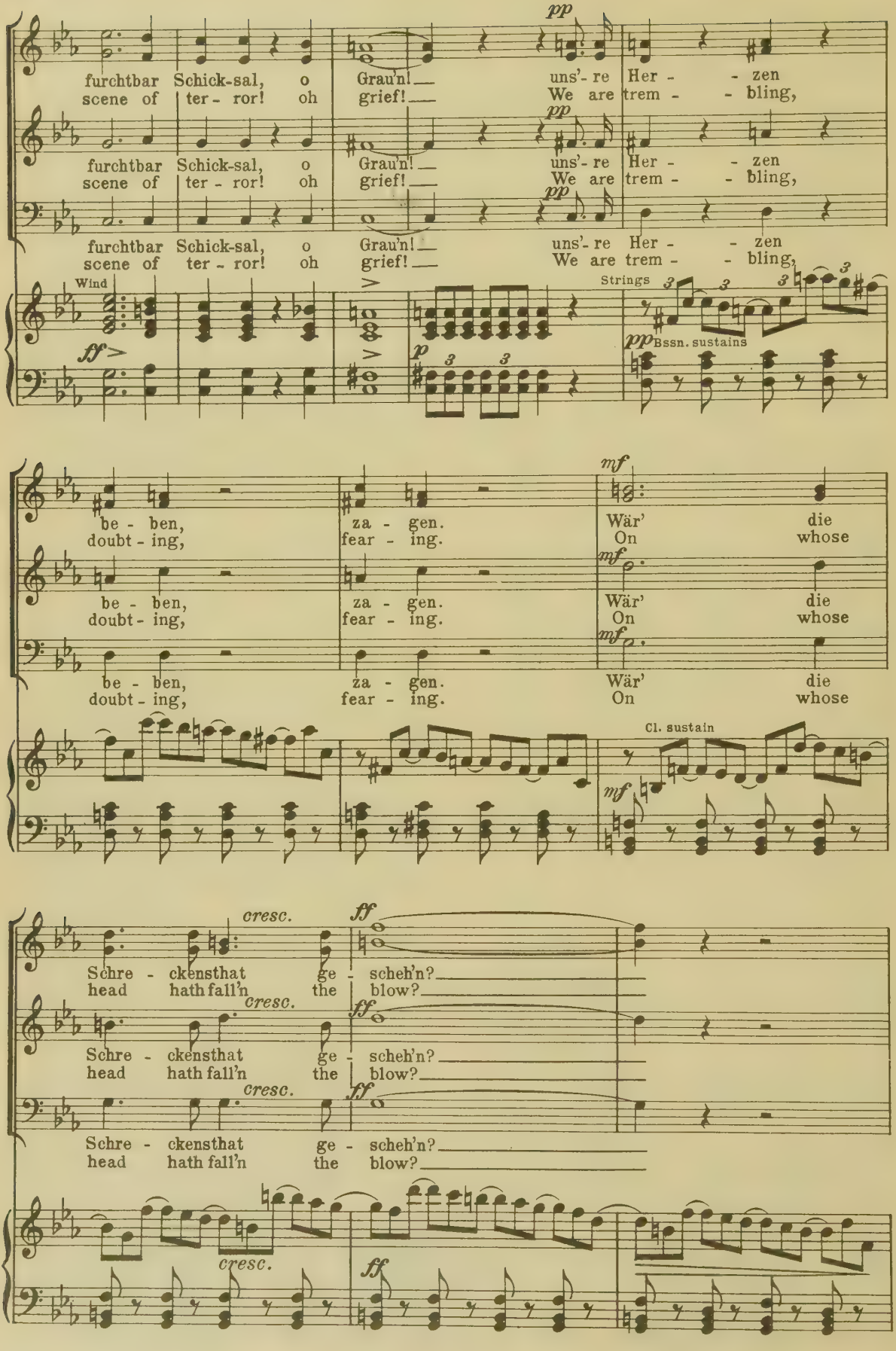
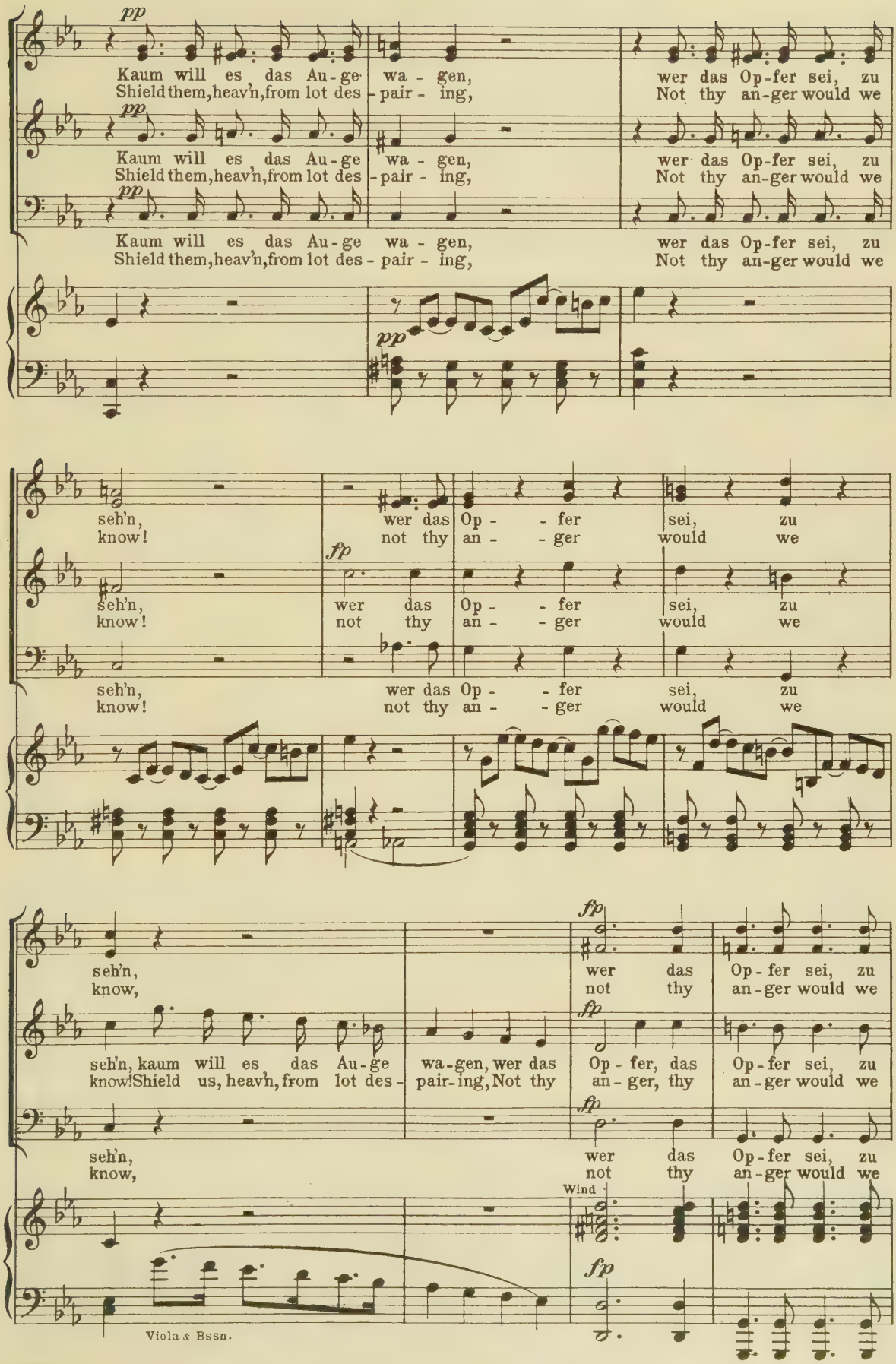
Max (aside). Perhaps Caspar has kept one charmed bullet; then he might even — (Loads hastily, and rams the bullet home.) Once more — and never again!

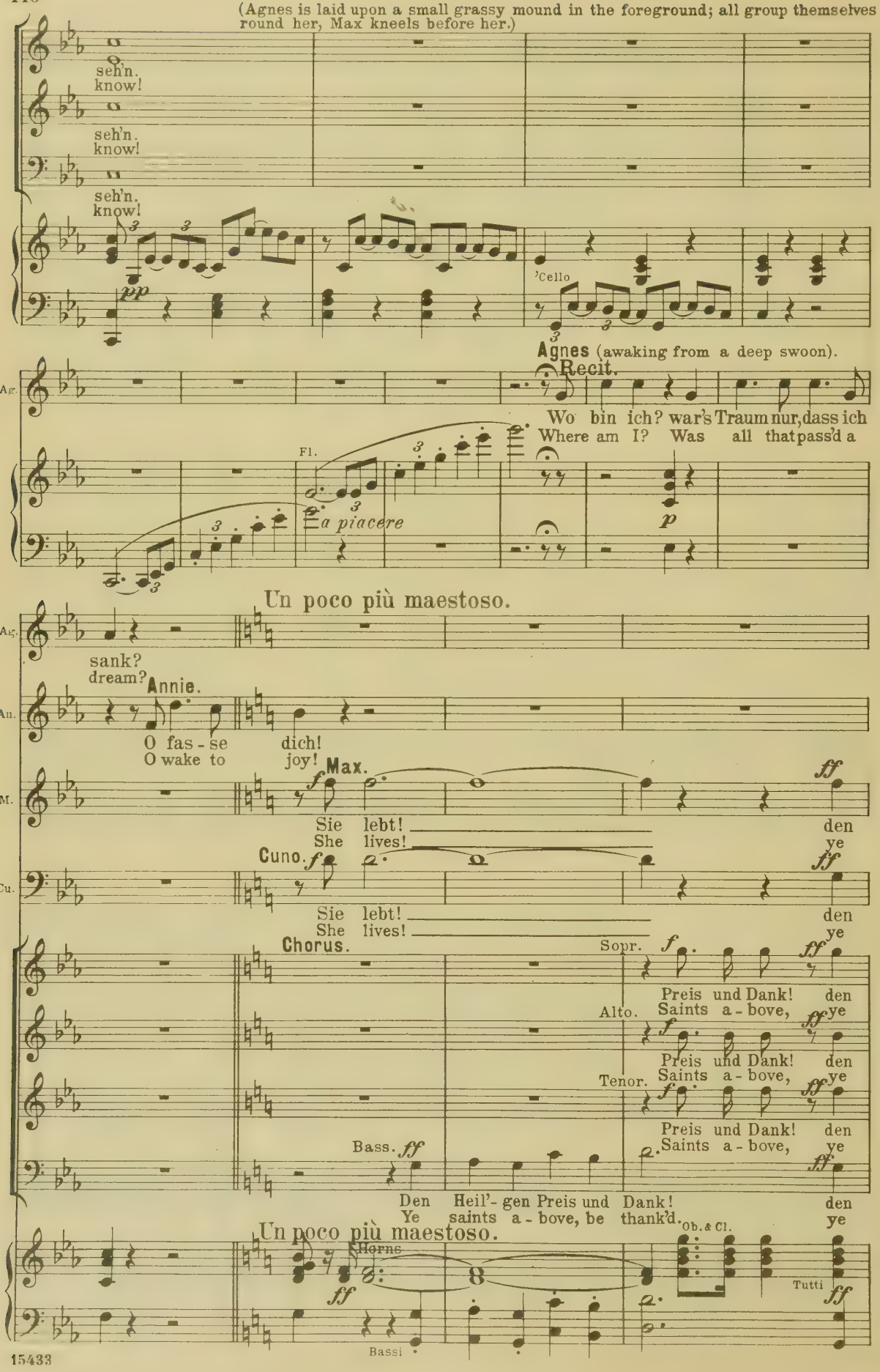
Ottokar. Well, 'tis only to keep a time-honored custom, and to justify my favor.] (Steps out of the tent; guests and courtiers follow.) Now then, young marksman! One shot like your first three this morning, and the prize is yours — do you see the white dove on yonder branch? 'Tis an easy shot — try it!

Max (takes aim. As he is about to pull trigger, Agnes appears with Annie and the others among the trees near where the dove is perched.)

Agnes (screams). *Do not fire, Max! I am the dove!* (The dove flies over to the tree from which Caspar is hastily climbing down. Max follows its flight with the rifle, and fires. The dove flies away. Both Agnes and Caspar scream and fall to the ground; behind the former the Hermit appears, lifts her up, and disappears among the throng. — All this is the work of a moment. Immediately after the shot, the Finale begins.)

Nº 16. Finale. „Schaut, o schaut."

Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets in B♭, Horns in C, Horns in E♭, Trumpets in G, Bassoons, Kettledrums and Strings.


furchtbar Schick-sal, o Grau'n! uns'- re Her - - zen
scene of ter - ror! oh grief! We are trem - - bling,
pp
Wind
ff
Strings
Bssn. sustains
be - ben, za - gen. Wär' die
doubt - ing, fear - ing. On whose
mf
Cl. sustain
Schre - ckensthat ge - scheh'n?
head hath fall'n the blow?
cresc.
ff

pp
Kaum will es das Au-ge wa-gen, wer das Op-fer sei, zu
Shield them, heav'n, from lot des-pair-ing, Not thy an-ger would we
pp
Kaum will es das Au-ge wa-gen, wer das Op-fer sei, zu
Shield them, heav'n, from lot des-pair-ing, Not thy an-ger would we
pp
Kaum will es das Au-ge wa-gen, wer das Op-fer sei, zu
Shield them, heav'n, from lot des-pair-ing, Not thy an-ger would we
pp
seh'n, wer das Op-fer sei, zu
know! not thy an-ger would we
fp
seh'n, wer das Op-fer sei, zu
know! not thy an-ger would we
seh'n, wer das Op-fer sei, zu
know! not thy an-ger would we
seh'n, wer das Op-fer sei, zu
know, not thy an-ger would we
seh'n, kaum will es das Au-ge wa-gen, wer das Op-fer, das Op-fer sei, zu
know! Shield us, heav'n, from lot des-pair-ing, Not thy an-ger, thy an-ger would we
seh'n, wer das Op-fer sei, zu
know, not thy an-ger would we
Wind
Viola & Bssn.


(Agnes is laid upon a small grassy mound in the foreground; all group themselves round her, Max kneels before her.)
seh'n.
know!
seh'n.
know!
seh'n.
know!
pp
'Cello
Agnes (awaking from a deep swoon).
Recit.
Ag.
Wo bin ich? war's Traum nur, dass ich
Where am I? Was all that pass'd a
Fl.
a piacere
p
Un poco più maestoso.
Ag.
sank?
dream?
Annie.
An.
O fas - se dich!
O wake to joy!
Max.
M.
f
ff
Sie lebt! den
She lives! ye
Cuno.
Cu.
Sie lebt! den
She lives! ye
Chorus.
Sopr.
Preis und Dank! den
Alto.
Saints a - bove, ye
Preis und Dank! den
Tenor.
Saints a - bove, ye
Preis und Dank! den
Bass.
Saints a - bove, ye
Den Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! den
Ye saints a - bove, be thank'd. ye
Un poco più maestoso.
Horns
Ob. & Cl.
Tutti
Bassi

M. Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! sie hat die Au - gen of - fen, den Heil'- gen
saints a - bove, be thank'd, To joy she is re - viv - ing, ye saints a -

Cu. Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! sie hat die Au - gen of - fen,
saints a - bove, be thank'd, To joy she is re - viv - ing,

Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! sie hat die Au - gen of - fen,
saints a - bove, be thank'd, To joy she is re - viv - ing,

Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! sie hat die Au - gen of - fen,
saints a - bove, be thank'd, To joy she is re - viv - ing,

Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! sie hat die Au - gen of - fen, den Heil'- gen
saints a - bove, be thank'd, To joy she is re - viv - ing, ye saints a -

Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! sie hat die Au - gen of - fen,
saints a - bove, be thank'd, To joy she is re - viv - ing,

Viola & Bssn.

M. Preis und Dank! den Heil'- gen Preis und
bove, be thank'd, ye saints a - bove, be

Cu. den Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! Preis und
ye saints a - bove, be thank'd, be ye

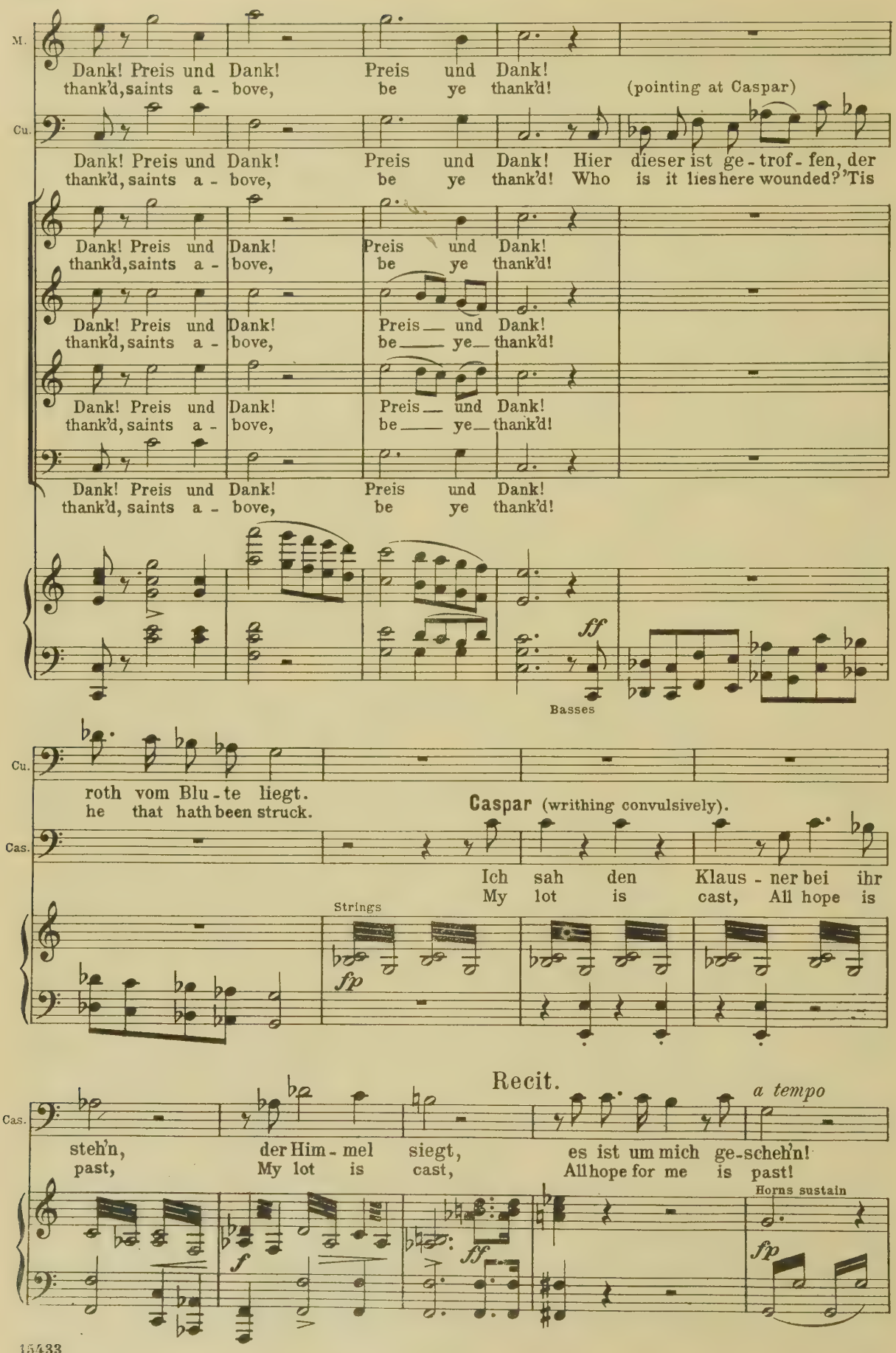
den Heil'- gen Dank! den Heil'- gen Preis und
ye saints a - bove, ye saints a - bove, be

den Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! den Heil'- gen Preis und
ye saints a - bove, be thank'd, ye saints a - bove, be

Preis und Dank! den Heil'- gen Preis und
bove, be thank'd, ye saints a - bove, be

den Heil'- gen Preis und Dank! Preis und
ye saints a - bove, be thank'd, be ye

Vln 2. Vln 1. Tutti ff


M.
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!
thank'd, saints a - bove, be ye thank'd!
(pointing at Caspar)
Cu.
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank! Hier dieser ist ge - trof - fen, der
thank'd, saints a - bove, be ye thank'd! Who is it lies here wounded? 'Tis
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!
thank'd, saints a - bove, be ye thank'd!
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis — und Dank!
thank'd, saints a - bove, be — ye — thank'd!
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis — und Dank!
thank'd, saints a - bove, be — ye — thank'd!
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!
thank'd, saints a - bove, be ye thank'd!
ff
Basses
Cu.
roth vom Blu - te liegt.
he that hath been struck.
Caspar (writhing convulsively).
Cas.
Ich sah den Klaus - ner bei ihr
My lot is cast, All hope is
Strings
fp
Recit.
a tempo
Cas.
steh'n, der Him - mel siegt, es ist um mich ge-scheh'n!
past, My lot is cast, All hope for me is past!
Horns sustain
f
ff
fp

(Agnes gradually recovers and rises.)

Ag.

Agnes.

Ich
I

Ob. & Bssn.

Moderato.

Ag.

ath - - me noch, der Schreck nur warf mich nie - der, ich
breathe a - gain, I faint - - ed but from ter - ror, I

Strings

dolce

Ag.

ath - - me noch die lieb - liche Luft, ich ath - - me noch die
breathe the sweet and balm - - y air, I breathe the sweet and

Ag.

lieb - - liche Luft, ich
balm - - y air, the

ritard.

ath - - - - - me noch!
balm - - - - - y air!

Cu.

Cuno.

Sie ath - met
She breathes a -

colla voce

ritard.

Ag.

Agnes.

O Max!
My love,

o Max!
my love,

M.

Max.

Sie lä - chelt wie - der,
She smiles up - on me!

die süsse Stim - me ruft!
It is her own lov'd voice!

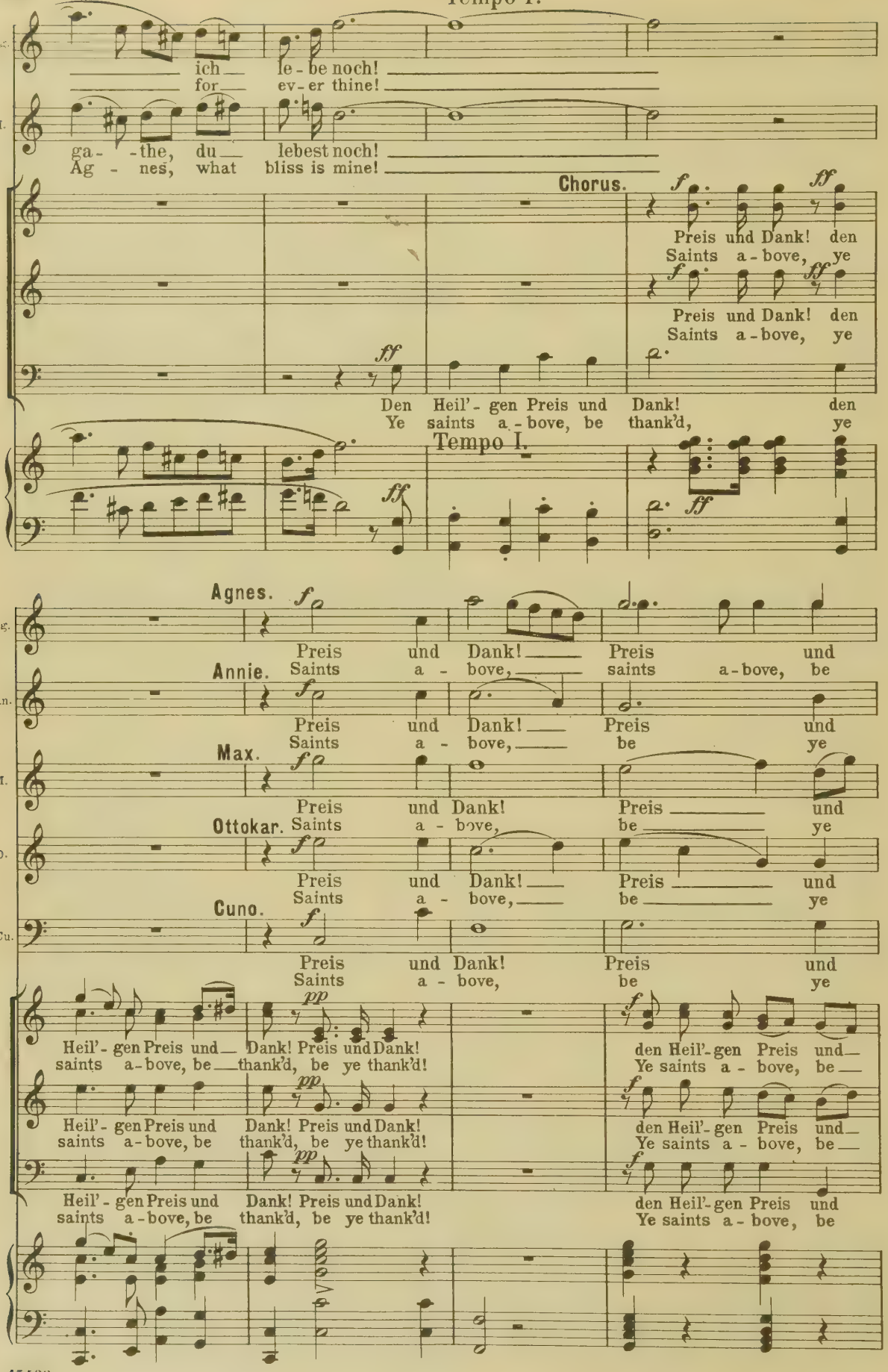
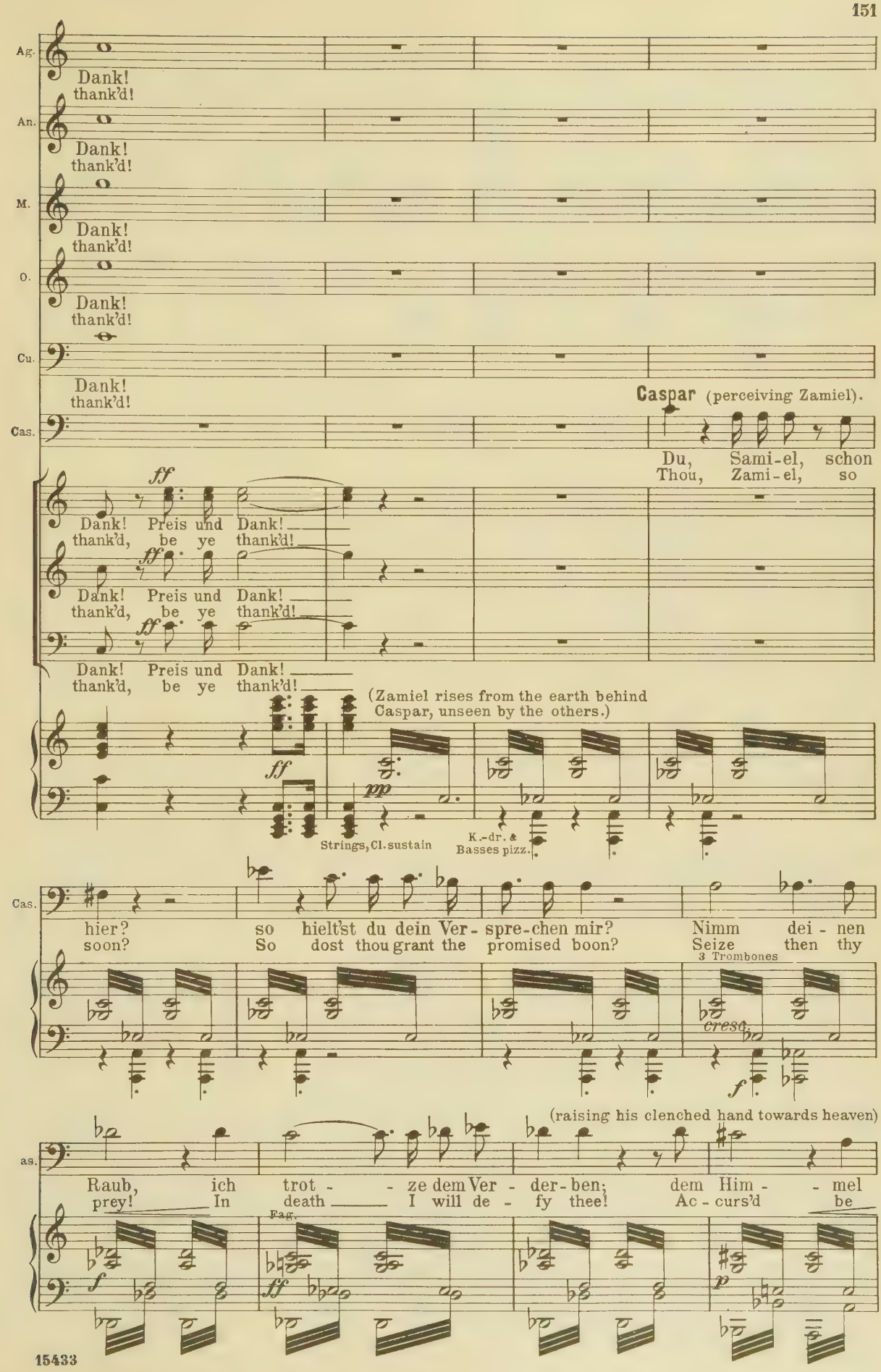
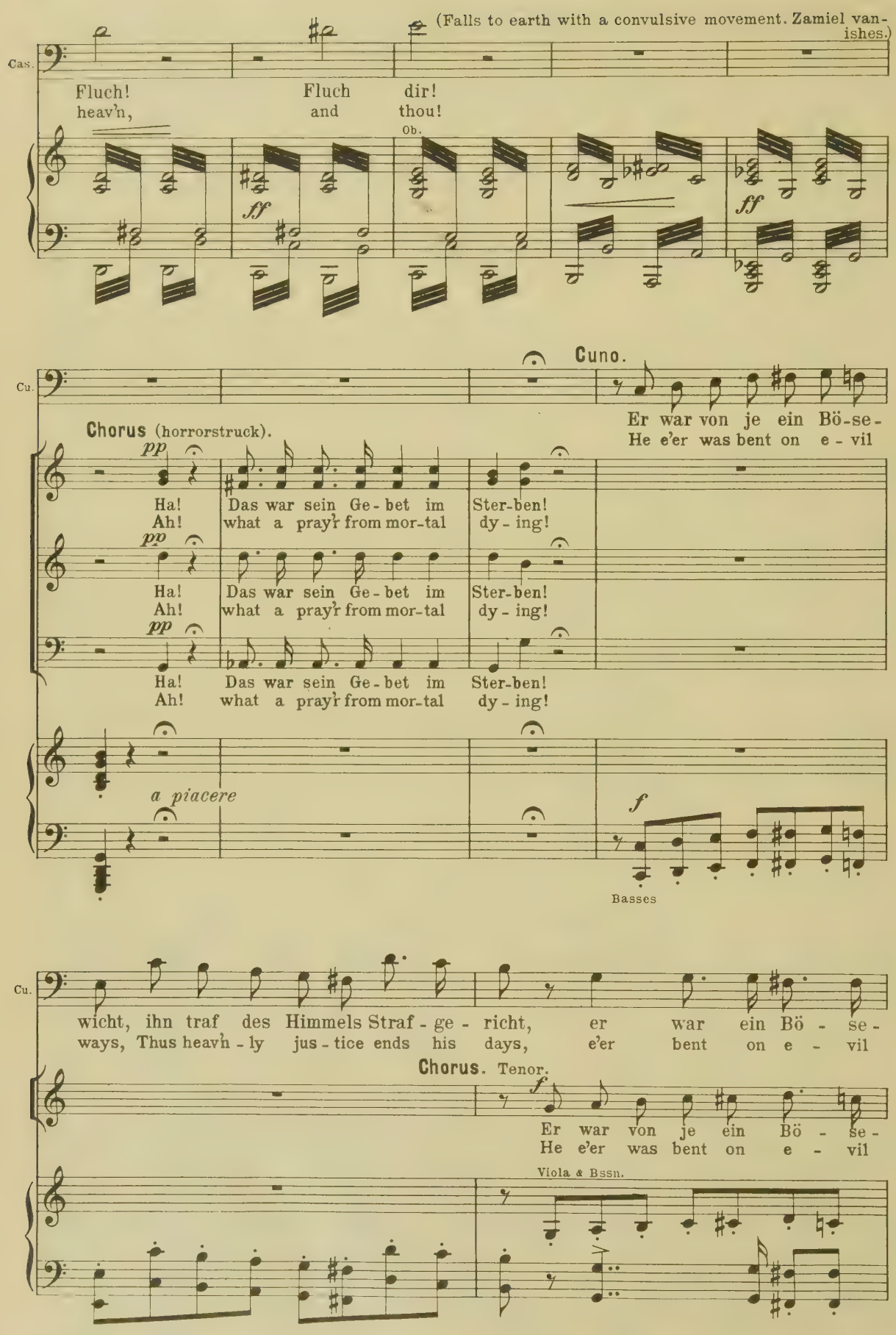
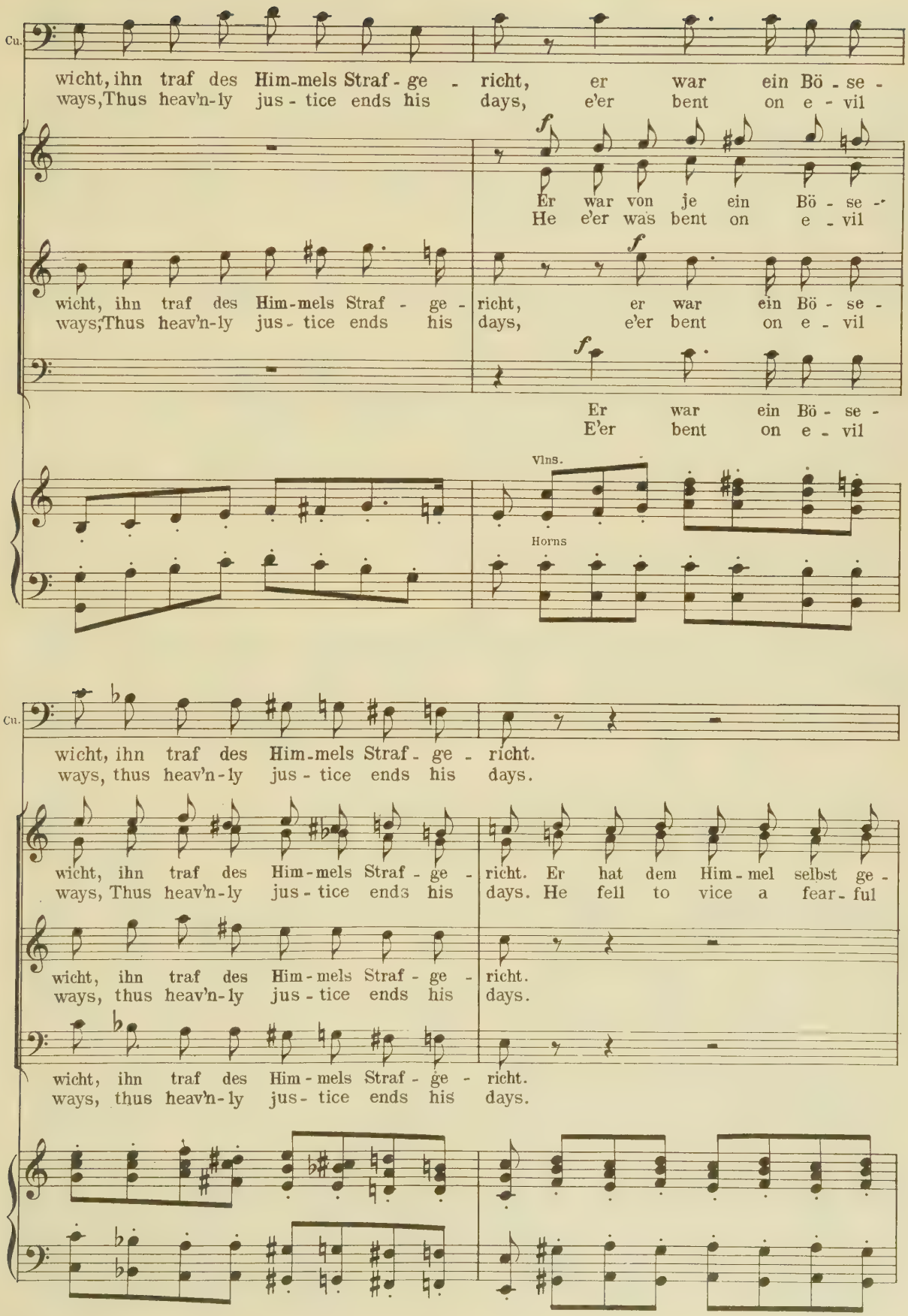
A -
My

Cu.

frei!
gain!

Ob.

Bssn.

fp

Tempo I.
Ag.
ich le - be noch!
for ev - er thine!
M.
ga - - the, du lebest noch!
Ag - nes, what bliss is mine!
Chorus.
f
ff
Preis und Dank! den
Saints a - bove, ye
Preis und Dank! den
Saints a - bove, ye
Den Heil' - gen Preis und Dank! den
Ye saints a - bove, be thank'd, ye
Tempo I.
Agnes.
Preis und Dank! Preis und
Annie.
Saints a - bove, saints a - bove, be
An.
Preis und Dank! Preis und
Saints a - bove, be ye
Max.
M.
Preis und Dank! Preis und
Ottokar.
Saints a - bove, be ye
O.
Preis und Dank! Preis und
Saints a - bove, be ye
Cuno.
Cu.
Preis und Dank! Preis und
Saints a - bove, be ye
pp
Heil' - gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!
saints a - bove, be thank'd, be ye thank'd!
den Heil' - gen Preis und
Ye saints a - bove, be
Heil' - gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!
saints a - bove, be thank'd, be ye thank'd!
den Heil' - gen Preis und
Ye saints a - bove, be
Heil' - gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!
saints a - bove, be thank'd, be ye thank'd!
den Heil' - gen Preis und
Ye saints a - bove, be

Ag.
Dank!
thank'd!
An.
Dank!
thank'd!
M.
Dank!
thank'd!
O.
Dank!
thank'd!
Cu.
Dank!
thank'd!
Caspar (perceiving Zamiel).
Cas.
Du, Sami-el, schon
Thou, Zami-el, so
ff
Dank! Preis und Dank!
thank'd, be ye thank'd!
(Zamiel rises from the earth behind Caspar, unseen by the others.)
pp
Strings, Cl. sustain
K.-dr. & Basses pizz.
Cas.
hier? so hielt'st du dein Ver-spre-chen mir? Nimm dei-nen
soon? So dost thou grant the promised boon? Seize then thy
3 Trombones
cresc.
f
(raising his clenched hand towards heaven)
as.
Raub, ich trot-ze dem Ver-der-ben; dem Him-mel
prey! In death I will de-fy thee! Ac-curs'd be
Fag.
f
ff
p

(Falls to earth with a convulsive movement. Zamiel vanishes.)
Cas.
Fluch! heav'n,
Fluch and
dir! thou!
Ob.
ff
ff
Cuno.
Cu.
Er war von je ein Bö-se-
He e'er was bent on e - vil
Chorus (horrorstruck).
pp
Ha! Ah!
Das war sein Ge-bet im
what a pray'r from mor-tal
Ster-ben!
dy - ing!
pp
Ha! Ah!
Das war sein Ge-bet im
what a pray'r from mor-tal
Ster-ben!
dy - ing!
pp
Ha! Ah!
Das war sein Ge-bet im
what a pray'r from mor-tal
Ster-ben!
dy - ing!
a piacere
f
Basses
Cu.
wicht, ihn traf des Himmels Straf - ge - richt, er war ein Bö - se-
ways, Thus heav'n - ly jus - tice ends his days, e'er bent on e - vil
Chorus. Tenor.
f
Er war von je ein Bö - se-
He e'er was bent on e - vil
Viola & Bssn.

Cu.
wicht, ihn traf des Him-mels Straf - ge - richt, er war ein Bö - se -
ways, Thus heav'n-ly jus - tice ends his days, e'er bent on e - vil
f
Er war von je ein Bö - se -
He e'er was bent on e - vil
f
wicht, ihn traf des Him-mels Straf - ge - richt, er war ein Bö - se -
ways, Thus heav'n-ly jus - tice ends his days, e'er bent on e - vil
f
Er war ein Bö - se -
E'er bent on e - vil
Vlns.
Horns
Cu.
wicht, ihn traf des Him-mels Straf - ge - richt.
ways, thus heav'n-ly jus - tice ends his days.
wicht, ihn traf des Him-mels Straf - ge - richt. Er hat dem Him-mel selbst ge -
ways, Thus heav'n-ly jus - tice ends his days. He fell to vice a fear-ful
wicht, ihn traf des Him-mels Straf - ge - richt.
ways, thus heav'n-ly jus - tice ends his days.
wicht, ihn traf des Him-mels Straf - ge - richt.
ways, thus heav'n-ly jus - tice ends his days.

Vernahmt ihr's nicht? er rief den Bösen! Fort, stürzt das
He call'd up - on the e - vil spirit! Go, throw the

flucht, vernahmt ihr's nicht? er rief den Bö-sen!
prey; He call'd up - on the e - vil spirit!

Vernahmt ihr's nicht? er rief den Bö-sen!
He call'd up - on the e - vil spirit!

Vernahmt ihr's nicht? er rief den Bö-sen!
He call'd up - on the e - vil spirit!

Fl. & Cl.

Strings

(Hunters bear away the body of Caspar.)

Scheusal in die Wolfsschlucht!
mis-creant in the Wolf's Glen!

Wind

Vln.

Bssn.

(to Max) Più maestoso.

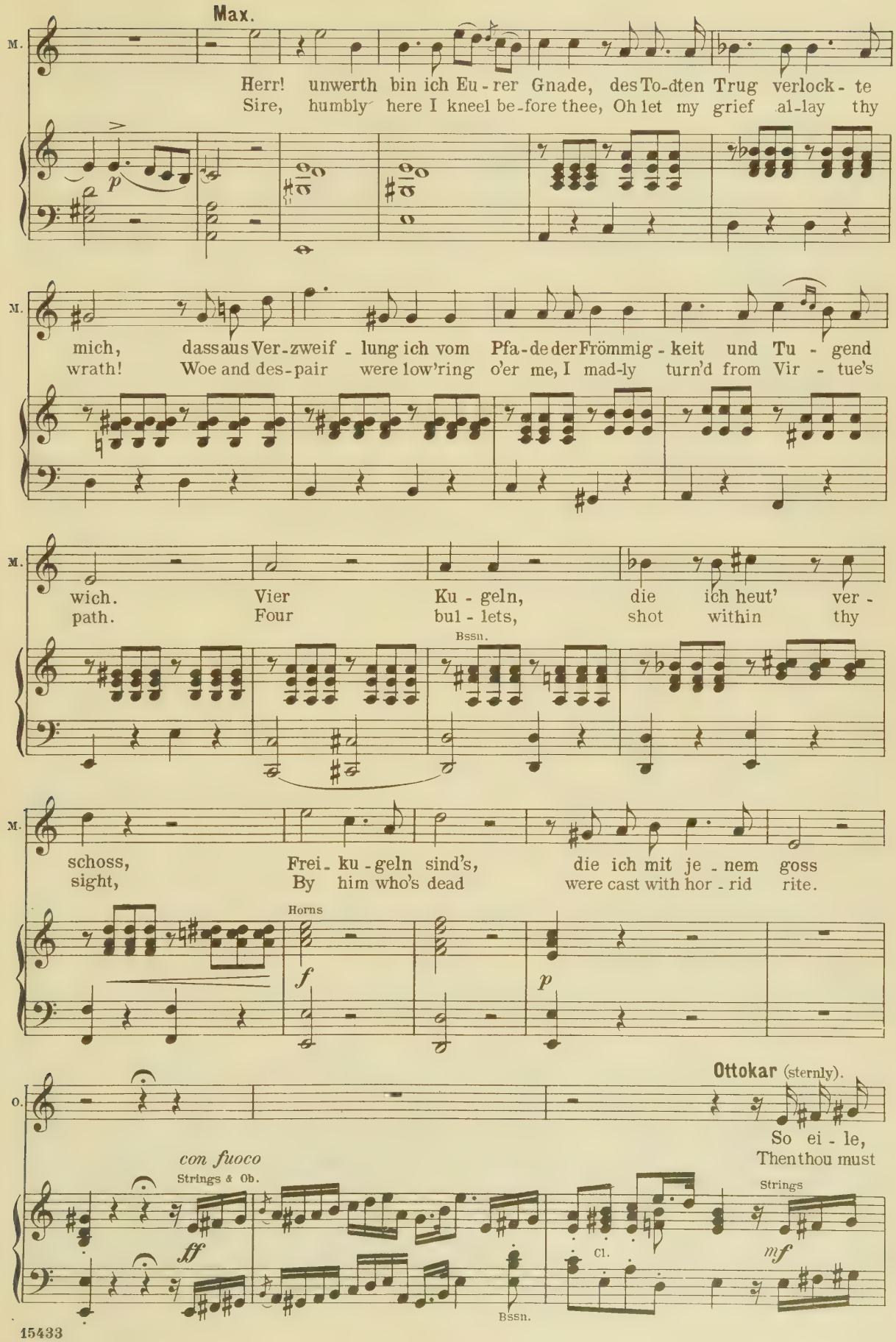
Nur du kannst die - ses Räthsel lö - sen; wohl
To clear this mys - ter - y I charge thee; This

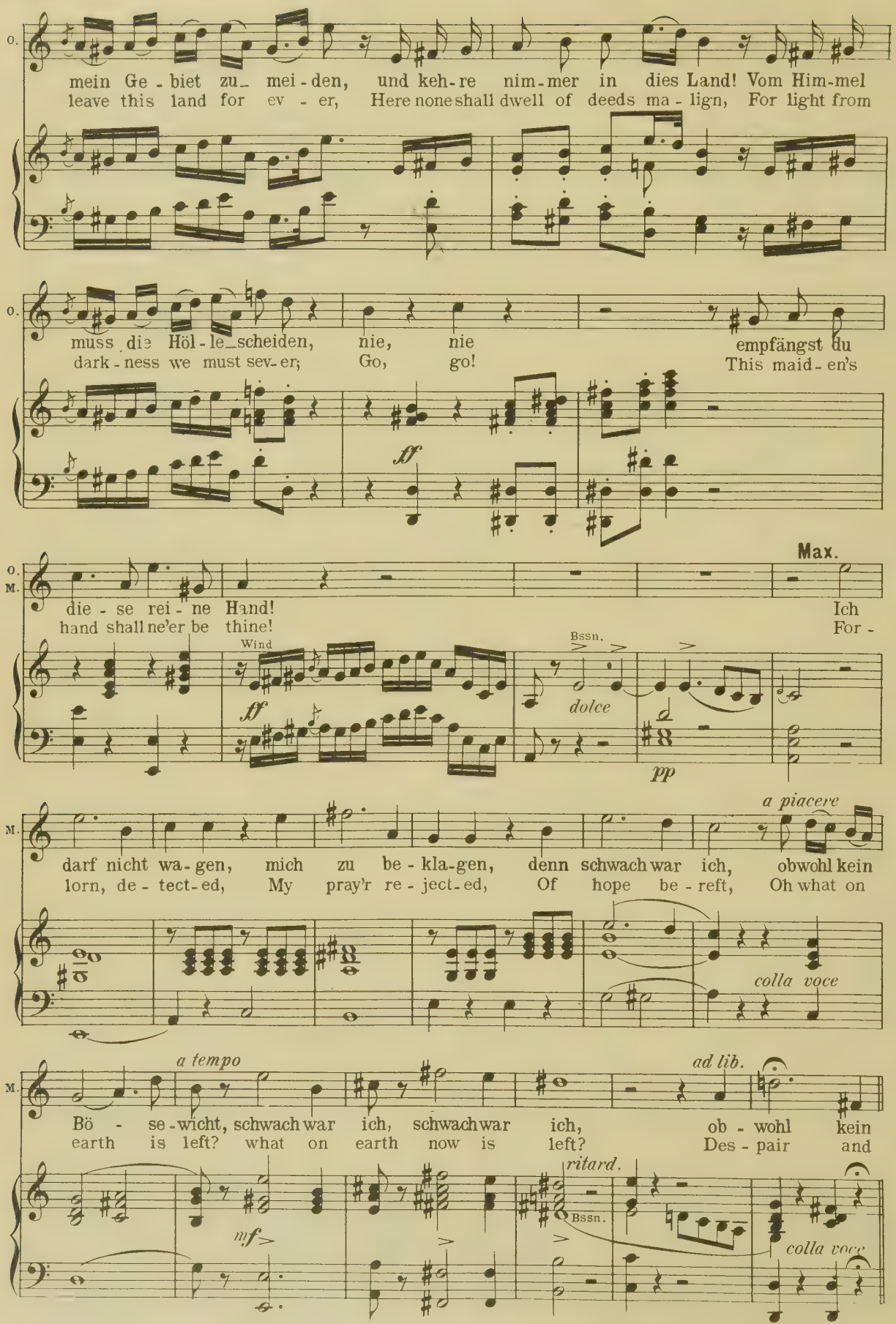
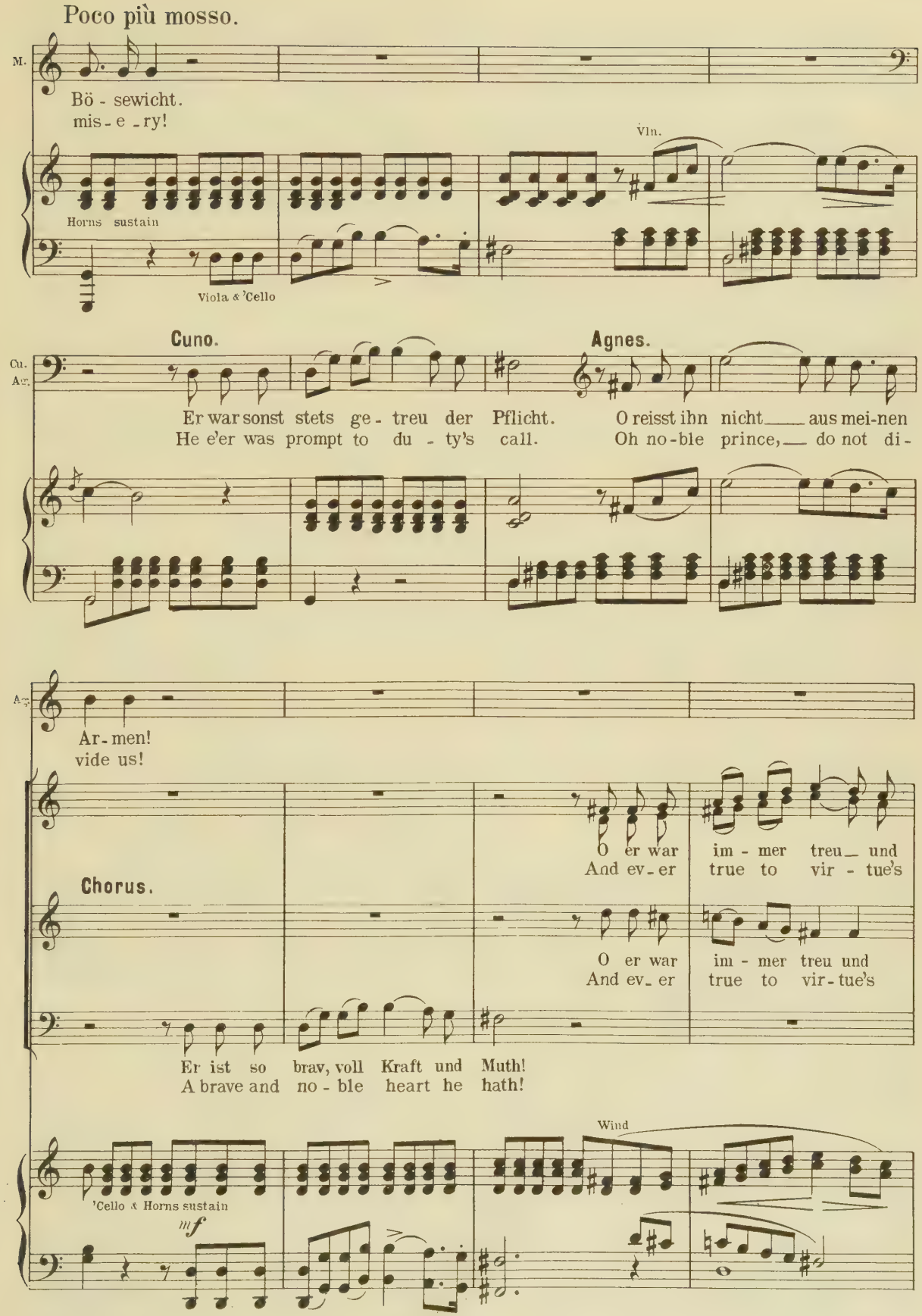
schwe-re Un - that ist ge - scheh'n. Weh' dir! wirst du nicht Al - les treu ge - steh'n!
deed of darkness I must know. Tremble, if aught but truth thy lips shall show!

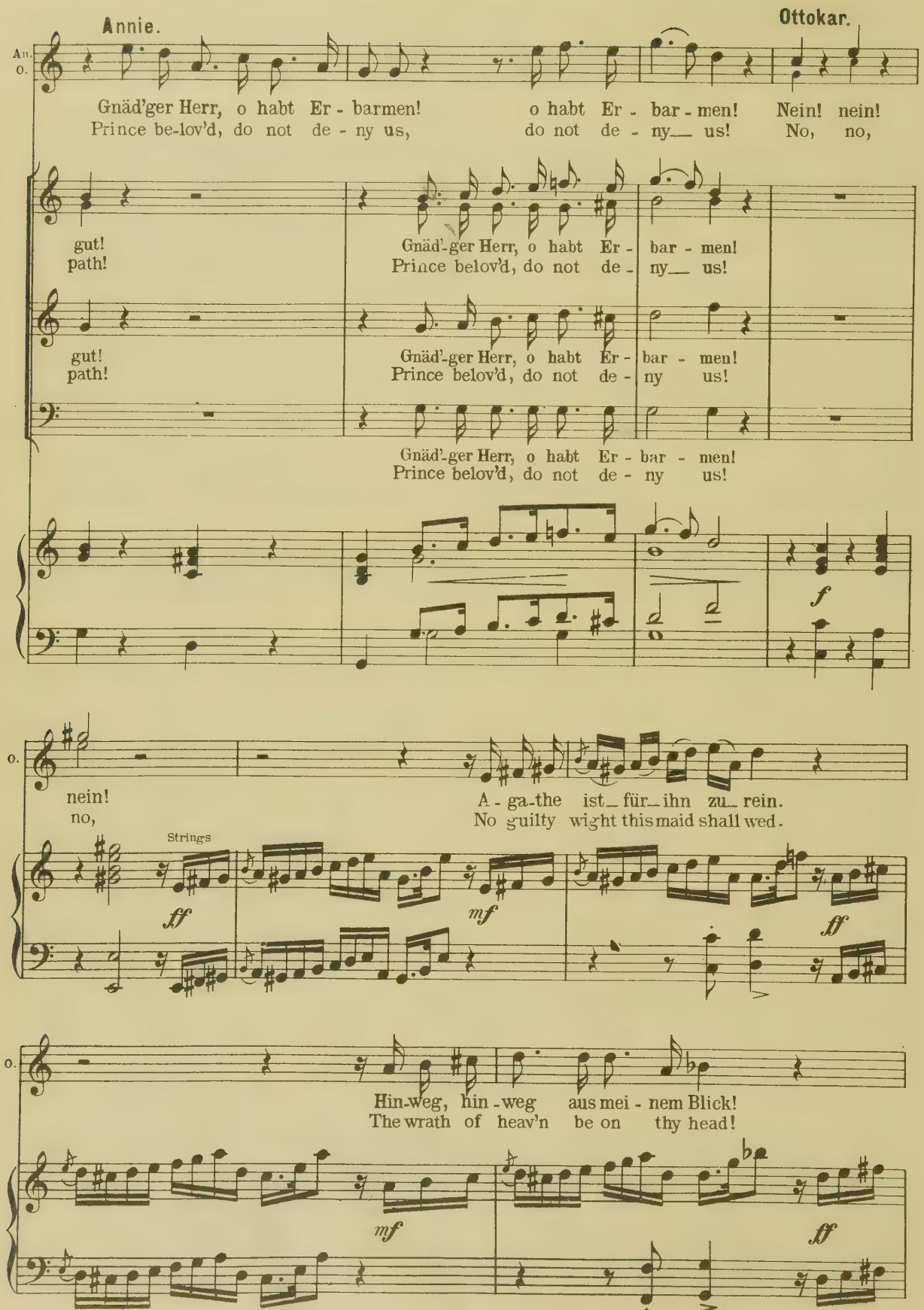
Bssn.

ten. ten.

dolce


Max.
M.
Herr! unwerth bin ich Eu - rer Gnade, des To-dten Trug verlock - te
Sire, humbly here I kneel be-fore thee, Oh let my grief al-lay thy
p
M.
mich, dass aus Ver-zweif - lung ich vom Pfa-de der Frömmig - keit und Tu - gend
wrath! Woe and des-pair were low'ring o'er me, I mad-ly turn'd from Vir - tue's
M.
wich. Vier Ku - geln, die ich heut' ver -
path. Four bul - lets, shot within thy
Bssn.
M.
schoss, Frei - ku - geln sind's, die ich mit je - nem goss
sight, By him who's dead were cast with hor - rid rite.
Horns
f
p
O.
Ottokar (sternly).
So ei - le,
Then thou must
con fuoco
Strings & Ob.
ff
Cl.
Strings
mf
Bssn.
15433


O.
mein Ge - biet zu_ mei - den, und keh - re nim - mer in dies Land! Vom Him - mel
leave this land for ev - er, Here none shall dwell of deeds ma - lign, For light from
O.
muss die Höl - le_scheiden, nie, nie empfängst du
dark - ness we must sev - er; Go, go! This maid - en's
ff
O.
M.
Max.
die - se rei - ne Hand! Ich
hand shall ne'er be thine! For -
Wind
ff
Bssn.
dolce
pp
M.
a piacere
darf nicht wa - gen, mich zu be - kla - gen, denn schwach war ich, obwohl kein
lorn, de - tect - ed, My pray'r re - ject - ed, Of hope be - reft, Oh what on
colla voce
M.
a tempo
ad lib.
Bö - se - wicht, schwach war ich, schwach war ich, ob - wohl kein
earth is left? what on earth now is left? Des - pair and
ritard.
mf
Bssn.
colla voce

Poco più mosso.
M.
Bö - sewicht.
mis - e - ry!
Vln.
Horns sustain
Viola & 'Cello
Cuno.
Agnes.
Cu.
Ag.
Er war sonst stets ge - treu der Pflicht.
He e'er was prompt to du - ty's call.
O reisst ihn nicht aus mei-nen
Oh no-ble prince, do not di-
Ag.
Ar - men!
vide us!
O er war im - mer treu und
And ev - er true to vir - tue's
Chorus.
O er war im - mer treu und
And ev - er true to vir - tue's
Er ist so brav, voll Kraft und Muth!
A brave and no - ble heart he hath!
Wind
'Cello & Horns sustain
mf


Annie.
Ottokar.
Gnäd'ger Herr, o habt Er - barmen! o habt Er - bar - men! Nein! nein!
Prince be-lov'd, do not de - ny us, do not de - ny us! No, no,
gut! Gnäd'-ger Herr, o habt Er - bar - men!
path! Prince belov'd, do not de - ny us!
gut! Gnäd'-ger Herr, o habt Er - bar - men!
path! Prince belov'd, do not de - ny us!
Gnäd'-ger Herr, o habt Er - bar - men!
Prince belov'd, do not de - ny us!
f
nein! A - ga-the ist für ihn zu rein.
no, No guilty wight this maid shall wed.
Strings
ff
mf
ff
Hin-weg, hin-weg aus mei - nem Blick!
The wrath of heav'n be on thy head!
mf
ff

O.

Dein harrt der Ker - ker,
Or else to pris - on:

kehrst du je zu -
Hence, a - void my

mf

O.

rück!
sight!

ff

ritard.

(Enter the Hermit. All reverentially make way for him, and salute him: the Prince raises his hat.)

Adagio maestoso. **Hermit.**

H.

Wer legt auf ihn so strengen Bann? Ein Fehl-tritt, ist er
Who speaks a sen - tence thus se-vere? Re - pent-ance shall no

Horns, Trombones & Strings

ff *mf* *p*

H.
O.

Ottokar.

sol- cher Bü-ssung werth?
prince re-fuse to hear.

Andante con moto.

Bist du es, heil' - ger
Art thou the ho - ly

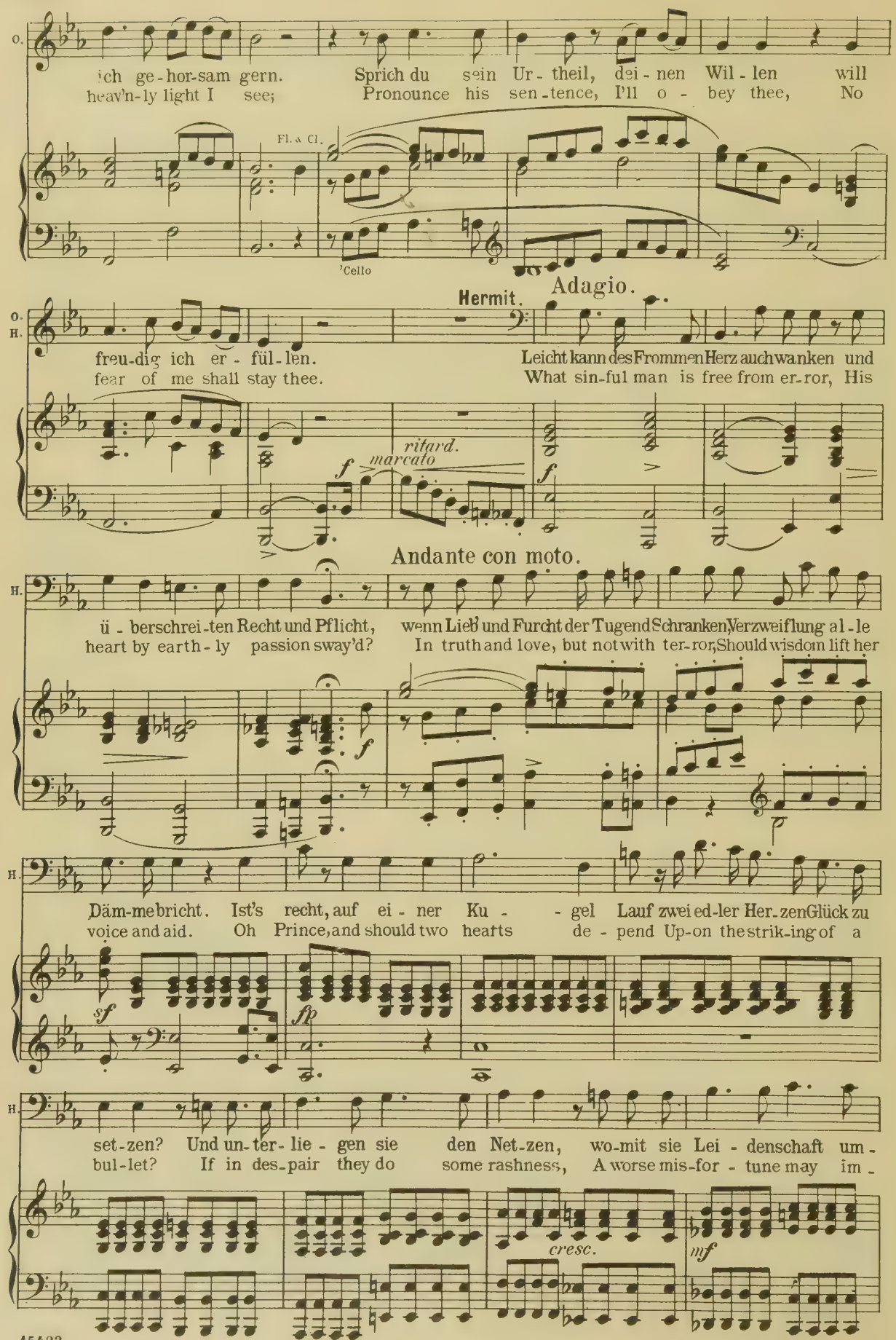
Cl.
Ob.
p dolce
Bssn.
Viola

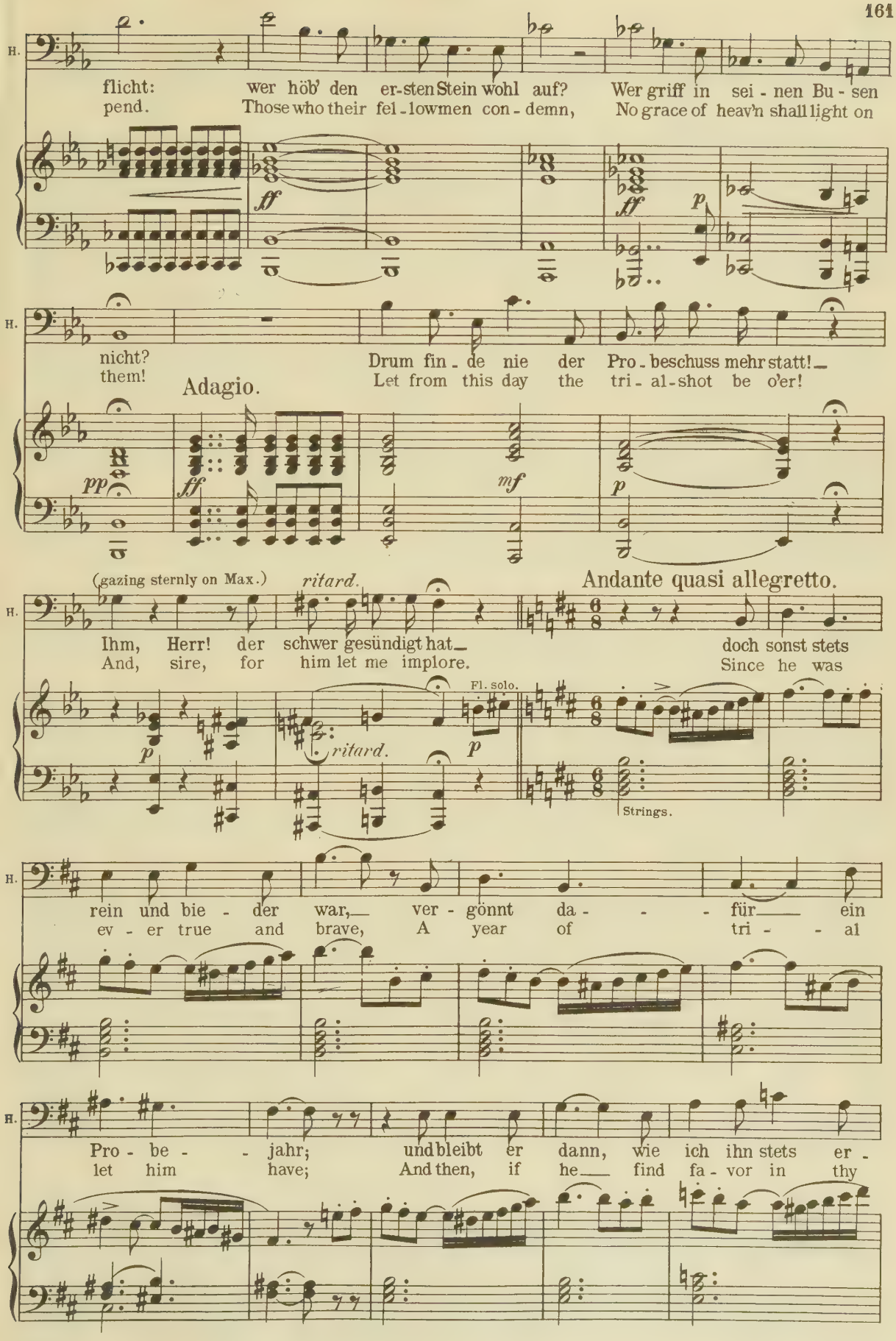
O.

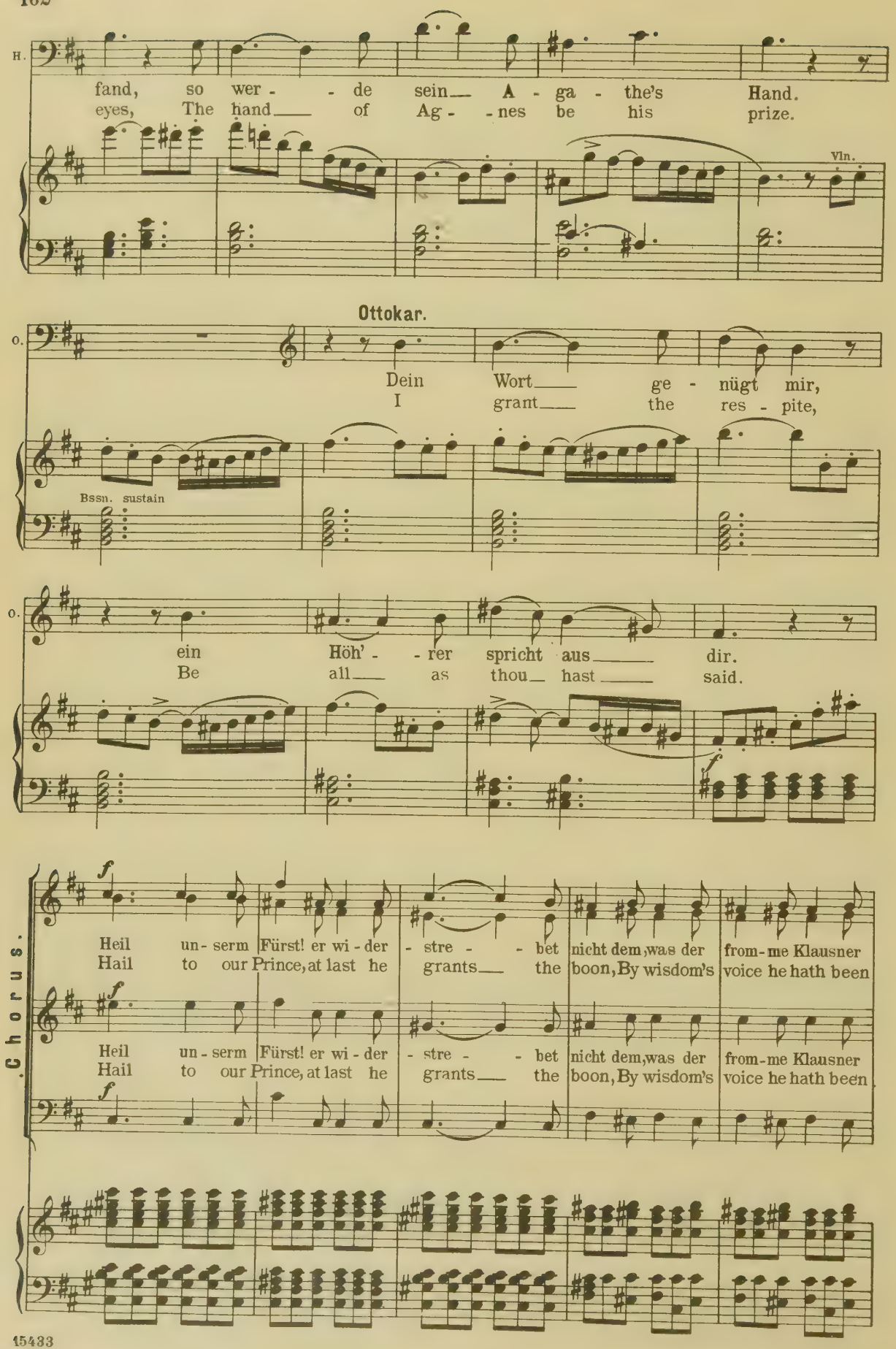
Mann, den weit und breit die Gegend ehrt?
man whom all the neighbor-hood re-veres?

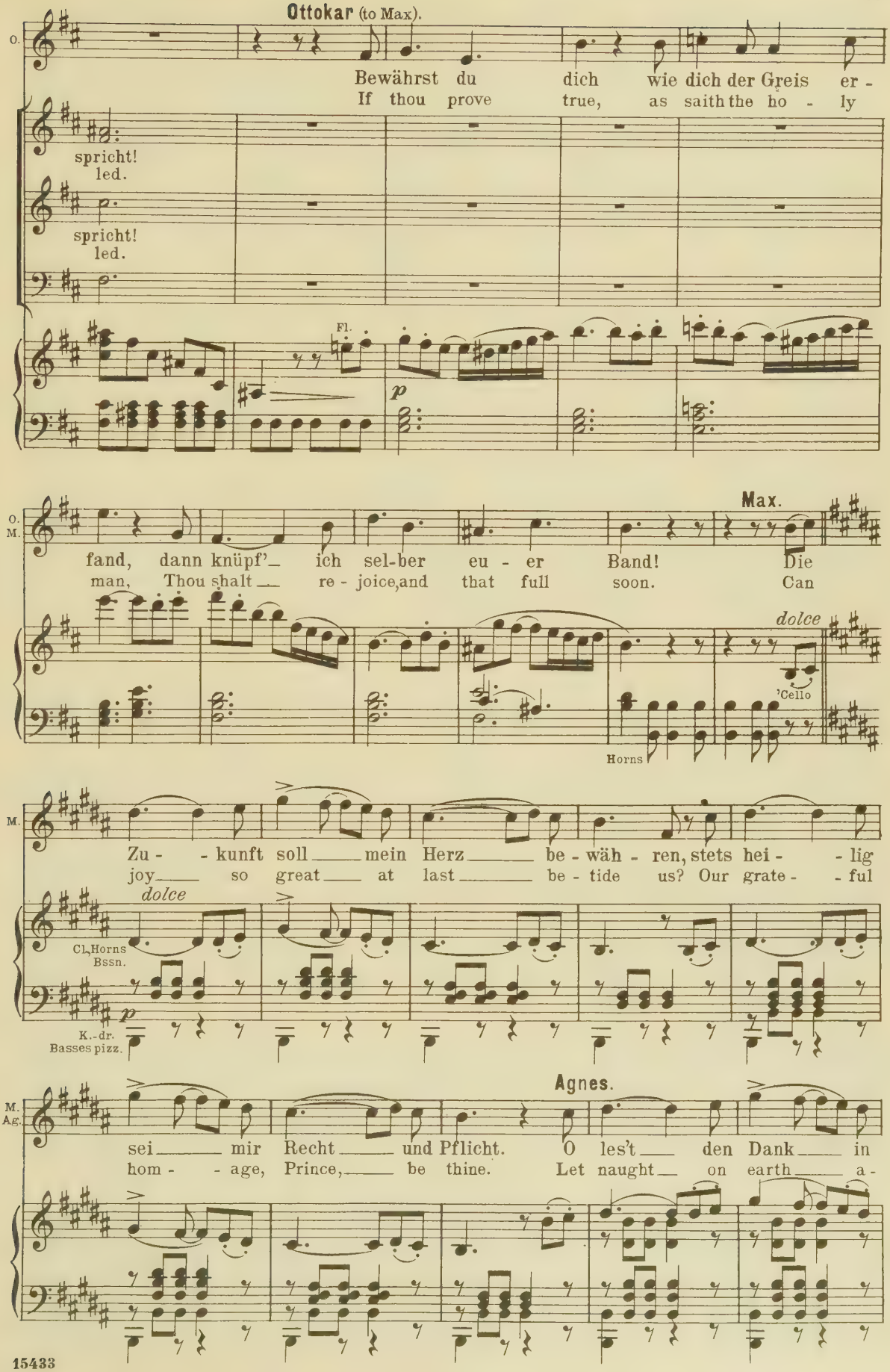
Sei mir gegrüsst, Geseg-neter des Herrn!
I will be guid-ed by thy wise de-cree.

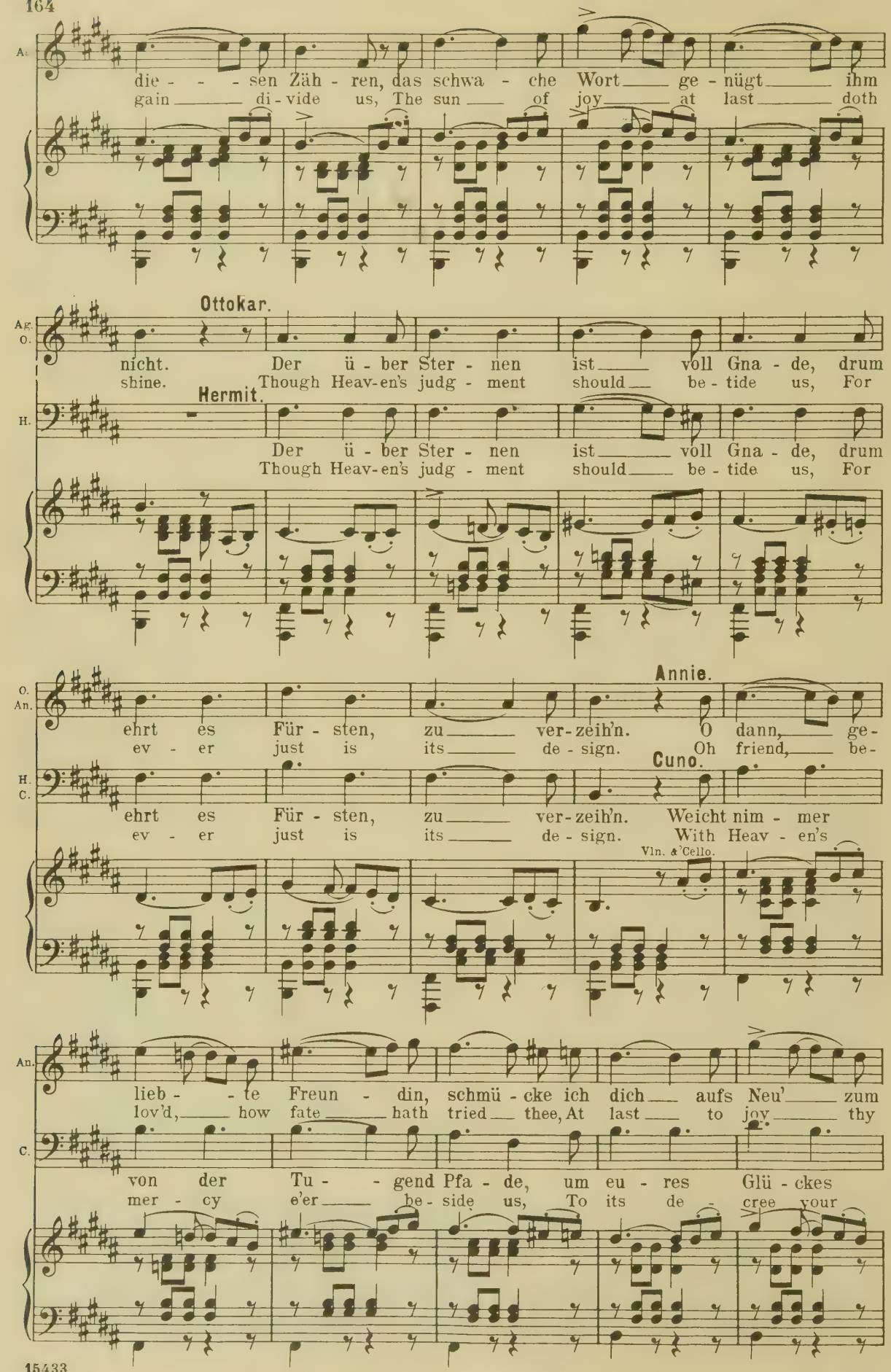
Dir bin auch
In thee a

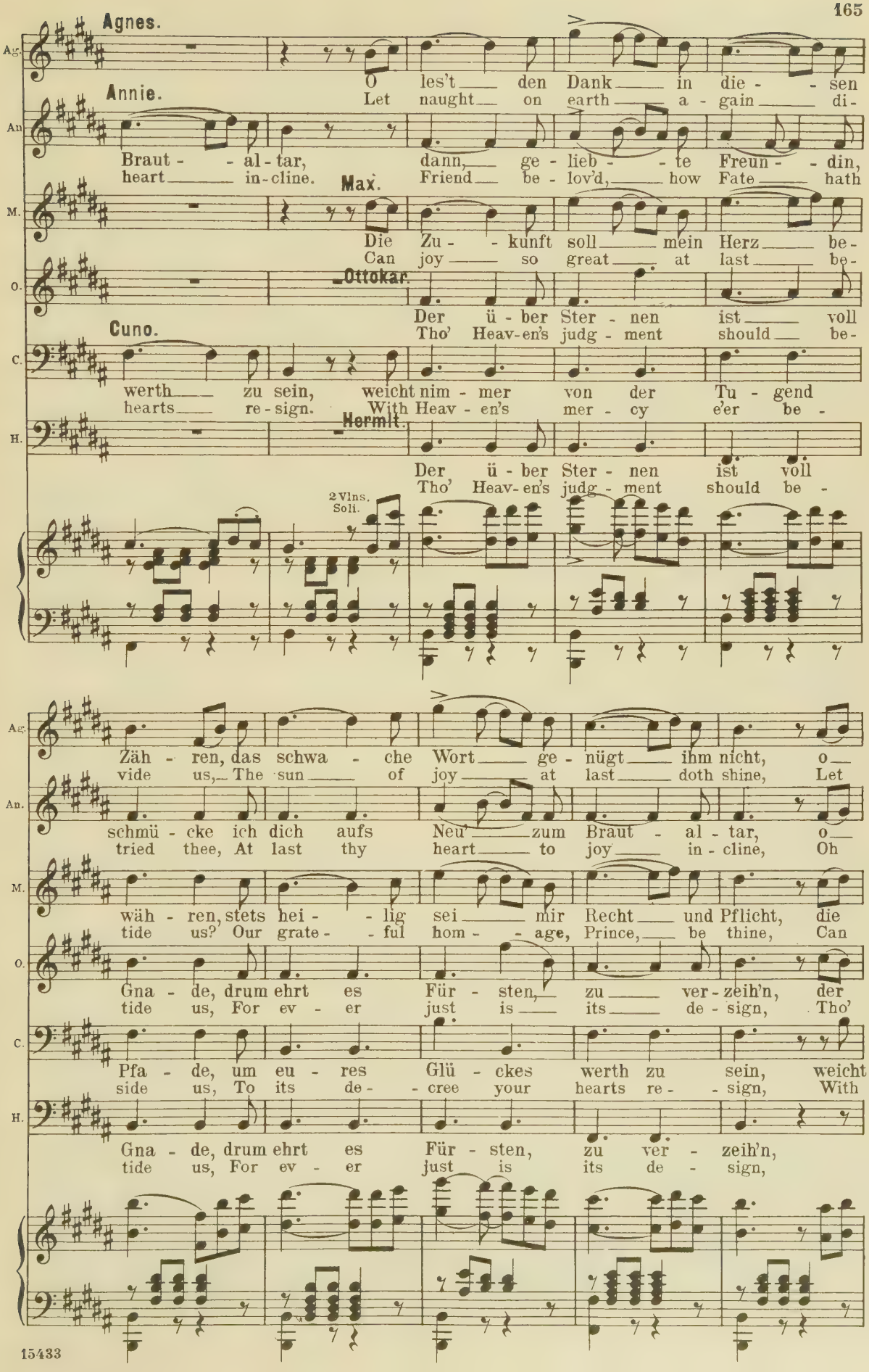

O.
ich ge-hor-sam gern. Sprich du sein Ur-theil, dei-nen Wil-len will
heav'n-ly light I see; Pronounce his sen-tence, I'll o-bey thee, No
Fl. & Cl.
'Cello
Adagio.
Hermit.
O.
H.
freu-dig ich er-fül-len. Leicht kann des Frommen Herz auch wanken und
fear of me shall stay thee. What sin-ful man is free from er-ror, His
ritard.
marcato
f
f
Andante con moto.
H.
ü-berschrei-ten Recht und Pflicht, wenn Lieb' und Furcht der Tugend Schranken, Verzweiflung al-le
heart by earth-ly passion sway'd? In truth and love, but not with ter-ror, Should wisdom lift her
f
H.
Däm-me bricht. Ist's recht, auf ei-ner Ku-gel Lauf zwei ed-ler Her-zen Glück zu
voice and aid. Oh Prince, and should two hearts de-pend Up-on the strik-ing of a
sf
fp
H.
set-zen? Und un-ter-lie-gen sie den Net-zen, wo-mit sie Lei-denschaft um-
bul-let? If in des-pair they do some rashness, A worse mis-for-tune may im-
cresc.
mf

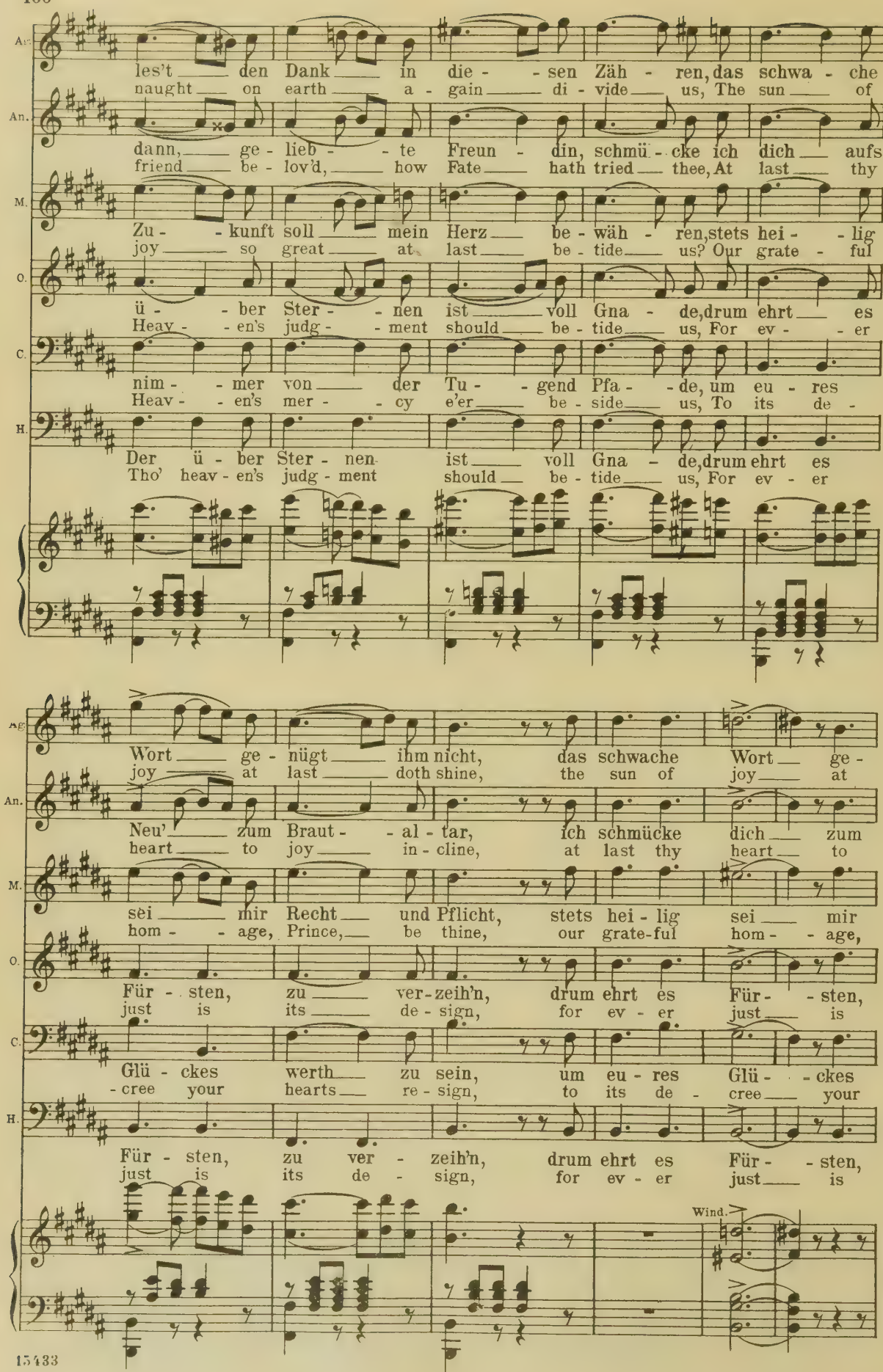

H.
flicht: wer höb' den er-sten Stein wohl auf? Wer griff in sei - nen Bu - sen
pend. Those who their fel - lowmen con - demn, No grace of heav'n shall light on
ff
ff
p
H.
nicht? Drum fin - de nie der Pro - beschuss mehr statt! –
them! Let from this day the tri - al-shot be o'er!
Adagio.
pp
ff
mf
p
(gazing sternly on Max.)
ritard.
Andante quasi allegretto.
H.
Ihm, Herr! der schwer gesündigt hat – doch sonst stets
And, sire, for him let me implore. Since he was
p
Fl. solo.
ritard.
p
Strings.
H.
rein und bie - der war, – ver - gönnt da - - - für – ein
ev - er true and brave, A year of tri - - al
H.
Pro - be - - jahr; und bleibt er dann, wie ich ihn stets er -
let him have; And then, if he – find fa - vor in thy

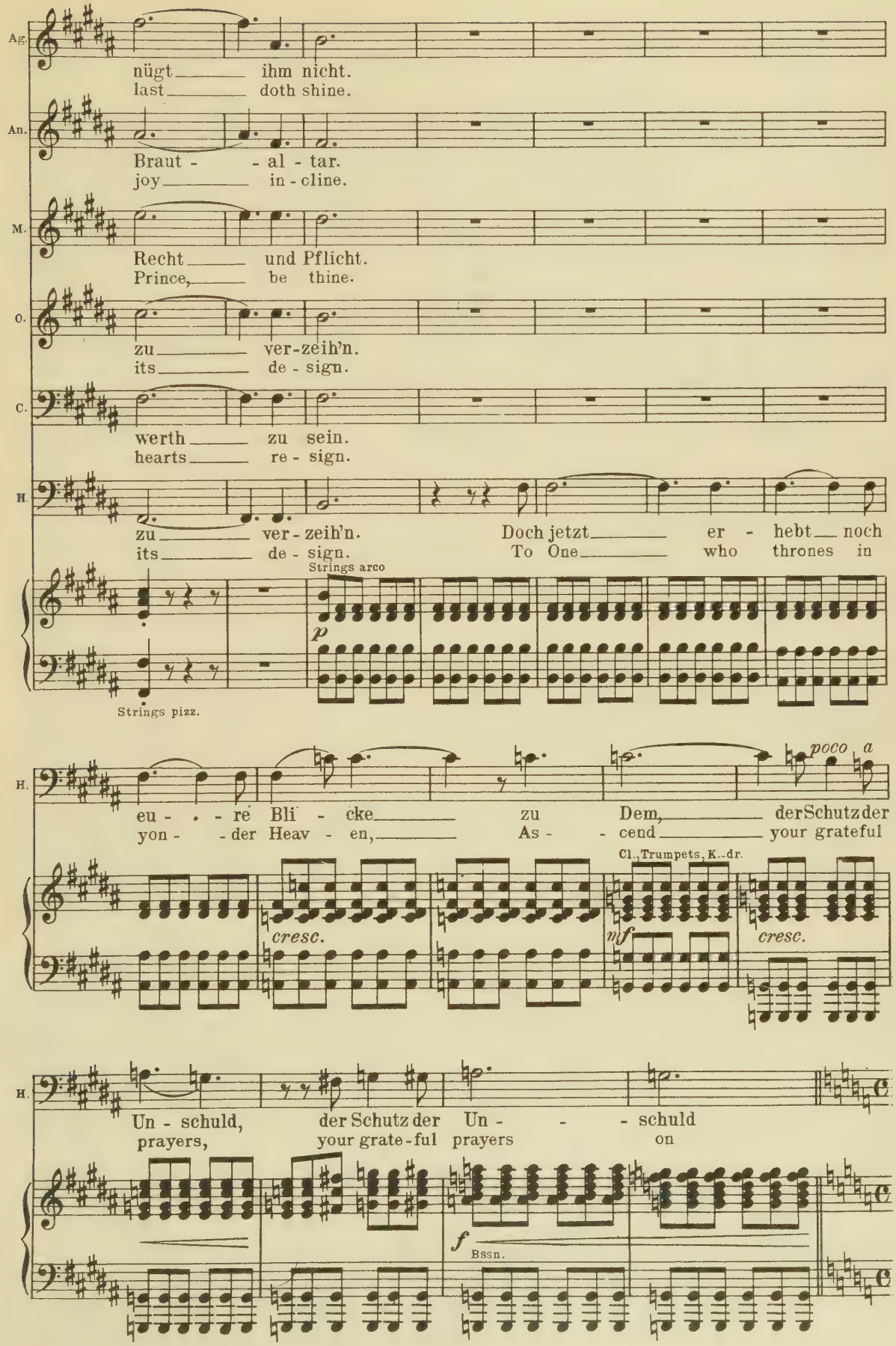

H.
fand, so wer - - de sein A - ga - the's Hand.
eyes, The hand of Ag - - nes be his prize.
Vln.
Ottokar.
O.
Dein Wort ge - nügt mir,
I grant the res - pite,
Bssn. sustain
O.
ein Höh' - - rer spricht aus dir.
Be all as thou hast said.
Chorus.
Heil un - serm Fürst! er wi - der - stre - - bet nicht dem, was der from-me Klausner
Hail to our Prince, at last he grants the boon, By wisdom's voice he hath been
Heil un - serm Fürst! er wi - der - stre - - bet nicht dem, was der from-me Klausner
Hail to our Prince, at last he grants the boon, By wisdom's voice he hath been

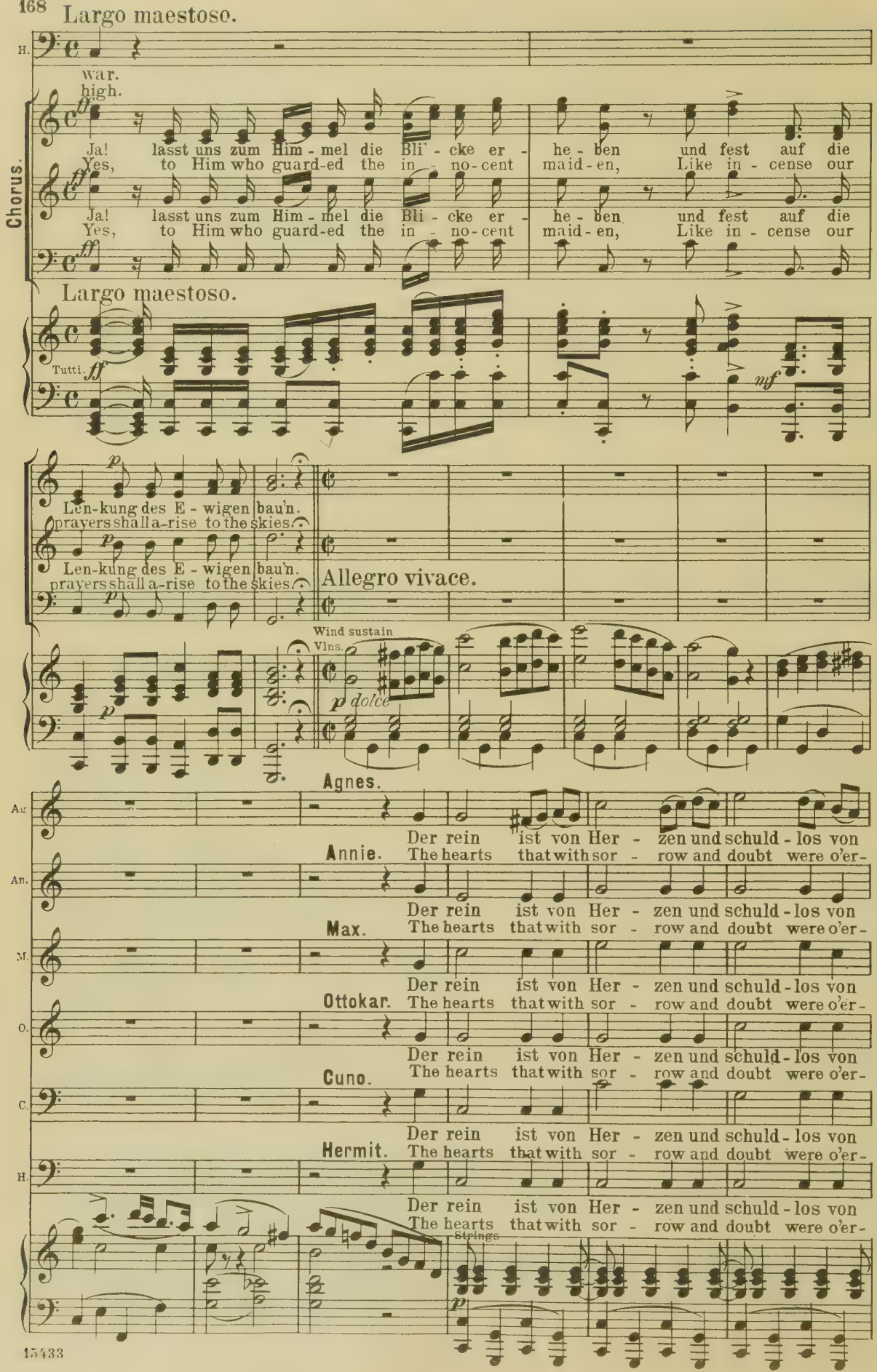
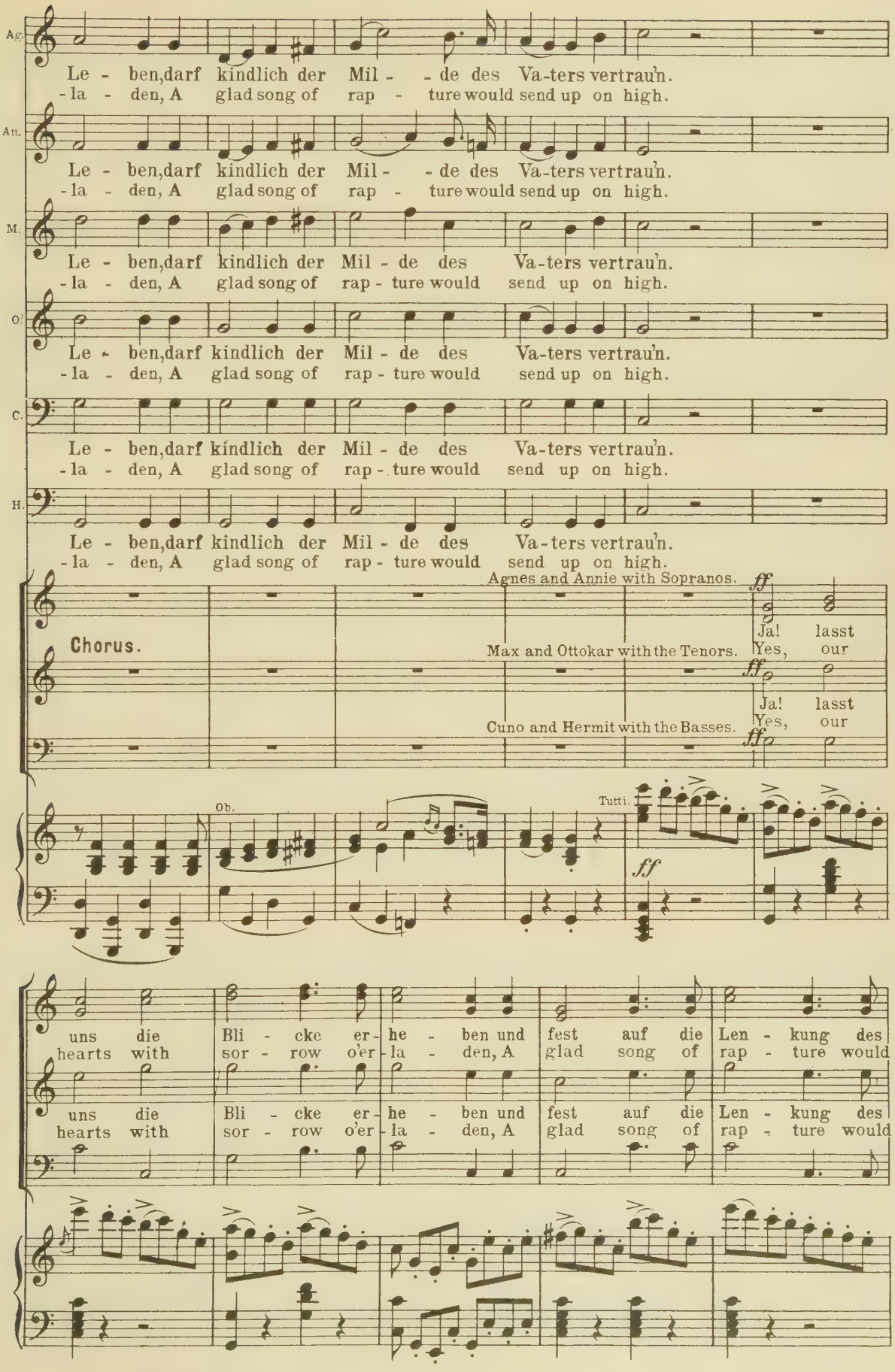
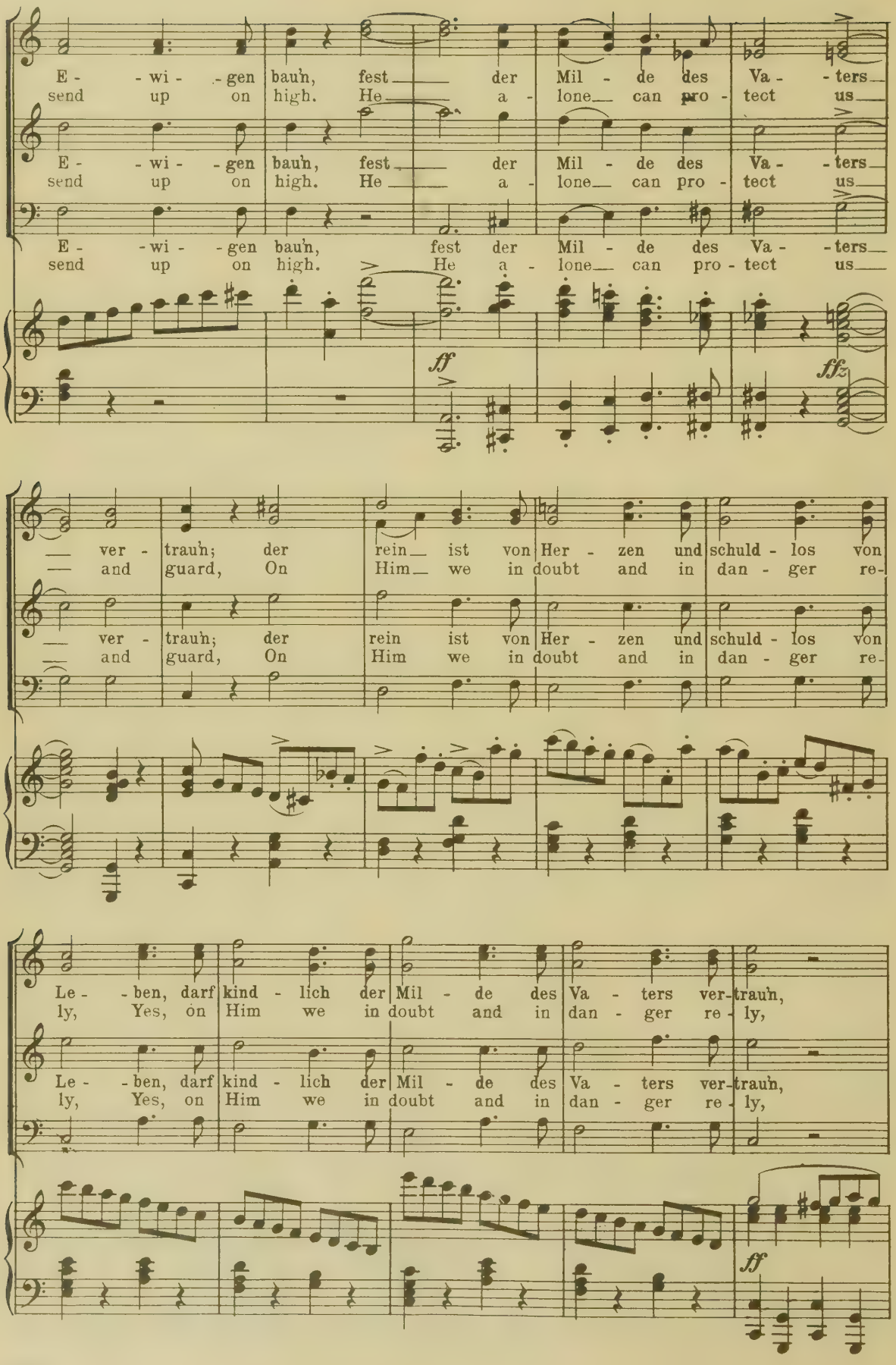

Ottokar (to Max).
O.
Bewährst du dich wie dich der Greis er -
If thou prove true, as saith the ho - ly
spricht!
led.
spricht!
led.
Fl.
p
O.
M.
Max.
fand, dann knüpf'_ ich sel-ber eu - er Band! Die
man, Thou shalt_ re - joice, and that full soon. Can
dolce
'Cello
Horns
M.
Zu - - kunft soll_ mein Herz_ be - wäh - ren, stets hei - - lig
joy_ so great_ at last_ be - tide us? Our grate - - ful
dolce
Cl. Horns
Bssn.
p
K.-dr.
Basses pizz.
M.
Ag.
Agnes.
sei_ mir Recht_ und Pflicht. O les't_ den Dank_ in
hom - - age, Prince,_ be thine. Let naught_ on earth_ a -

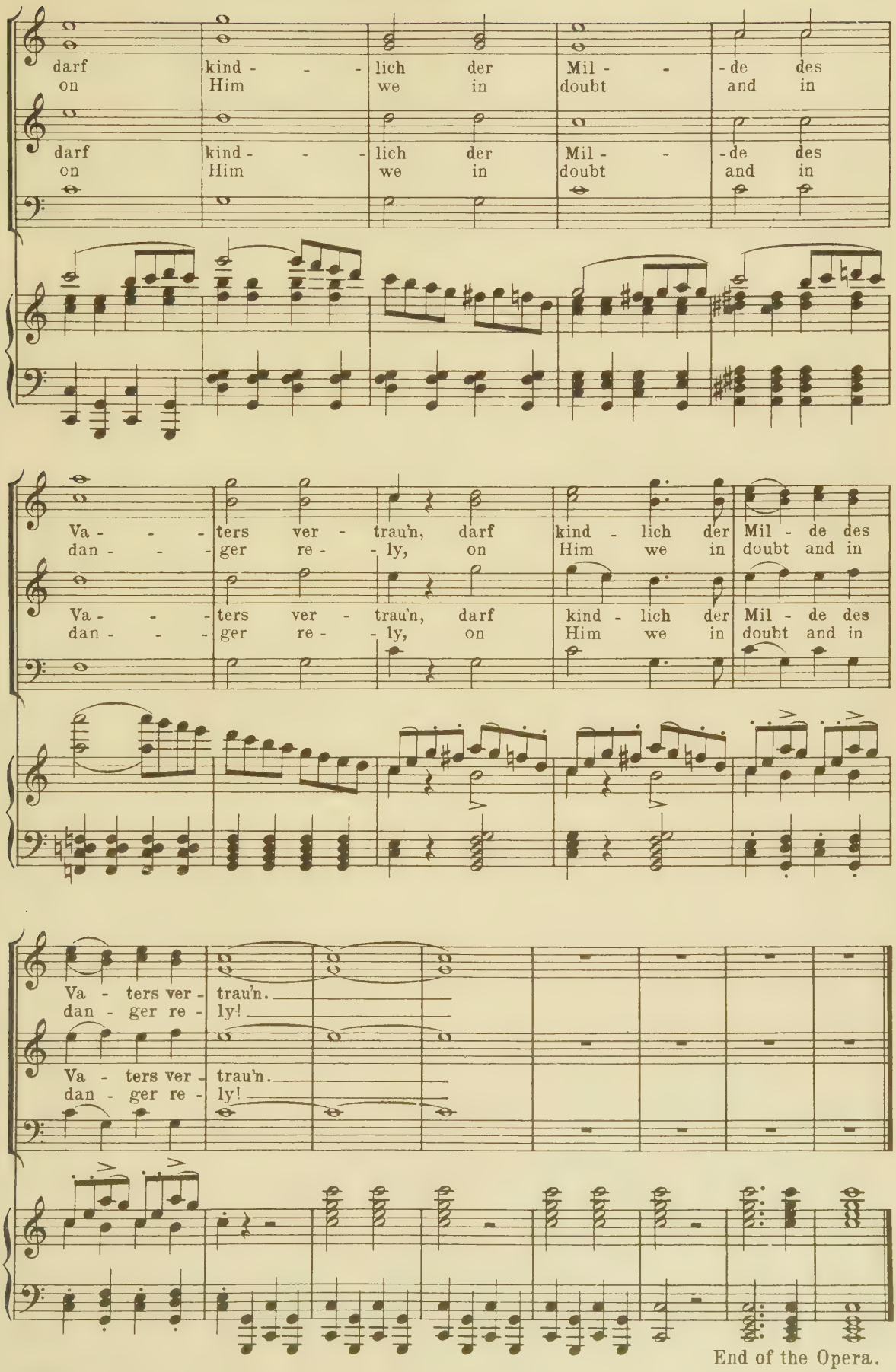

A.
die - - - sen Zäh - ren, das schwa - che Wort ge - nügt ihm
gain di - vide us, The sun of joy at last doth
Ag.
O.
Ottokar.
nicht. Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll Gna - de, drum
shine. Though Heav-en's judg - ment should be - tide us, For
H.
Hermit.
Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll Gna - de, drum
Though Heav-en's judg - ment should be - tide us, For
O.
An.
Annie.
ehrt es Für - sten, zu ver-zeih'n. O dann, ge-
ev - er just is its de - sign. Oh friend, be-
H.
C.
Cuno.
ehrt es Für - sten, zu ver-zeih'n. Weicht nim - mer
ev - er just is its de - sign. With Heav - en's
Vln. & Cello.
An.
lieb - - te Freun - din, schmü - cke ich dich aufs Neu' zum
lov'd, how fate hath tried thee, At last to joy thy
C.
von der Tu - - gend Pfa - de, um eu - res Glü - ckes
mer - cy e'er be - side us, To its de - cree your


Agnes.
O les't den Dank in die - sen
Annie.
Let naught on earth a - gain di-
Braut - al - tar, dann, ge - lieb - te Freun - din,
heart in - cline. Friend be - lov'd, how Fate hath
Max.
Die Zu - kunft soll mein Herz be-
Can joy so great at last be-
Ottokar.
Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll
Cuno.
Tho' Heav-en's judg - ment should be-
werth zu sein, weicht nim - mer von der Tu - gend
hearts re - sign. With Heav - en's mer - cy e'er be -
Hermit.
Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll
Tho' Heav-en's judg - ment should be -
2 Vlns. Soli.
Zäh - ren, das schwa - che Wort ge - nügt ihm nicht, o
vide us, The sun of joy at last doth shine, Let
schmü - cke ich dich aufs Neu' zum Braut - al - tar, o
tried thee, At last thy heart to joy in - cline, Oh
wäh - ren, stets hei - lig sei mir Recht und Pflicht, die
tide us? Our grate - ful hom - age, Prince, be thine, Can
Gna - de, drum ehrt es Für - sten, zu ver - zeih'n, der
tide us, For ev - er just is its de - sign, Tho'
Pfa - de, um eu - res Glü - ckes werth zu sein, weicht
side us, To its de - cree your hearts re - sign, With
Gna - de, drum ehrt es Für - sten, zu ver - zeih'n,
tide us, For ev - er just is its de - sign,


Ag.
les't den Dank in die - sen Zäh - ren, das schwa - che
naught on earth a - gain di - vide us, The sun of
An.
dann, ge - lieb - te Freun - din, schmü - cke ich dich aufs
friend be - lov'd, how Fate hath tried thee, At last thy
M.
Zu - kunft soll mein Herz be - wäh - ren, stets hei - lig
joy so great at last be - tide us? Our grate - ful
O.
ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll Gna - de, drum ehrt es
Heav - en's judg - ment should be - tide us, For ev - er
C.
nim - mer von der Tu - gend Pfa - de, um eu - res
Heav - en's mer - cy e'er be - side us, To its de -
H.
Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll Gna - de, drum ehrt es
Tho' heav - en's judg - ment should be - tide us, For ev - er
Ag.
Wort ge - nügt ihm nicht, das schwache Wort ge -
joy at last doth shine, the sun of joy at
An.
Neu' zum Braut - al - tar, ich schmücke dich zum
heart to joy in - cline, at last thy heart to
M.
sei mir Recht und Pflicht, stets hei - lig sei mir
hom - age, Prince, be thine, our grate-ful hom - age,
O.
Für - sten, zu ver - zeih'n, drum ehrt es Für - sten,
just is its de - sign, for ev - er just is
C.
Glü - ckes werth zu sein, um eu - res Glü - ckes
-cree your hearts re - sign, to its de - cree your
H.
Für - sten, zu ver - zeih'n, drum ehrt es Für - sten,
just is its de - sign, for ev - er just is
Wind.


Ag.
nügt ihm nicht.
last doth shine.
An.
Braut - al - tar.
joy in - cline.
M.
Recht und Pflicht.
Prince, be thine.
O.
zu ver-zeih'n.
its de - sign.
C.
werth zu sein.
hearts re - sign.
H.
zu ver - zeih'n. Doch jetzt er - hebt noch
its de - sign. To One who thrones in
Strings arco
p
Strings pizz.
H.
eu - re Bli - cke zu Dem, der Schutz der
yon - der Heav - en, As - cend your grateful
poco a
Cl., Trumpets, K.-dr.
cresc.
mf
cresc.
H.
Un - schuld, der Schutz der Un - schuld
prayers, your grate-ful prayers on
f
Bssn.


Largo maestoso.
H.
war.
high.
Chorus.
Ja! lasst uns zum Him - mel die Bli - cke er - he - ben und fest auf die
Yes, to Him who guard-ed the in - no-cent maid-en, Like in - cense our
Ja! lasst uns zum Him - mel die Bli - cke er - he - ben und fest auf die
Yes, to Him who guard-ed the in - no-cent maid-en, Like in - cense our
Largo maestoso.
Tutti.
ff
mf
p
Len-kung des E - wigen bau'n.
prayers shall a-rise to the skies.
Len-kung des E - wigen bau'n.
prayers shall a-rise to the skies.
Allegro vivace.
Wind sustain
Vlns.
p dolce
Agnes.
Der rein ist von Her - zen und schuld - los von
Annie.
The hearts that with sor - row and doubt were o'er-
Der rein ist von Her - zen und schuld - los von
Max.
The hearts that with sor - row and doubt were o'er-
Der rein ist von Her - zen und schuld - los von
Ottokar.
The hearts that with sor - row and doubt were o'er-
Der rein ist von Her - zen und schuld - los von
Cuno.
The hearts that with sor - row and doubt were o'er-
Der rein ist von Her - zen und schuld - los von
Hermit.
The hearts that with sor - row and doubt were o'er-
Strings
p

Ag.
Le - ben, darf kindlich der Mil - - de des Va-ters vertrau'n.
-la - den, A glad song of rap - ture would send up on high.
An.
Le - ben, darf kindlich der Mil - - de des Va-ters vertrau'n.
-la - den, A glad song of rap - ture would send up on high.
M.
Le - ben, darf kindlich der Mil - de des Va-ters vertrau'n.
-la - den, A glad song of rap - ture would send up on high.
O.
Le - ben, darf kindlich der Mil - de des Va-ters vertrau'n.
-la - den, A glad song of rap - ture would send up on high.
C.
Le - ben, darf kindlich der Mil - de des Va-ters vertrau'n.
-la - den, A glad song of rap - ture would send up on high.
H.
Le - ben, darf kindlich der Mil - de des Va-ters vertrau'n.
-la - den, A glad song of rap - ture would send up on high.
Chorus.
Agnes and Annie with Sopranos.
ff
Ja! lasst
Yes, our
Max and Ottokar with the Tenors.
ff
Ja! lasst
Yes, our
Cuno and Hermit with the Basses.
ff
Ob.
Tutti.
ff
uns die Bli - cke er - he - ben und fest auf die Len - kung des
hearts with sor - row o'er - la - den, A glad song of rap - ture would
uns die Bli - cke er - he - ben und fest auf die Len - kung des
hearts with sor - row o'er - la - den, A glad song of rap - ture would

E - wi - gen bau'n, fest der Mil - de des Va - ters
send up on high. He a - lone can pro - tect us
E - wi - gen bau'n, fest der Mil - de des Va - ters
send up on high. He a - lone can pro - tect us
E - wi - gen bau'n, fest der Mil - de des Va - ters
send up on high. He a - lone can pro - tect us
ff
ffz
ver - trau'n; der rein ist von Her - zen und schuld - los von
and guard, On Him we in doubt and in dan - ger re-
ver - trau'n; der rein ist von Her - zen und schuld - los von
and guard, On Him we in doubt and in dan - ger re-
Le - ben, darf kind - lich der Mil - de des Va - ters ver-trau'n,
ly, Yes, on Him we in doubt and in dan - ger re - ly,
Le - ben, darf kind - lich der Mil - de des Va - ters ver-trau'n,
ly, Yes, on Him we in doubt and in dan - ger re - ly,
ff


darf kind - - lich der Mil - - de des
on Him we in doubt and in
darf kind - - lich der Mil - - de des
on Him we in doubt and in
Va - - ters ver - trau'n, darf kind - lich der Mil - de des
dan - - ger re - ly, on Him we in doubt and in
Va - - ters ver - trau'n, darf kind - lich der Mil - de des
dan - - ger re - ly, on Him we in doubt and in
Va - ters ver - trau'n.
dan - ger re - ly!
Va - ters ver - trau'n.
dan - ger re - ly!

End of the Opera.

3 6877 00127 7275

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